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The Disappearing Personal Touch in Colleges

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EDUCATION is so much a matter which involves our general and detailed reactions to all the different phases of our physical, mental, and moral environment that like life itself it will always be, to some extent, an unsolved problem. Yet because of its essentially universal nature and its very vitality almost every action of our lives contributes to its progress.

To develop, therefore, a mechanical philosophy of education and to consider its major problems as being capable of definite organization *in toto* is to ignore the past records of life phenomena, whether they be physical, mental, or moral.

If our colleges and universities are to be truly "higher" education, it is, I think, fairly clear that the word "higher" must mean fundamentally and radically something more than mere increased complexity of the material comprising that grade of education or that greater severity of the academic requirements for the certificate or degree which we use to mark its "completion." The connotation of "higher" certainly includes an increased amount for teacher, executive, and student alike in successful self-analysis, in frank self-criticism, and in clarity and nobility of ideals underlying and guiding both these processes.

With this preliminary statement in mind it may be of interest to attempt a very brief analysis of certain problems of interest to parents, students, and university faculties and executives alike. An almost unlimited supply of such problems exists. The warm, and at times damp, environment of overcrowded undergraduate communities has been proved favorable to their growth. Picking a sample here and there to show some of their range of variability, we may confine our efforts to:

I. The attitude of the college or university toward its students.
II. The dissatisfaction of students with the present methods of discipline and instruction.
III. Is it kindness to admit to college those whose fitness is doubtful?
IV. The relation of religion to education among college students.

I

THE ATTITUDE OF THE COLLEGE OR UNIVERSITY TOWARD ITS STUDENTS

IN the early days of college or university education in this country there was both in material and methods a far greater degree of simplicity than at present exists. There existed between faculty and student a sort of mutual understanding based on the joint efforts of teachers who used personal approach as their major pedagogical method and a youth that had time enough between amusements to allow deliberate thought and a considerable degree of poise and dignity to make its use natural.

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To-day in the midst of a noisy and commercialized civilization the colleges and universities find themselves in the position of a beleaguered city against the defenses of which hordes of immature high-school boys and girls are hurled with something of the carelessness of disaster that marked the charge of the Light Brigade.

This, of course, sounds, and to some degree is, fantastic. One of the actual "orders of the day" appearing in the announcement of a great Eastern institution outlines one means of administering defeat and chastisement to an armed invader who has penetrated within the walls.

> Students are expected to behave with *decorum*, to *obey* the *regulations* of the Institute, and to *pay due respect* to its officers. Conduct *inconsistent* with *general good order*, or *persistent neglect* of work or *failure to respond promptly* to official notices, may be followed by *dismissal*. In case the *offense* be a less *serious* one, the student may be placed upon *probation*. [Italics mine.]

What a wealth of humanity and sympathy for youth lies within those brisk military sentences! One can actually feel the cheery glow of helpful understanding that emanates from them. Or if we feel that this particular "garrison" is a bit too harsh to be considered typical, we might pick at random an example from the Middle West to show how welcome there the invader is within the walls:

> Upon entering each student is *assigned* to a member of the Faculty, who acts as his adviser. Each semester the student is *required* to consult his adviser concerning the choice of his studies, and the adviser *must* give his *approval* before the student is *permitted* to enter classes. It is the *duty* of the adviser to guide the students under his care in all matters concerning their university courses; to see that all *rules* relating to *required* or elective studies, promotion, and graduation are *strictly* complied with. [Italics mine.]

Surely the words "assigned," "required," "must," "approval," "permitted," "duty," "rules," and the phrase "strictly complied with" can penetrate thick armor.

What a foundation upon which to erect a shining temple of mutual respect and friendship! It would be a magician indeed who could fuse the cold inert mass of impersonal metal contained in that statement and make from it a living force that would bring from students the tribute paid by Barrett Wendell to James Russell Lowell, who taught him English, when he said simply of Lowell's teaching: "It opened to some of us a new world."

Another great university says in its announcement:

> Students are temporarily residents of the city, and, like all other residents, are *amenable* to the *laws*. If *guilty* of *disorder* or *crime*, they are liable to *arrest*, *fine*, and *imprisonment*. A *rule* of the University Senate provides that if a student is *arrested*, or is *convicted* of any *offense* by the civil authorities, he shall be *cited* to appear before the *Faculty* of the school or college in which he is matriculated, and shall be *liable* to *suspension* or expulsion. [Italics mine.]

Such statements are undoubtedly necessary under certain existing conditions, but let us not accept such conditions as permanent and immutable without at least seeing whether they are justified by the response on the part of the students and whether they really serve the interests and aims of this "higher" education which should be a co-operative effort, not a process of slave-driving.

There is another "point of contact" between faculty or executive and students where sparks are apt to fly. This is in the consideration of intercollegiate athletics, and especially football. In this case the sources of material for citation are legion. A somewhat helpful and recent compilation of a number of them is afforded by a "Report by Committee G, The Committee on Methods of Increasing the Intellectual Interests and Raising the Intellectual Standards of Undergraduates—appointed by the American Association of University Professors." The report begins by a bibliography which contains titles sure to bring cheer upon cheer from hosts of American undergraduates. Among those most appealing to youth are: "Discussion of Overdoing Athletics," "Domination of Athletics," "An Indictment of Intercollegiate Athletics," "Football—the Frankenstein (*sic*) of Athletics," "Athletics' Growing Evil," and "This Football Madness."

One needs to read only a few paragraphs of the report to be assured that it is written from a biassed point of view. It is one more document calculated to widen the already serious breach between faculty and student. Its recommendations

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are essentially *restrictive*. To some of us it seems that the *unfitness* of the restrictive method as a corrective to the overemphasis (where such exists) placed on non-academic interests has been proved again and again.

Why is it not possible to obtain advice which aims to attract, not to drive, students to their studies? It seems to me that much of the trouble is due to educators who are giving their best efforts to shorten the youth period and to hurry students through it just as fast as possible to a well-behaved, efficient, completely trained maturity. This is, of course, entirely contrary to both ordinary human nature and common sense. It is the prolongation and, if possible, the perpetuation of youth, its *growth*, not its *limitation* and differentiation, which should be and must be sought.

Scholastic achievement must be made a part of youth, not youth a part of a set system of scholastic achievement. This change in emphasis seems to be one of the most important matters which we must face at once. The need for it stands out like a beacon light from all the examples of statements of policy given above.

II

THE DISSATISFACTION OF STUDENTS WITH THE PRESENT METHODS OF DISCIPLINE AND INSTRUCTION

THAT students themselves are clearly dissatisfied with the existing methods of instruction and of enforcing discipline will at once become evident if one obtains first-hand information from a number of undergraduates who are thoughtful and constructive in their attitude.

One manifestation of general dissatisfaction is seen in the reports of various student committees and other organizations formed for the purpose of investigating the existing methods of instruction and examination and for recommending reforms. The experience of the students of Dartmouth College in the conduct of such an investigation and in the utilization of certain of the resulting suggestions is already well known. Harvard after two hundred and ninety years of almost purely faculty control has seen fit to comment editorially in its *Alumni Bulletin* of October 29, 1925, upon the establishment of a special committee of the Student Council "to study and report upon the instructional methods now used in Harvard College." There is in this editorial an undercurrent of refined pessimism which occasionally sends up traces of itself to the surface. For example, in speaking of methods of instruction, it says: "Now let the undergraduates tell us what they think of the outcome and make some constructive suggestions for a further improvement, as we hope they can." And again: "At any rate the Student Council is entitled to commendation for its initiative and interest in this matter. The . . . question . . . deserves all the thought that may be expended upon it *from any quarter*." It then cautions the students not to forget the fact that in choosing the personnel of the committee, "Here is particularly a case where high-standing scholars should have adequate representation. Otherwise the committee's recommendations, whatever they may be, will be somewhat discounted in advance." Then comes a gem of cold intellectual moonstone light. The editorial continues on the theme of the great value of high-standing scholars: "And rightly so, for nobody cares what the lame ducks think about educational requirements which they have failed to fulfil."

Truly an excellent doctrine for those who are not themselves lame ducks but rather discouraging for those who might wish to give to others advice as to how to avoid just such a failure as they have made. Disturbing also it is to those who as parents of children still well below college age are not entirely sure that they are fortunate enough to be the progenitors of swans alone. The editorial ends with a paragraph cautioning the committee as to the "practical difficulties which all radical departures from established traditions are sure to encounter." Coming as this does from one of the oldest and most firmly established of our universities, it provides one of the best available examples of the kind of attitude which perpetuates, probably entirely unconsciously, a state of affairs described by John Palmer Gavit in his recent book, "College."

> In almost every college . . . the theory of a traditional feud exists and the students are more

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or less openly in the relation of a sort of armed truce with the law-sustained rulers of another caste. . . . It is a state of instinctive thought which characterizes American colleges generally! . . . The boys talk, almost as men in prison talk, about the warden and the keepers. . . . Each caste calls the other "they."

The caste in authority recognizing silently its power is not much perturbed about this state of affairs, but the students all over our country are restless and ill at ease.

There is, however, an approved method of testing whether the disciplinary ice is thick enough to allow the students to do a little skating on their own initiative. It is a method sanctioned by usage and relative antiquity. It consists in granting more leniency in the rules governing attendance at classes and then watching the results. Ordinarily, before trying the experiment the rules and requirements for passing the courses are made hard enough so that the students will not dare to "cut" the courses. If, then, in spite of all they *do* cut, the experiment from the faculty point of view is declared a failure.

Without taking time to enter into the details of the various criticisms offered from numerous sources, I do not think that it is an exaggeration to say that the ordinary type of instruction in the American college is not at all respected and is very little feared intellectually by the average college student who does his best to get only as much of it as will enable him to "get by" to his degree.

His attitude toward established forms of discipline is much the same. He does not appreciate or co-operate with a system of rules and pronouncements made *ex cathedra* for the purpose of the convenience of those occupied in administration. Such quotations from "Announcements" as have been given earlier in this paper are anathema to him. He avoids or resists them at every opportunity. He will, on the other hand, if we allow him the chance, eventually understand and participate in disciplinary measures which are based primarily upon the belief that he is and desires to be inherently decent, physically, mentally, and morally.

To change a "state of instinctive thought" is not easy. It has been attempted in several human institutions, as, for example, in the establishment of monogamy, with fair success. It must now be tried without fear or favor in our colleges. We are faced with the long overdue necessity of understanding and working with our students as they exist.

We shall have to descend from the pedestal and prepare to meet them as they are—not as an atmosphere of cloistered academic calm would like to have them.

III

IS IT KINDNESS TO ADMIT TO COLLEGE THOSE WHOSE FITNESS IS DOUBTFUL?

I DO not refer to academic qualifications. They have been baked and rebaked by ardent committees of the faculty until most of the juice which they once possessed has departed this life. It is rather fitness in maturity, seriousness of purpose, honesty and sense of obligation which I have in mind.

In a day when our chief social advance over the past appears to be an increased group consciousness, it is clearly being unfaithful to our duty to ignore in our selection of candidates for admission the potential value of the student as an asset to his fellow man. Students desiring to enter college with selfish or self-centred purposes or with only a feeling of individual rights and privileges should certainly be viewed with as much distrust as those conditioned in plane geometry. It is strange to notice how little has been done to develop this side of admission requirements during decades of polishing the academic details until they deserve poetic treatment by Gilbert and Sullivan.

The aims of our colleges are, to be sure, generally high and idealistic, but the efforts to see that the applicants for admission are able to qualify for entrance to an institution possessing those ideals are pathetically few and far between. This is all the more extraordinary when we realize that a steadily increasing sense of public obligation and duty is the great outstanding need of the citizenry of a nation faced with our problems. We can scarcely appreciate, I believe, the seriousness of the conditions which we as a country must face in the next twenty-five or thirty-five years.

To send out of our colleges youth without giving them a sense of social humility

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and the need for life-long service is just as blind as it would have been to send our men to the front in the World War totally ignorant of all phases of trench warfare and having only antiquated tactics at their command. It is obvious that we should turn our attention to the development of methods for the detection of qualities which indicate that candidates for admission are amenable to training for such service. This has only recently become more generally admitted and fortunately efforts to find out more concerning the personal characteristics of those applying for admission are now constantly increasing.

When in 1922 an effort was made at the University of Maine to introduce the preliminaries of such a programme it was looked upon by most people as visionary and by a discreet Boston newspaper as ill-advised. Within the past few months, however, Princeton and Harvard have both publicly gone on record as favoring more emphasis on personality as an important reform in admission. As it happens, it will make little difference whether the procedure involves merely *elimination of the obviously unfit* or the *encouragement of the particularly well equipped* or *a combination of the two processes*. The main point is that the boy or girl in high school will at once begin to look forward to other tests for their admission to college besides those merely academic. This, it seems to me, is bound to be beneficial to all concerned.

The University of Michigan is now sending to the various schools blanks calculated to provide some additional information which may help us to gain a more accurate picture of the equipment for college possessed by the applicant. These blanks are, to be sure, tentative, and will undoubtedly need some revision in the light of experience as time goes on. They are not to be considered final and faultless, but as initial steps taken toward what we hope may be a happier and more human concept of admission to college.

It may be definitely stated, I think, that it is *not* kind to admit immature, frivolous, or narrowly selfish boys or girls to college to-day. It is not even *democratic* to do so. This follows if we assume that in a democracy the admission of common obligations lies at the basis of progress.

To assure ourselves, in so far as we can, that the boy or girl desiring a college education, largely at public expense, is able to show at least the fundamentals of a democratic social personality is our clear duty.

IV

THE RELATION OF RELIGION TO EDUCATION AMONG COLLEGE STUDENTS

EVEN this very incomplete outline of some phases of the relationship between faculty and students and the attitude of dissatisfaction on the part of the students toward the elements of fear and enforced authority in those relationships will serve to show that the students themselves recognize that a time for revising the attitudes which lie at the basis of these relationships has arrived.

The conditions making easy a personal relationship between the individual student and the faculty no longer survive. So true is this that several college "generations" of students have come and gone under a very impersonal type of contact. The great increase in size of the undergraduate body in most institutions has been all that was necessary to afford ample chance for the student to do for himself *about* his courses some of the thinking which would have been a welcome novelty *within* his courses.

As has been pointed out, he is clearly ill at ease and he does not respect the rigid disciplinary method of approach nor the determined efforts of the faculty to "shorten" his period of youth. He recognizes that few vital elements remain in the well-organized and methodical system of courses, hours, credits, units, points, and grades. He uses—or rather is used by—the system under protest. It is the only kind of college there is and it is the custom, and so he goes to it.

What he feels about his education is, I believe, also very largely true of his attitude toward denominational Christianity. Various articles have been written and many sermons preached on the godless nature of our present-day college students. Nothing seems to me to be farther from the truth. To be sure, they recognize and comment unfavorably on certain

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phases of our interpretation of Christianity—they decline to participate to anything resembling a general degree in "organized" worship. These signs are tremendously disturbing to many of the older generation.

Let us, however, try to outline what seems to be the attitude common to a number of our undergraduates. Let us consider whether they have any grounds for feeling as they do and whether, after all, they may not be at heart more religious and better Christians than some of us who graduated fifteen or more years ago.

In the first place, many of our students feel that religion should be the crowning and most natural relationship into which man can enter. They therefore do not sympathize with the obvious zeal shown by various Christian denominations to enroll individuals as members before they have reached an age where they are capable of forming independent individual judgments based on rational processes. To pledge small children as life members while they still are so young that their repetition of their beliefs and unbeliefs is largely, if not entirely, mechanical seems to the college student of to-day to be closely related to the educational process which requires conformation with the existing system and is not very much interested in building up individual thought.

To find also much emphasis placed upon church attendance and such physical participation in organized worship seems to present-day youth to be really materialistic at basis. If men are obtaining true spiritual consolation and comfort from attending church services they will do so without fear or compulsion as guiding motives.

The degree of importance placed by many groups upon individual salvation is another tremendous gap in the armor of what most modern youth considers a true and vital Christianity. They point out that Christ was not sent to save himself, that he consistently lived for others, that his personal reward was a matter of distinctly minor importance to him. This contrasts markedly with the intensely personal application given by certain present-day Christians to the principles of their faith. Self-saving does not seem to be the prime interest of young people to-day; perhaps they are neglecting this phase too much. On the other hand, a disinterested point of view in this matter provides the very best material on which to build a more universal and unselfish Christianity than that at present in use.

College students to-day are in great numbers desirous of obtaining access to a form of Christianity which they can adopt happily and genuinely. They are, more than any previous generation, conscious of their own weaknesses. This has led them to look about a bit with a view to determining whether those who have been giving out rules and regulations in matters spiritual are different from other men as regards their own weaknesses, jealousies, and motives. The survey has brought disillusionment, but not discouragement. The American undergraduate will not be hypocritical, he prefers waiting for some type of Christianity which lives and loves and does not preach with the voice of authority backed by the whip of fear of personal damnation. Of course, some students find rest and real spiritual guidance in the present denominations. There are, however, I believe, far more who are waiting—unpledged.

Doctor Kirsopp Lake in his recent book on "The Religion of Yesterday and Tomorrow" has, it seems to me, caught accurately the spirit of youth to-day. His general contention that there is considerable correlation between intellectual leadership and liberality and freedom of religious thinking seems to suggest that our present undergraduate body is better material for developing intellectual leadership than was the undergraduate population of former years. In this I believe he is right. If so, there should be data that would give us some idea as to whether there was correlation between success in intellectual effort and liberality of religious thinking.

For this purpose we may consider four groups in "Who's Who in America" in the letters A, M, and W. The groups are: (1) lawyers, (2) medical men, (3) scientists, and (4) authors, editors, and writers. By recording the denominational preferences of each person it is possible to calculate the percentage in each denomination. It is then possible to compare that

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percentage with the percentage in which the same denominational group occurs in the general population as shown by *The World Almanac*. If religious preference had no influence on the matter there should be approximately the same percentage of each denomination in "Who's Who" as there is in the general population. This, however, is *not* the case.

Unitarians, Episcopalians, Congregationalists, Universalists, and Presbyterians are among the groups far more numerous in "Who's Who" than would be expected on the basis of the proportion of the population which they form. Baptists, Methodists, and Catholics are distinctly less numerous than would be expected if there was no correlation between denomination and distinction in the fields above mentioned.

As to the *reasons* for these results, one cannot at present be sure. It is perhaps worthy of note, however, that among the three denominations proportionately least represented in "Who's Who" two have strong fundamentalist wings or parties and one is frankly fundamentalist in its philosophy and teaching. In so far as the figures are concerned they support Doctor Lake's contention.

If we are to save our college students for participation in any confessed form of Christianity, it seems certain that we must recognize their rather extensive non-participation in denominational worship. We must follow this up by realizing that they feel the need of some more general and liberal form of approach to Christianity than is usually provided. Once these things are done, one is in a fair way to move rapidly along the channel of thought which the students themselves are following.

One finds them somewhat dazed and bewildered by the complexity of our civilization. At times they are thoughtless and easily ensnared by its more obvious time-wasters built by skilful exploiters of youth to prey upon instinctive behavior. For the most part, however, one finds them keen, alert, and far more courageous in matters social and spiritual than we were at their age.

Patience, willingness to live among them in our hopes and ideals, and, above all, affection and liberality in place of the fear and authority of the "old man" of prehistoric days may well bring them to a point where their lives will form the first blaze on a new untravelled trail to greater and finer heights of human worth.

The Poet's Wife

BY ELIZABETH DILLINGHAM

I, WHO adored the moonlight so,
Am sick with a fear of nights like this—
Nights like this, when I watch him go
On stealthy footstep, soft and slow,
Out into countries I do not know;
Lands, whose lure I shall always miss,
Shores, whose sands I shall never kiss,
He wanders through, while the birch-logs hiss,
And the clock ticks on and the lamp burns low,
And I watch him, chilled by the eerie bliss
That lights up his eyes with a wan, cold glow.

What does he hear, and do, and see
In places he cannot share with me?

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Richard Harding Davis

BY FREDERICK PALMER

Author of "Going to War in Greece," "With Kuroki in Manchuria," "America in France," etc.

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

HE was truly the boy who never grew up. His personality went into even more editions than his books. He was talked about down the back alleys and back on the farm, as well as in world chancellories. No writer of to-day holds relatively the same position of a glamorous celebrity and envied experience. He saw many wars and heroes made and unmade; he travelled far, watching the human pageant; and wherever he went it was always known that he was "also present."

Often I am asked about the real Richard Harding Davis by those of his time, and before his time, and by young people who were in primary school when his pen was stilled with his richest years before him. In answer, I always tell them this story.

In the summer of 1900 the Foreign Legations in China were in siege. There was no radio or airplane to carry the news through the air. All civilized humanity hung on every word that filtered out from Peking when the Ministers and women and children would be massacred if their defense were overcome by the savage Boxer horde that surrounded them.

The first step to their relief was the taking of the walled city of Tien-Tsin which barred the road of advance. I was at the front in time to see the vivid, varied, and sturdy business of its storming by the American, British, French, Japanese, and other hastily summoned allied soldiers and sailors. Then, with so much to tell to so eager and so distant a market, I rode hard, I slept in filthy junks beside groaning, diseased natives, I wrote my heart out when it seemed to me that my head would plunge down in exhaustion on the keys of the maddening pioneer portable typewriter, whose e's and p's would not strike.

Two months later, after the legations had been relieved, I was back in Shanghai again, in touch with cable and mails. Had all my scourging effort been in vain? Had my Tien-Tsin story ever reached the editorial desk? There was no word among the letters awaiting me at the bank. The publication I sought was not on the club-table.

But at the Consulate there was a fat, legal envelope addressed in a round, boyish, vigorous hand. Across the length of the top was a prodigal row of ten-cent stamps to insure despatch as first-class matter to any country.

Enclosed was a copy of *Collier's*, containing every word of my Tien-Tsin article, "played up" in the confidence that it would be, as it was, the first mail account to be published. Enclosed, too, was a note from Davis. He said that he had found that it did not occur to editors to send him a copy of the publication containing what he had written when he was in the field. Therefore, he thought I might not yet have seen the best piece of correspondence that had come out of the East. This was in the true Davis manner out of the true Davis impulse when I was practically a stranger to him.

For I had then met him only once. Upon his arrival in Athens, for the Greco-Turkish War of 1897, he had come to my hotel room where I was finishing the account of the first battle which I had been writing on the way back from the front to catch the mail. He was ten years my senior, already famous, while I was a cub on my first important assignment. I had heard tales of him as a towering, not to say rather bumptious person.

If he were to live up to his reputation, I might expect him to ask how it happened that such a novice as myself had been

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sent to war. Towering he was in his fine physique and well-groomed appearance, but genial in the fellowship of the elder who would have the cub realize on his asset of having started from Paris to the front while he himself was in New York.

"You ought to have bully stuff," he said. "Write all you can of it. You're first and have it fresh."

Our paths did not cross again in the course of the remaining three weeks of that swift campaign of defeats for the Greeks. But I was bound to hear a Davis story. Wherever he went there was bound to be a train of Davis stories. He not only wrote stories, but made them.

He had come to Greece for SCRIBNER'S and *The Times* of London. Representing the great "Thunderer" was a new part for him. It pleased him much.

"Something different from writing for a paper that publishes a picture a minute," he said, touching on the fierce illustrated rivalry between certain New York papers.

He was to find that his new connection was not a felicitous introduction at Greek Headquarters, which resented the steadfast warnings by *The Times* against the Greek war enthusiasm which culminated in the disaster which it had prophesied.

The aide-de-camp of Crown Prince (later King) Constantine, who commanded the Greek army, was a soft-looking perfumed giant of the carpet-knight type, who guarded the fat geese for His Royal Highness's table, and spent his spare time in keeping his grand mustachios trained to the correct, lofty angle and making menus in ornate script to set beside the goose before His Royal Highness at dinner. As I heard the account, he twisted his mustachios in a jaunty superiority as he surveyed Davis with a stare and remarked: "Really, we are not interested in doing anything for *The Times*."

Davis saw in the life one of those majestic ornaments of a Ruritarian court which he had read about. He cast himself for the part opposite Boadbil in opera bouffe. All such gentry boasted of their duels. After a further exchange of words, Davis said: "Come out here in the yard and I'll fight you with swords, pistols, clubs, fists, Weber-and-Fields style, or any weapon you choose."

And Davis, relishing his part, would have fought, and to a finish. As magnificence turned on his heel in disdain and retired, I can only guess the result if the challenge had been accepted. I should have placed my bets on Davis if the weapons had been fists. As it was, I think he won in either the Weber-and-Fields, Gilbert-and-Sullivan, or Bernard Shaw style.

He never bluffed a part but that his sensitive pride would have carried it through. Where other writers dreamed their fiction, he lived his. He was Gallagher, Van Bibber, the Soldier of Fortune, and Captain Macklin, in no imaginary hypothesis, but out of intensive first-hand experience.

It happened that I was with him and Medill McCormick when, in the course of the American occupation of Vera Cruz, we were arrested at the frontier railroad-station on our way to Mexico City, where Huerta still ruled. As we were marched away to the Quartel under the escort of a squad of grubby, undersized little soldiers in blue jeans, Davis was in front, I was next, and McCormick brought up the rear. If Davis had to endure this humiliation, he would have preferred well-uniformed, smart-looking, life-size fighting men for guards.

"Isn't it about time that we did something?" he called back over his shoulder. He was itching for us to join in a rush to overpower the escort.

"We don't want to be drawn into any Soldier of Fortune stuff, Dick," McCormick warned him.

At the Quartel, as Davis looked around at the white walls of the compound, his quizzical fancy expressed its curiosity as to which one we should be lined up against for the execution according to precedent.

"You're smallest, Medill," he told the future Senator and Irreconcilable. "They might take you first, then, if they gave Palmer and me time to write the story, all would not be lost."

After we had been searched and found to be unarmed except for our pocket-knives, which were taken away from us, we were put in a small room, *incommunicado*, to await further instructions from higher authority as to the disposition of our case.

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Our barefoot guard at the one door, with bayonet fixed, warned us to stop talking; our persiflage was not being *incommunicado* at all. When we tried singing and then whistling, he poked his bayonet at us as sign-language that these diversions were also forbidden. Davis's next effort was pantomimic horse-play to get him to laughing. Success came fortuitously, when suddenly the slazy cane chair on which I was sitting broke under me, and I sprawled on the floor, with Davis and McCormick pointing their fingers at me and touching their heads to indicate that this was one of the regular symptoms of my mental disorder.

Then Davis puckered his lips with a "You cannot do that!" challenge to the guard, who could not resist the dare to prove that he was just as clever as the Gringoes, by uttering a low whistle himself. By the time the order came for our release relations had become so cordial with our captors that, as Davis said, they parted from us with a "Come again!" smile.

Although he was then fifty, Davis had enjoyed every minute of the extravaganza with all the zest of a college freshman who was out of his own country in a strange land for the first time. To have it complete for him we should have been lined up before the white wall, and reprieve have come just as the firing squad had raised their rifles. If there had been no reprieve he would have met the volley as heroic tradition required.

Those who campaign with a man do not judge him by his fame, his rank or his talents, but by the test of his manhood in the daily grind and the pinches. Davis's courage was innate and unvarying. As one of his friend Frederic Remington's group defending the water-hole against the Indians he would have been game to the end in the part of a stoical regular in a last stand which had fallen to him. The best tribute to him that I ever heard came from a quiet regular officer of the type who considered that anything but the briefest official report of the most gallant of deeds was treasonable to service ethics.

"I thought that Davis was a parader, until I bunked, faced fire, and ate beans out of the same can with him in Cuba," he said. "Now I want to hear nothing against him in my presence."

In the old romantic free-will days of war correspondence, when each man had to provide his own food and transport, and the survival of the fittest applied to the volunteers who began in large numbers and finished in small, Davis was always in at the finish unless his employer called him home. He always had provisions, his kit was always compact, sufficient, and in order; he was ready to take the road at dawn; he always managed to have his daily bath, or sponge, and shave, though the water was icy cold, and to look neat and clean, though he only had one suit of khaki. And, on the march, his head was always up in boyish interest, however wearying the strain. On a certain hard campaign he had gone hungry to share rations with a lovable playboy who had the can-opener and the experience, if some one would supply the can when he dropped in at meal-time, where provisions were plentiful.

"When I go to war with him again, it will be nearer Washington market," Davis said after the campaign was over.

He liked to be in the movement and in the heart of it, where he could see the wheels go round; he relished doing as the Romans do to realize the character of his environment. In town he was Van Bibber, as he was Captain Macklin at the front. The instinctive sense of a fastidious self-respect which kept him neat in the field led him to welcome, in the contrast after roughing it, table appointments which were correct and pleasing when he dined in town. He could perfectly understand the attitude of the man who, after months of eating out of a can, complained that the table-cloth had a spot the first time he was in a good restaurant. It was a case of wanting, when you reached civilization, all the fixings of which you had dreamed in camp.

While our troops were at Vera Cruz, he and I, both being soft, walked some ten miles under a fierce tropical sun out to the new Marine camp. Our coats swung over our arms had the feel of hot lead. We had taken off our collars. There was not a dry stitch on us. As we approached the camp, Davis put on his collar and coat. I refused to conform.

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"Everybody in camp will be dripping and in negligée, too," I said. "Why make yourself uncomfortable? You are putting on too much style for the occasion."

"Yes," said Davis. "But you haven't my reputation of a good dresser to live up to." He would be attired fit to meet a general, although the general was in campaign shirt.

"Why not put a flower in your buttonhole?" I suggested.

"It is not in regulation to put a flower in the buttonhole of a military blouse," he replied sedately. "I am a stickler for regulations."

I recall a great diplomatic dinner where every one wore his medals and Davis was wearing the Venezuelan Order of Bolivar. He took a boyish delight in the fact that it was as large as the highest class on the breasts of prime ministers and ambassadors. "Who is he?" people were asking. Richard Harding Davis. How like Davis!

But whoever sat on his right hand and left hand at the table became Davis partisans. They found him like his books, and liked him even better than his books, which is a happy outcome that contact with famous authors does not always establish.

I recall being at a theatre one evening when he stood up in the heart of the orchestra between the acts and leisurely looked around the house.

"I do like to read him," said a woman in our party, "but how like the great Davis—attracting attention to himself." Davis was not thinking of attracting attention. He was just being Davis. In Europe he had noticed the custom of people rising in the audience to see who was there. It seemed to him a good idea. He wanted to try it in his own country.

Himself ever the New Yorker—give him that third-floor hall-room back in his "little old New York"—he was always bringing home suggestions of improvements in social customs from abroad in the days when we were not so travelled and cosmopolitan as we are now. After enjoying *al fresco* dining on the Continent he wanted old Delmonico's to put tables out on the walk and in Madison Square. "But I see it's not done," he said, and he could not quite understand why it should not be done.

In the days when we had less luxury of service than Europe, Davis was taken with the small-boy pages in England, in their tight choke-collar jackets studded with a row of polished brass globular buttons. He dressed an East Side "kid" as a "Buttons" to answer his door in New York, and relished, in true Davis delight, the trying business of coaching him in his strange part and contrasting his Bowery dialect with the Cockney dialect of his prototypes.

"Chee! I'm having de swell time wid de reg'lar guys," said Davis's "Buttons" in a burst of confidence to a guest.

When the correspondents were besieging the General Staff in Tokio in the early weeks of the Russo-Japanese War, and I remarked to Davis that the Staff did not care whether any correspondents or military attachés came along or not, and had not even heard of the publications we represented, he said: "They haven't even heard of me."

The obvious comment again would be: "How like Davis! How like the great I Am!" whose fame so many writers envied. If you did not know Davis, if you could not catch the bent of his remark, you might not understand that he was having a little fun with himself and his own great reputation. The eternal boy was thinking: "Not so big a boy as my publishers advertise me to be." When some one was admiring one of his trophies in his house at Mt. Kisco, he remarked: "That is the one I shot in Central Africa with a fifty-dollar bill."

His so-called offishness was often owing to his engrossment in his craft. He might be more interested in a chance acquaintance than in the great notable on board ship. Boastfulness really was not in him; he had too lively a sense of humor and of his own limitations. There was a certain shyness, which went with his high sensitiveness and knightly outlook, and which often appeared in the presence of some man whose deeds, or appealing character, whether heralded or not, he held in a certain awe.

I recall his boyish pride in showing me a letter from Kipling praising his work, and one from Stevenson giving him some advice in his early writing days. These elders took an interest in him; the boy in

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him was relishing praise. Yes, he was quite a boy, after all, on the word of these great ones. I have known other authors who criticised him as an egoist, but who thought that they could write quite as well as Kipling or Stevenson, only they were not recognized.

Stephen Crane, whom Davis so frankly admired, was quite conscious, as I knew him, that he was a genius; but Davis, who certainly had a very individual genius, never took himself that seriously. He was ever open to suggestion and criticism, to help him to write better; ever striving, ever learning.

I know that he tore up an article which had cost him weeks of hard campaigning and much travail of composition, because an editor who was a true friend told him that he was off on the wrong foot this time.

How hard he worked! While others were postponing their accounts to a last-minute rush, I have a picture of him settled with a pad on his knee, oblivious of all that was going on around him. He wrote very slowly, like some intense craftsman, as he fashioned the sentences which had the fluid spontaneity of talk. He could talk, too, marvellously, when fire was struck.

"I'm getting almost as much for my articles now as for my short stories," he remarked on one occasion, although it was none the less in his bent to write fiction than it was to seek the ends of the earth. He liked to think of himself as a reporter. Old-line reporters sometimes were loath to consider him as truly belonging to their guild of the routine narration of news events.

"If he went into a town at the front and saw three or four yellow dogs in the first few minutes," one of them said, "he would begin by saying that a peculiarity of the town was yellow dogs, instead of playing up the main news lead."

He was seeing the town with his never-dimming fresh eye, as if it had never been seen before, but had just sprung into existence for his observation; and seeing it for others in a way to make them feel that they were there as his narrative held them in a spell to the end. If he were to go to Rome to-day I can imagine him discovering the Fascist salute in a way that would make many people realize for the first time that there was one. Through the medium of it he would have his reader feeling Fascist Italy.

The great thing was that he went to the town and saw the yellow dogs. His fresh eye refused the accounts of refugees from the town with which some of his rivals were content. His part was not in sitting back where the generals move the chessmen of war. He had to be at the front. He saw war through human beings rather than tactics. A dozen men in action had the same interest for him as a million on a three-hundred-mile line.

He used to speak of having had "poor luck" in the World War. It was the "poor luck" of not being able to get to the front as much as he wanted to in the early days of the censorship's fog and exclusion, when sensational rumors and armchair reviews written on guesswork premises had such free rein.

I recall parting with him on the steps of a Brussels hotel three days before the Germans appeared, when he gave me some copy to despatch from London for him. "You have only to stand on the curb and see them go through," I said. "But you have the real job," he said; for I had been appointed the accredited American correspondent with the British Army, and I could not be running with both the hare and hounds.

How like Davis was what followed! In a khaki military blouse, with his ribbons on his breast, British and American fashion, and a pack on his back, he marched forth beside a German regiment. Of course, he was apprehended; of course, he was eventually released on identification and on the premise, which was convincing to a German superior officer, if not to a lieutenant, that no British officer engaged in espionage would be in a British blouse, wearing his ribbons.

With another correspondent, who was young, irresponsible, and impulsive, he was apprehended by a French Staff officer in Rheims during the German retreat from the Marne. That officer and gentleman sized Davis up in understanding perception. He told the two that they might return to Paris, unescorted, on *parole d'honneur* that they would report daily for a week to the authorities there. The

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other correspondent was going to start for London the next day.

"No," said Davis. "Your word of honor! You are not going if I have to keep you in sight for every minute of the week."

Had he lived to see our entry into the war, which he did his part to hasten, in steadfast partisanship with the Allies, his age would not have prevented him from volunteering.

He was more than an observer. He had passionate convictions expressed in outspoken fervor. His loyalty to a cause was as keen as to friends. In the South African War his knight-errantry for the under dog made him a champion of the Boers, at much cost to himself, because he thought that in this instance the British, of whom he was so fond, were in the wrong.

His chivalry embraced an ideal which had much influence on the youth of his time. Filth of all kinds was abhorrent to him. There was never any prurient suggestion in anything he ever wrote. His pen was as clean as his thoughts, and his talk never compromised with smoking-room license in the tedium of a campaign. Had he lived he would still have been in his sixties, the blithe eternal boy and inquiring reporter, younger in heart than many of our younger generation, and without any change in those instinctive standards which were the finest part of the man.

To me his "In the Fog" remains one of the world's great short stories; his picture of the gray-green columns of the German advance through Belgium unsurpassed among bits of classic war description; and "The Three Gringoes" is as fresh as when it was written more than thirty years ago.

Missolonghi

BY JOHN FINLEY

AT THE TOMB OF THOSE WHO DIED IN THE SORTIE OF MISSOLONGHI

I WISHED to bring a wreath of laurel, too,
With fronds of palm, such as Ulysses saw
At Delos, springing from the beauteous tree,
That they might tell in language learned of Greece
Our tribute, with its own, each leaf and frond
A tongue of living pentecostal speech;—
But I have only words that speak to few
And vanish with the wind that carries them.

"Deeds are the sons of heaven," it is said,
And words the mortal daughters of mankind.
What Byron *did* was as a heaven's son;
But by some high earth-daughter it was born
And by earth's daughters it will still live on,
"Survive himself, his tomb and all that's his."

One word he wrote will be a "lasting link
Of ages"—MISSOLONGHI.—It will give
To one heav'n deed its immortality
And keep the name of him whose drop of ink
Inscribed that word for all the world to read
And made the "millions think" in love of Greece.

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Three Madmen of the Theatre

BY OTIS SKINNER
Author of "Footlights and Spotlights"

I—COOKE

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PAINTINGS AND ENGRAVINGS

AMONG the souvenirs of dead-and-gone actors in the treasure-vault of "The Players" in Gramercy Park—books, miniatures, laurel wreaths, gem-studded daggers, and personal jewelry—visitors to the club are shown—a tooth.

It is held aloft by a gilt wire, attached to a small velvet-covered base—as rugged and carnivorous a molar as ever served the digestive necessities of the Crô-Magnon man. It is a tooth that has crumbled many a choice confection of early New York chefs: oceans of good wines and vicious spirits have flowed past it. It has vibrated to the tones of a voice now dulcet and seductive and again shrill and raucous with passion; it has bitten into the blank-verse speeches of Richard III, Iago, and Sir Giles Overreach.

Whatever remained of its owner was buried down in the financial district, and brokers' clerks, messengers, new-landed immigrants, honking taxis, and Broadway street-cars rush ceaselessly by what the decay and worms of over a century have left of George Frederick Cooke lying behind the palings of Saint Paul's churchyard.

Although there seems some doubt about his parentage and his birthplace, Cooke said his father was Irish.

We may easily believe that the fervor and romance in a boy of thirteen that caught fire at the sight of his first acted play indicated Celtic blood. There is a suggestion of Handy Andy in the tale of the unpremeditated entrance of young Cooke upon the stage in "Macbeth." He had sneaked into the theatre at Berwick-on-Tweed and secreted himself in the big barrel that held the cannon-balls for the thunder of the "witch scene." The property man, on receiving his cue, began rolling his machine, when he was startled by hearing from within not only the reverberations of thunder but very human shrieks and yells. The effect of the "cauldron scene" was immeasurably heightened by the appearance of an unkempt lad who suddenly shot in among the witches bruised, bleeding, and terrified.

Notwithstanding this unhappy experience he made himself a nuisance to various barnstorming managers visiting Berwick. Failing to find encouragement he fled from the town and went to sea; came back in disgust; failed dismally in a business enterprise; inherited some money—spent it; and finally, in 1776, made his appearance at Brentford, playing Dumont in the tragedy of "Jane Shore."

From thence onward his life led him through vagabond adventures among villages, towns, and then to the cities of importance in companies of increasing standing and respectability. He took his responsibilities lightly, riotously, alcoholically. During a whiskey-crazed moment in Dublin he enlisted in the army and woke to find himself doomed to scullery work and the most degrading of barrack duties. He would have hanged himself had not friends procured his release. It was in Dublin that he encountered the stately John Phillip Kemble, and played secondary parts to Kemble's Hamlet, Richard, and Lear. Evidently his tipsy habits disturbed the illustrious visitor, who complained that Cooke did not give him his cues. Cooke came back with: "I won't have your faults fathered on me! And hark ye, Black Jack, damn me if I don't make ye tremble in your pumps yet!"

On an October night in 1801 at Covent Garden he made good his threat. He played Richard III, and Kemble was there to see him do it. If "Black Jack" did not

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tremble in his pumps, his ears certainly vibrated to the thunders of applause the occasion brought forth. It was no precocious youth who won his triumph that night, but a man of forty-five who had passed through the ordeals of success and failure, affluence and poverty, appreciation and neglect, and whose iron constitution had withstood the inroads of wild orgies of drinking.

During the entire year the stimulus of his sudden popularity in London kept him comparatively free from the attacks of his old enemy, but in the season that followed, his indispositions grew more frequent and more lasting. To make sure of his appearances his manager was wont to entertain him on his acting days, regulate his liquor supply, and carry him bodily to the theatre; but George Frederick managed now and then to escape and leave no trace behind.

At times during his performances he was fighting drunk and disposed to take issue with the remonstrations of his hearers. At Liverpool he was once faced by a storm of protestations and cries of "Apologize." Standing before his hecklers, his eyes aglare and his voice thick with rage, he shouted: "Apology—from George Frederick Cooke! Take it from this remark: there's not a brick in your infernal town that is not cemented by the blood of a slave!"

In those days Liverpool merchants waxed fat by carrying on a nefarious slave traffic.

Of all the strange individuals bred of the life of the theatre, none were more mad than Cooke. Doctor Doran referred to him as a "compound of genius and blackguard." There is, however, evidence that Cooke was rarely so lost in his mental aberrations as to be unable to control them if it came to a question of his personal security. His own analysis of his infirmity has a Hamlet-like turn in a confidence given to one of the pages of his journal. He wrote: "I am sometimes in a kind of mental intoxication: some would call it insanity. I believe it is allied to it. I then can imagine myself in strange situations and strange places. This humor, whatever it is, comes uninvited but it is nevertheless easily dispelled—at least, generally so. When it *cannot* be dispelled it must, of course, become madness." Though it was madness, yet there was method in't—it was too tempting a thing for his actor's temperament not to give full vent to his antic dispositions when he saw that his public regarded them as the eccentricities of genius.

And yet the notoriety of his escapades was not often worth the money they cost. At Manchester he pocketed the £400 his benefit had brought him that night and proceeded to a public house, where he fell into a brawl over politics with a group of tap-room loafers. On challenging one of the disputants, a tough little navvy with a square jaw, to fight, the fellow declined, saying: "Nah, Mr. Cooke, you challenge me because you are rich and you know I am a poor man."

"Do I! Then look!" said George, and pulling out his bank-notes he thrust them into the fire.

"That's all I have in the world. I am as poor as you are—and now, damn you, come on!"

But the fascination of his acting in his favorite characters was too potent to be resisted. George Frederick's very speeches of apology, exacted now and then by an infuriated audience upon his reappearance after an unpardonable disappointment, had so much charm and blarney that his hearers found themselves flattered into a state of perpetual forgiveness.

After a long term in prison for debt the prodigal was given a tumultuous ovation on his return as Sir Pertinax Macsycophant in "The Man of the World" by one of the largest audiences ever assembled in Covent Garden Theatre.

That Cooke possessed unusual powers as an actor cannot be questioned. In characters of sinister nature he found his freest scope. In those of nobility and poetic dignity he was not successful. His Hamlet was inferior and after a second attempt he left it in the undisputed possession of his rival, Kemble.

It was indeed his only conspicuous recorded failure and came at a time when Cooke had been more abstemious than his wont and had risen to high popularity in London. Up to his Hamlet disaster he had kept a sober and conscientious daily journal of his habits and experiences. Shortly after, the diary comes to an

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abrupt end, one of his last confidences to it being a pathetic protest against his defeat. He writes: "On Monday I acted Hamlet to a very numerous audience. Next day the newspapers, some of whom I believe were *prepared* for the business, attacked me in a manner that would have been deemed impossible to have happened to any one who had ever received the slightest approbation from a London audience."

On the night of the repetition of the play the unfortunate madman let down all bars to his fatal indulgence and was gloriously drunk.

At his best and in his moments of lucidity there was much to be admired in him as a man. He was generous, manly, witty, and a faithful friend. Though he had no foundation of education, he had an admiration and a hunger for knowledge and the literature of his time that led him into hours of companionship with books, which he read with great discrimination. Knowing his weakness, he constantly struggled with it, frequently tearing away from jovial company to give himself to long solitary walks in crowded streets or lonely country lanes, battling with his demon and filling his soul with high resolve.

He was an enthusiastic Tory. On an occasion he found himself in a dinner party with the impecunious William Godwin, whose hot doctrines of revolt laid eggs for future English socialists to hatch. Cooke was especially amusing and Godwin was entertained by him until the actor's loquacity spun out to tedious lengths, when the philosopher went sound asleep.

George Frederick, discovering that he was talking to unhearing ears, gazed earnestly into the sleeper's placid face and broke into apostrophe:

"Asleep. Fast asleep! How perfectly quiet he rests and yet he's a democrat! There is a smile upon his countenance that looks peace and good-will to men, and yet he has thrown the torch of discord abroad and set half mankind in flame. What a beautiful head! How mild the expression, as if he had been nourished on the milk of human kindness! What a head! And yet pregnant with monstrous errors that, if received, would destroy the bonds between subject and sovereign, parent and child, husband and wife; involve the world in anarchy and steep it in blood."

He then evoked an anathema on all socialistic philosophers: "But not him. O, no, no! His conscience is good or he could not sleep thus and look thus."

He never conquered his real dislike of John Kemble, who stood for all the Roman virtues and was in command at Covent Garden. On the eve of an advertised appearance as Richard, Cooke had his own costume secretly removed from the theatre, dressed for the part, and had himself driven to a place near at hand, where he waited in demoniac glee picturing "Black Jack's" perturbation at his non-appearance.

The doors opened, the house filled, everything was in readiness for the play to begin but no sign of the truant. Kemble was pacing the stage in a terrible state of nerves, dreading the moment when he would go before the curtain and announce once more the "indisposition" of Mr. Cooke. The hour of beginning was past, the audience growing riotous, as British audiences in the early eighteen hundreds always became at any irregularity, when Cooke appeared apparently from nowhere and said quite calmly: "Mr. Kemble, I am ready, sir."

At his worst he sunk to the depths and was fit company for no one—Jekyll became Hyde, the fine-minded, courteous gentleman was transformed to the beast. Sometimes, as though performing an Eastern conjuring trick, he would fade completely from view, public and private.

In 1780 he disappeared for a whole year, leaving behind a rumor, which nobody ever proved true, that he had enlisted as a private in a West Indian regiment.

The elder Mathews, who later rose to great popularity in London, tells an absurd tale of a visit which he, as an ambitious beginner, paid to the veteran.

Mathews had pleased Cooke by his conscientious acting in a play at Dublin and was invited to a tête-à-tête supper at the tragedian's lodgings.

It began with copious draughts of hot whiskey punch which Cooke tossed down while delivering a harangue to young Mathews.

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"You are young," he said, "you need some one to advise and guide you: there is nothing like industry and sobriety—another jug of whiskey punch, Mrs. Burns! Dissipation is the bane of youth in our profession. Low company, villainous associates lead them from studying their business and acquiring the knowledge which alone can make them respectable. Another jug, Mistress Burns!"

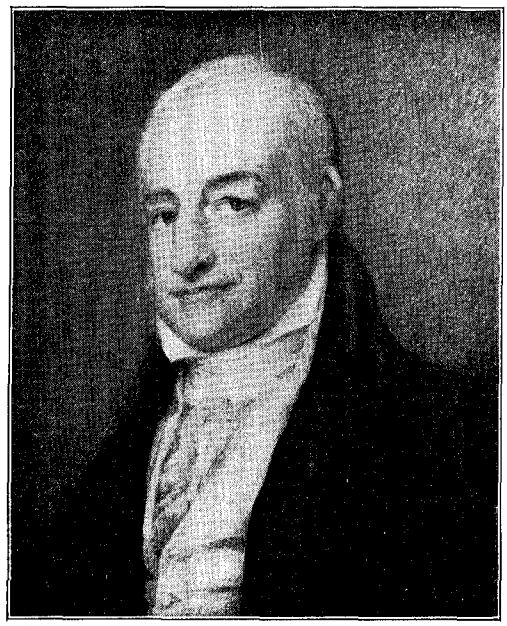
His admonitions growing more and more maudlin, he began a series of practical instructions in acting for Mathews's benefit. He showed him how the passions should be expressed in the face.

"What's this?" he demanded, making a horrible facial contortion.

The astonished youth said that it was very fine and remarkable.

"But what *is* it?" shouted Cooke.

"Anger," stammered Mathews.



By courtesy of The Players.

George Frederick Cooke.

"You're a blockhead—it's *fear*. And what's this?" making the same hideous grimace.

Mathews (hazarding a wild guess): "Hope."

Cooke: "Not at all—remorse! And this?"

Mathews (in great confusion): "Hypocrisy."

Cooke: "You lie—it's *love*—hear me, sir? Love!"

The night ended in complete riot, Mathews being driven out with the furniture of the room flying after him, chased by his mad host, who spent the hours till morning in the streets and was brought home beaten, bruised, and oblivious.

But Cooke's star, which had burned so brightly as to obscure the light of all his London rivals, was failing. The wonder is that it had held its brilliancy so long. His worshippers began to tire of seeing him on occasion mumble through a part with faltering tongue and mind bereft, weary of going to Covent Garden on his announced nights eager to fall under the spell of his Richard, Iago, Shylock, Falstaff, Sir Archy, Sir Pertinax, or Sir Giles Overreach, only to be met by the announcement that "owing to the indisposition of Mr. Cooke the play of the evening will be changed."

George Frederick found himself obliged to seek the provincial cities for a livelihood. London engagements grew fewer. Even there he found himself for a time forced into the humiliating position of supporting Young Roscius (Master Betty), a thirteen-year-old lad who, like Lochinvar, had come out of the west, from the County Down, in Ireland, and was setting all London by the ears. Young Betty, a comely lad with a musical voice, had been carefully coached and acted the standard parts from Hamlet to Young Norval in "Douglas," to the amazement of the public. There was a Master Betty craze; the prodigy became the topic of the town, and old favorites were forgotten. He was the Jackie Coogan of a day when theatres and players were few and far between.

Like many another craze that of Young Roscius was of short duration; a season or two and the veteran favorites of yesteryear—Cooke, Kemble, Mrs. Siddons, and others—crept back into preference once more.

The advent of George Frederick Cooke's

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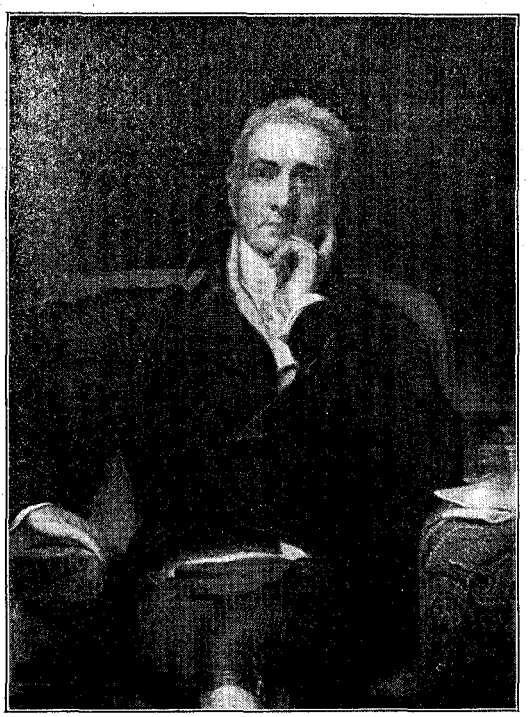
appearance in America was the result of the unflagging determination of Thomas Abthorpe Cooper, an American tragedian who landed in Liverpool in 1810.

Cooper's story of his capture of the elusive Cooke reads like a chapter of a Sherlock Holmes tale. Affairs had gone from bad to worse with the actor; driven from London by the attacks of his enemies and the desertion of his one-time friends, he was filling an engagement in Liverpool, facing a future furtive and sinister.



By courtesy of The Players.

John Phillip Kemble.
From a painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

Cooke, hearing that Cooper was engaging actors for America, remarked: "I might make the voyage myself should you think it worth while to tempt me."

Cooper hardly thought him serious, but wrote to him a month later from London offering him twenty-five guineas a week for ten months in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, a benefit in each city and twenty-five cents a mile travelling expenses. To this offer Cooke made no reply. Cooper finished his London visit and was passing by coach through Preston when he saw playbills announcing Cooke's appearance as Richard for the next evening.

He put up for the night at the inn and, when George arrived the next day, brought up the matter of the American engagement. To his surprise Cooke told him that he knew nothing about it—had never heard of it. Accordingly Cooper took himself off to Liverpool to fill an engagement of his own. Meanwhile George Frederick, after playing but two nights in Preston, broke all the contracts he had entered into for other provincial cities, and went off to the little seaport of Blackpool, where for over a month he buried himself in debauchery and oblivion. Before Cooper had completed his engagement the manager of the Liverpool theatre informed him that Cooke was again in the city lodged at a low resort, where he was "playing the madman, frequently very ill, and robbed at the pleasure of the wretches around him."

This was no time to enter into negotiations for America. To make proposals now would be to bring Cooke's creditors about him like a swarm of flies—perhaps send him to a debtor's prison; the managers of various theatres throughout Britain would attempt forcibly to constrain him to fulfil his contracts. Cooke must be abducted. Cooper waited.

Cooke took a sudden notion that his presence was needed in London—and made preparations for immediate departure. A post-chaise was ordered; it came to his lodgings day after day and was as regularly sent away. Cooper held a saddled horse in readiness which was brought to him at each appearance of the post-chaise, his purpose being to intercept the traveller some distance away from Liverpool. He grew weary in returning the horse to its stable and began to think Cooke would never take leave, when one afternoon a watching scout informed him that the post-chaise was really off on the London road. Bidding a hasty adieu to a party of friends he had invited to dine with him, he mounted and rode out of Liverpool by another route. Before he

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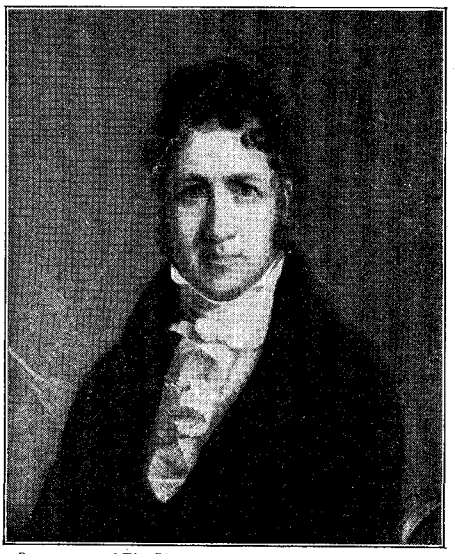
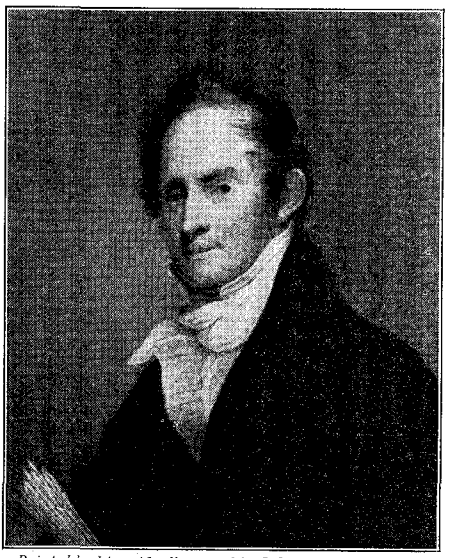


By courtesy of The Players.

Thomas A. Cooper.



Painted by himself. Engraved by I. W. Paradise.

William Dunlap.

could overtake the chaise his horse went lame: he was kept fuming at a wayside inn while the object of pursuit drew farther away.

By good luck, however, he managed to hail a passing stage-coach and by a liberal bribe to the coachman succeeded in reaching the first stage of the journey, Prescot, before the arrival of the chaise. Hastily ordering food, drink, and a room, he pounced upon Cooke at the moment of his appearance and invited him to supper; George, surprised and pleased at the meeting, readily accepted. The proposal of the American engagement was introduced; Cooke, warmed by hot food and generous wine, readily agreed to terms. Leaving his guest voraciously attacking the supper, Cooper slipped out of the room, paid the driver of the chaise and sent him back to Liverpool with the intelligence that Mr. Cooke had changed his mind about going to London.

Late that evening another post-chaise put out from Prescot, leaving behind to sundry inquisitive citizens of the town, drawn to the inn by the arrival of two renowned actors and who had demanded to be brought into the presence of the great Mr. Cooke, the information that the destination of the vehicle was Warrington. No sooner were the last houses of Prescot passed than orders were given to turn about and proceed hot-speed to Liverpool. Inside the chaise were George Frederick Cooke, overcome with liquor and dead to the world, and the exultant Cooper.

Arriving some time before midnight, Cooper boldly rang the bell of a certain suburban residence, and with the assistance of a servant deposited Cooke within the security of Mr. Tawbuck's house. Having accomplished this Cooper set off to the city to inquire about sailing-ships, realizing that he must act quickly or his uncertain prey would elude him. The three days' interval that elapsed before the sailing of the next packet were anxious ones. Cooke, fancying himself at an inn, was inclined to be obstreperous. It was difficult to preserve the secrecy of his departure.

Peril pursued the enterprise to the very end. Just as the ship was about to weigh anchor she was boarded by a revenue officer who refused to sanction her clearance papers because she carried a passenger not registered at the Custom House. He demanded that Cooke disembark. Adroit explanation and a sufficient bribe at length sent the officer ashore, the *Columbia* dropped down the Mersey, and Cooper, watching from the pier, breathed a vast sigh of relief.

What the feelings of the unfortunate

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Cooke were no one knows, but we may be assured that when he awoke to what he was really in for—a voyage of more than six weeks and a long, long exile from England—they were far from pleasant. His own journal contains merely this entry: "On Thursday, October the 4th, 1810, embarked at Liverpool on board the

Cooke as Sir Pertinax Macsychophant.

Columbia, of and for New York, North America, and sailed out of the harbor immediately. The master of the ship (about 300 tons) Joshua Hazard, of Rhode Island. On Monday, the 8th, cleared St. George's Channel, and on Friday evening, November the 16th, landed at New York after a tedious and tempestuous passage."

From other sources we learn that when seasickness overtook him he cursed himself, Cooper, and the world with every roll of the ship, and wailed out sobbing regrets at having left his native land.

Ultimately his sufferings ceased. Followed day after day when he sat on the deck of the *Columbia*, watching the waste of the tumbling Atlantic and loathing his fellow passengers, who had, during his illness, drunk up the ship's stock of spirits, leaving no solace for his thirsting soul but *essence of lemon*.

But the enforced abstemiousness is giving back health and vigor to his abused body, cobwebs are sweeping out of his brain; the voyage is drawing its weary length to a close, and as the *Columbia* glides through the Narrows and he looks upon the good green earth of Staten Island Cooke can thank God he's in better fettle than he has been for years.

Safely housed at the Tontine Coffee House he is pleased at the visits of distinguished New Yorkers, whom Mr. Price, the manager of the Park Theatre, brings to do him homage, and passes his first night in the New World in vast content.

He is not quite at his ease next day, as he sets out from Mr. Price's house at 296 Broadway for his first view of the town. He has suddenly conceived a large contempt for the "Yankee-doodles." Albeit he is somewhat timorous, he is certainly very curious about these strange Americans.

Few realize that this benevolent, rather scholarly-looking man, snowy-haired, with a piercing eye that glances quickly to right and to left from beneath the broad brim of his beaver hat, clad in respectable English gray, high-collared above the folds of his immaculate stock, is the renowned London actor, George Frederick Cooke.

Mr. Price is tremendously proud of his convoyance, especially when, now and then, the passers-by show that they have recognized the celebrated man.

They near the Park Theatre: Cooke grows excited as he sees a group of people gathered about the playbills that announce his forthcoming appearance as Richard.

As they draw closer they overhear certain cries of derision. Some Englishmen claim to have seen Cooke in London and are pooh-poohing the idea of his coming to America.

"The whole thing is just a Yankee imposition!" shouts one. "You might as well expect to see Saint Paul's Cathedral transported across the ocean."

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"The managers would never dare to do that," a man replies.

"Would they not? Those fellows would dare anything to gain a shilling. It's another performer of the same name. It's never George Frederick."

Price has some difficulty to prevent Cooke from dashing into the crowd and confounding them all by proclaiming his identity.

"I'll show your Yankee-doodles!" he exclaims as Price leads him away.

Arrives the morning of November the twenty-first. The tragedian wakes early, extremely nervous, breakfasts on weak brandy and water and cold ham, and, after conning over the text from his prompt-book of "Richard III," goes to the theatre for his last rehearsal. He is not wholly satisfied with the company.

"I could wish," he says, "that some of your actors were more correct, Mr. Price."

He dines at two o'clock, has his dish of tea at half after five, and, shortly after seven that evening, there is a hush, a thrill, and in a high state of nerves Cooke walks on the stage of the Park Theatre, the first actor of real power who has ever faced the American public. The throng at the avenues had been unprecedented; in the confusion many had been pushed by the crowd past the ticket-seller and no payment received for them. Many ladies were taken around to the stage door in Theatre Alley and conducted to the boxes from behind the curtain. Twenty-two hundred people tax the little theatre to its utmost capacity.

Price and William Dunlap are gratified beyond measure.

"Look!" says Dunlap, "how picturesque and noble he is; his eye flashing fire, his head erect. He steps like a conqueror. I see no vestige of the venerable old gentleman I met at the coffee-house."

Cooke returns the salutes of the audience like a victorious prince acknowledging an acclamation of the populace.

Tc any there is a sense of disappointment he begins his soliloquy,

"Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York,"

in a sharp, grating voice, but soon he strikes his real pace and before long New York has capitulated. The evening ends in a full triumph.

By courtesy of The Players.

Cooke as Stukely.
Engraved by Rogers, from an original painting.

Doctor Francis, in "Old New York," writing of Cooke, says: "Old playgoers, by his expositions, discovered a mine of wealth in Shakespeare now first opened. His commanding person, his expressive countenance, his elevated front, his eye, his every feature and movement showed the great master who eclipsed all predecessors. . . . His master was nature and he would submit to no artificial rhetoric!"

Cooke had created a new era in American theatrical annals. Each succeeding night saw the Park crowded as the different characters in his repertory were displayed, and familiarity with his work brought new admiration.

Then came the change. Cooke failed to grasp his golden opportunity of starting life anew; under the stimulus of the admiration of riotous admirers he lapsed into his former habits and his "indispositions" once more became noticeable. On the night of his benefit he was well-nigh incoherent.

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However, the receipts of his engagement had at that time never been approached in New York, and George Frederick took himself off to the admiring throngs of Boston, Philadelphia, and other cities. Honors were heaped upon him. Stuart and Sully painted his portrait. But always his evil genius was at his elbow, luring him to fresh excesses and wild behavior.

On a day in February, after one of the coldest nights of the year, a little girl came to the office of the Park Theatre bearing a note which read: "Dear Dunlap, send me one hundred dollars. G. F. Cooke."

Questioning the child and learning that she had been sent by a strange gentleman at her mother's house, Dunlap set out with her to a mean building back of the hospital. As they walked Dunlap asked his little pilot how the strange gentleman came to her house.

"Last night, sir, almost morning—mother is sick, sir, and I was sitting up with her—a negro and a watchman brought him. We knew the watchman so mother let the gentleman come in and sit by the fire. He didn't want to come. He said, 'Let me lay down here and die.' Poor old gentleman! It was cruel of the people where he lived to turn him out o' doors on such a night."

"Does he say he was turned out o' doors?"

"Yes, sir, I believe he is crazy."

In the chamber of the sick woman they found a motley crowd of people—cartmen, watchmen, neighboring women and children, gaping at the crazy man who stood among them spouting Shakespeare, denouncing American rebels, prating of patriotism and politics, and bewailing some injury done to him.

On seeing Dunlap he burst into tears, begged him not to leave him, and swore he would never go back home, where he claimed he had been grievously wronged.

In a corner of the room were several rascally-looking sheriff's officers who had drawn up lists of the sorry furnishings and effects of the invalid for a levy because of an unpaid quarter's rent. Cooke had gone security for the amount and declared he would not leave till it was paid. The debt being satisfied, George Frederick was led away followed by the gaping crowd.

The only explanation of this escapade Dunlap could uncover was that for some unknown cause, boredom perhaps, or a fancied slight, Cooke had fled from his lodgings accompanied by Sam, his negro servant, and wandered through the ice and snow of a blizzard until discovered by the watchman.

One of George Frederick's delusions was that of having fought with the British troops in America against the rebels. He would describe how as an Ensign of the 5th he drove Putnam from Bunker Hill and saw Warren die, or Sir Henry Clinton and his aides riding helter-skelter through Broadway, or an engagement between Lord Howe and General Washington at the storming of Brooklyn Heights, wherein but for his lordship's calling a halt Cooke would have captured Washington.

During an engagement in Baltimore he was told that President Madison purposed coming from Washington to see him act. He flared immediately. Drawing himself to his full height he shouted:

"If he does I'll be damned if I play before him. I'll say to the audience, 'Ladies and gentlemen, the King of the Yankee-doodles has come to see me act—*me*, George Frederick Cooke, who have stood before my royal master, George the Third, and received his imperial approbation! It is degradation enough to play before rebels, but I'll not go on for the amusement of the contemptible King of the Yankee-doodles!'"

But Mr. Madison did not come.

Cooke was doomed never again to see his native land. His will was becoming so weakened that he always failed to carry out the arrangements made for his return. His demon constantly held him in a strangle-hold.

His physician, Doctor Francis, describes his appearance while under the influence of drink: "In that condition his whole nature was altered and his appearance almost diabolical. You dwindle under his indignant frown: no violence was like his, no obstinacy so invincible. On the return of his right reason ' would cast a withering look around id ask: 'What part is George Frederick Cooke placarded for to-night?'"

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By courtesy of Karl Schmidt.

The Actors Monument.

The late Edmund Kean and Doctor Francis contemplating the tomb erected to the memory of George Frederick Cooke, in St. Paul's Churchyard, New York.

Less than two years after he had set the American dramatic world aflame his extraordinary vitality wore itself out, and death, who had watched so eagerly for him through the years, found him in the presence of friends who had stood by him in the face of all rebuffs and abuse, and the forlorn wife he had married in America and who had held but the smallest place in Cooke's life.

On the 27th of September, 1812, his remains were laid away in the stranger's vault of Saint Paul's and New York held holiday.

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It was not until June of 1821 that the monument which marks his last resting-place was erected in Saint Paul's churchyard. Edmund Kean, on his first visit to America, learning that his one-time celebrated predecessor was lying wholly forgotten in an obscure church-vault, caused the removal of the body and inscribed over his bones these lines:

"Three kingdoms claim his birth.
Both hemispheres proclaim his worth."

The monument has at various times been restored by Charles Kean, the elder Sothern, Edwin Booth, and The Players Club.

But poor George Frederick, who so often lost his head during life, was destined to lose it even in the grave. His friend and counsellor, Doctor Francis, ruthlessly purloined it and he lies headless in Saint Paul's Churchyard.

There is a smug complacency in the doctor's description of an event of later date in "Old New York." He wrote: "A theatrical benefit had been announced at the Park and 'Hamlet' the play. A subordinate at the theatre at a late hour hurried to my office for a skull. I was compelled to loan the head of my old friend, George Frederick Cooke. 'Alas, poor Yorick!'

"It was returned in the morning, but on the ensuing evening, at a meeting of the Cooper Club, the circumstance becoming known to several of the members and a desire being expressed to investigate phrenologically the head of the great tragedian, the article was again released from its privacy, when Daniel Webster, Henry Wheaton, and many others who enriched the meeting that night applied the principles of craniological science to the interesting specimen before them!"

If the boluses of the ponderous doctor were as indigestible as his literary efforts, it is not to be wondered at that the unfortunate actor gave up the ghost.

Or is it possible that he talked Cooke to death?

("Kean," the second article of this series, will appear in an early number.)

More Leaves from a Country Doctor's Note-Book

BY N. D. MARBAKER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE WRIGHT

THE BISHOP COMES

METHODISTS are not frequent in the Crooked Run country. It is a Lutheran stronghold. No one but old Peter Buzby can remember when stirring times occurred in the little weather-beaten church across the Run. The parish used to be a thriving one, but it had dwindled until it was known as "Supply" in the conference minutes. Once a month the preacher from Maddockville came to conduct services with a handful of people who had not been stampeded by the Lutheran invasion.

The village of Crooked Run was amazed one afternoon when a newspaper man came out from the county seat and made inquiries about the Methodist church. It developed that Thomas Coke had preached in the building nearly a century before, and it was an historical fact that the famed Bishop had preached in no other church in the confines of the conference.

So that night the topics of conversation were changed in the talk around the stove in the store. The loafers would argue

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about who had been of the Methodist persuasion, but they could find no one on the village side of the Run who was or had been definitely Methodist.

Elmer Krusen, who, as president of the township school board, never lowered himself to the degree of loitering in the store, said: "I kinda remember that Doc said he was a Methodist when he was a boy. Maybe he could help us out."

The remark caused an exodus from the store across the road to Doc's office. Several women were waiting for him to finish with a patient. The men were willing to let them know the cause of the visit.

Doc came into the waiting-room. "Why all the reception committee? Has an epidemic broken out?"

Elmer, as usual, became the spokesman. "Say, Doc, were you ever a Methodist?"

"I was when I was a kid. Why?"

Eph Appleby took up the story. "Well, this afternoon a reporter from *The Daily Liar* came out and asked some questions about the Methodist church. He said that an old bishop had preached there long ago and the paper wouldn't run without a piece about it."

Doc was perfectly noncommittal. "Don't know anything about it. And I'm busy, boys. Come on in, Clara Jane."

The men trekked back to the comfortable stove. Doc's office was not so friendly as it had been when he first arrived. Then he welcomed the loafers, but since the story got out that he was serving licker, he had made short work of the male gossips.

Nothing happened for several weeks. The matter of Methodism was forgotten. Then the Methodist preacher made an announcement to a very surprised congregation. In the course of his sermon he told his little flock that a great anniversary was being held the following month in honor of Bishop Coke and the Bishop from Pittsburgh was coming to "this very church to preach because Bishop Coke had preached here many, many years ago."

It took just as long for the news to reach the village as it took Sophronisba Rodgers to talk over the telephone. Isby was very excited. "Who'll entertain the Bishop?" was her cry. She was talking with her cousin, Hannah Wilcox. Hannah replied: "I swan I don't know. No Methodist could entertain a bishop! Guess I had better talk it over with the Ladies' Aid and find out. I'll call up tomorrow morning."

So a special meeting of the Ladies' Aid of the Lutheran church was called after League that night.

Never had there been such a buzzing. It was almost as bad as when Flossie Smathers ran off with the Pain King Man. To think that a real bishop was coming to Crooked Run was too much. There was no house in the whole township that was fit to entertain so high an ecclesiastic.

The Lutherans went on making suggestions without realizing that the few Methodist women were interested in their own party. By the time the Ladies' Aid had decided Mary Claypoole was to do the honors, the Methodists had given Squire Lookhart the privilege. Squire Lookhart let it be known that the Lutherans could come to hear the Bishop but that the Methodists would entertain him.

Great was the chagrin in the village. The Methodists had given the Lutherans an affront never to be forgiven. And to think that it came from a Republican squire! Republican squires were about as common in the Crooked Run country as are teeth in a hen's jaw.

Not to be undone, the women massed about Melie Lookhart and offered suggestions. If all the food had been prepared that had been discussed, no feast of Lucullus could have stood a chance beside it. Every woman wanted to give something toward the dinner. They must have heard rumors of the purported love of Methodist preachers for food. And a bishop must have, of course, a greater capacity than his underlings.

Never having seen a bishop, the people must have fancied they were pelicans in breeches.

A turkey was presented to Melie. Where it came from no one knew. But here it was in all its skinny glory. It was not turkey time. No farm boasted a fowl so large. Some one must have thought a turkey was a necessary adjunct to the entertainment of a bishop.

Melie never saw so much provender in her life. Lutherans vied with Methodists

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to produce a dinner fit for a king. Baking and roasting were the only activities Melie could find time for. She asked her many friends to care for the house. The women agreed that the bedclothes were not good enough for a bishop, and the township was ransacked for "haps" and quilts more suitable.

The Sunday came. Sam Rowland was sent to the train to meet the Bishop. On the journey from the railroad, the Bishop heard of all the preparations for his coming.

The Methodist church was thronged as never before. People were there who hadn't attended a religious service for years. An augmented choir took up an entire Amen corner. The doctor, of all people, led them. When the Bishop arrived, the people stood up to welcome him.

The great man preached a great sermon about his famous predecessor. He made the Lutherans wish they were Methodists. He showed them all the way to the kingdom.

After the service, the Bishop went to the squire's home. The crowd went along. He learned from the preacher that he was expected to stay overnight.

"Why, I must catch that four o'clock train for Buffalo. I am scheduled to preach at First Church to-night!"

When the news was bruited through the crowd, a gasp arose. "What! The Bishop won't stay? After all the fixin' we've done! I think he's awful!" Such remarks were common.

He was escorted to the parlor. The squire's desk was in better order than it had ever known. The books were nicely piled on the top of the desk. The squire's pipe had vanished.

"I'm sorry, my friends, but my physician has ordered me to a diet."—Page 491.

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The Bishop talked to those who were with him and listened to the stories, rather exaggerated, of the greatness of the Crooked Run Methodist Church. And then dinner.

Places had been laid for thirty people. The table groaned in an agony almost audible. The Lutheran pastor was there to do the honors. The doctor was on the Bishop's right at the head of the table. The Lutheran pastor was asked to say the grace.

The women were silent for the few minutes and, after the prayer, began to bustle about. They piled all manner of food on the Bishop. He shook his head sadly. "I'm sorry, my friends, but my physician has ordered me to a diet. If I could have a bowl of crackers and milk, that would be splendid. I cannot eat more."

The consternation of the women was apparent. The dinner continued, but the spirit was gone.

II

Eph Appleby was haranguing the crowd in the store. "I think them Methodists put one over on us. That guy was no bishop. He didn't wear his collar back side foremost and he wouldn't eat a Christian meal. I'm through with the Methodists now. I never did like them."

Eph was but one of the complainers. The Methodist church is closed and the graveyard is growing up in weeds.

PATENT MEDICINE

The Pain King Man drove into the lane. His little car was of a cerulean blue. The huge box on the back made the equipment look as if it was suffering with a carbuncle. The little car gasped and stopped. The salesman for the Great Medical Discovery Company climbed out and made his way to the post-office.

Mr. Aye was known throughout the length and breadth of the Crooked Run country as the Pain King Man. He sold all manner of panaceas to make life more pleasant for ailing country folk. He was at loggerheads with the doctor. It was one of the pet diversions of the loafers at the store to ask the doctor what he thought of Mr. Aye. Mr. Aye had very decided opinions concerning the physician.

The Pain King Man had red hair. He considered this an asset. He made jokes about it. The country women liked to have him around their kitchens. He was such good company.

He gave the children peppermint lozenges, and the old ladies liked his horehound drops. Everybody bought his Pain King Liniments, his Stomach Rejuvenator, his Toothache Pacifier.

He greeted the postmistress heartily and asked if he could stay all night. Like all the women, she felt it was an honor to entertain this representative of the healing art. She took out his board in remedies and flavoring extracts.

The Pain King Man failed to appear for supper. He had gone up to the store to see the loafers and gossip a bit. The postmistress felt he was treating her a little shabbily. Well, she would charge him for the meal anyway.

He had gone to the store. He had told a flock of new stories. He had taken his sample case and left.

It was early. Supper wouldn't be ready for an hour or more. He thought he might make a few sales. He arrived at Flossie Smathers's.

Flossie was the village's old maid. She had never been loved. She lived in her little cottage with her cats. She wrote occasional verse for *The Daily Liar*. When any one died in the township, Flossie wrote the obituary. She wasn't so old—about thirty-eight. Her trouble had been in keeping an invalid mother alive while the other girls were out sparking.

The Pain King Man liked Flossie. She had been alone so long and had had no confidants that she developed, for company's sake, all the ills and diseases that can afflict the human frame. She was fond of regaling her aches and pains to the Ladies' Aid. She was a good customer of the medical salesman.

"Hello, Miss Flossie! How's your back to-day?"

"Not so good. I had a kinda funny feeling over my kidneys last night that

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made me afraid I might be getting Bright's disease. I hope you have some of that Kidney Reviver with you. I never tried any of that. Clara Jane says it's fine."

"Well, it is good. I have lots of people on my list who buy it by the dozen." He fumbled in his case and brought out a green bottle. He handed it to her. She smelled it.

"Must be pretty lively stuff. Smells like essence of polecat and lavender mixed. How much is it?"

"Nothing to you. I've had mighty little call for it around here. You take the bottle and tell the Ladies' Aid how you like it."

He had seated himself in a comfortable cretonne-covered chair by the open grate. Miss Flossie bustled around getting him a plate of cake. He took out his pipe.

"You don't mind if I smoke, Miss Flossie?"

"Lord, no! It's good for the plants."

Flossie was standing in the door between the sitting-room and the kitchen. There was a glow in her hair from the reflection of the late afternoon sun. She was not hard to look at. The Pain King Man had had little thought concerning Flossie's appearance. But now, he looked at her in a surprised way.

"Whatcha looking at me that way for?"

"Did you ever know you are good-looking?"

Flossie blushed the way of a rose. "Don't you palaver with me."

"No; I mean it. Right now, you're real pretty."

"I guess you're flirting around for another piece of cake."

"Sure I am. You're the best baker I meet in my travels. God! Some of the stuff I have to eat is awful. No more than swill."

The house was tidy and clean. The food excellent. Flossie was pretty. The whole scene opened in the Pain King Man's mind like a rainbow. If ever a man needed a woman and a home, it was he.

"Say, Miss Flossie, why didn't you ever marry?"

Flossie sat in a chair across the hearth. "Well, I can't exactly say. You see, Mr. Aye, mom was sick for years with that ingrowing cancer and I had to stay with her. And after mom died, I was too old."

"Why, you ain't more than seventy right now, are you?"

"I ain't that old, quite. But I have the feelings of an old person. I know how mom said she felt. I'm getting that way, too. It's in the family."

"You look pretty stout to me. Ever think about getting married?"

"Well, I did about ten years ago, but he married another girl."

A happy thought struck him. His face lightened. "Say, Miss Flossie, I've got some medicine here that is mighty good for love-lost people. It makes them forget. But I heard not long ago that somebody out in Kansas took some and she got a man right away, almost."

"You don't say! Let's see it."

He opened his case and rummaged until he found a label-less bottle. Miss Flossie grabbed it from his hand.

"I think I'll taste it." She went into the kitchen and brought a spoon. She poured some of the dark stuff and took it. She made a grimace. "Nasty stuff. But I bet it'll work."

"Say, I never tasted that. Give me a dose."

She started toward the kitchen. "Oh, never mind. Give it to me in that spoon."

Flossie laughed. "Ain't you afraid of my microbes?"

"Not by a darned sight."

The room had been growing dark. They had bantered about the dose without realizing supper-time was approaching. Flossie got up with a jump. "Land o' day! I didn't know it was so late. I'll get supper."

He followed her into the kitchen and got in her way like an overgrown puppy. He tried to help.

"Will you say the blessing, Mr. Aye?"

"Ain't much on saying blessings, Miss Flossie, but I'll try."

He prayed: "God, make us grateful for all thy blessings. Give us grateful hearts and make this food for your service. And, God, make the medicine work."

"That was a kinda funny blessing, Mr. Aye."

"Say, Miss Flossie, I feel kinda funny. I think that love medicine is acting."

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"Say, I never tasted that. Give me a dose."—Page 492.

"I think mine's acting, too."

When they arose from the table, the Pain King Man went toward her, took hold of her shoulders, and gave her a smacking kiss.

Flossie was startled out of a year's growth. She hesitated, then nestled close to him.

"Let's get married, Flossie."

"I'll never let another chance go by. I always did like red hair."

II

THE consternation of the village was too great for words. The Pain King Man had rushed to the post-office, got his car, and was soon back at Flossie's. They drove to the county-seat and were married. It was all over and the village had had no word.

The serenade the couple received will never be forgotten.

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Eph Appleby, as usual, had something to say. "The Pain King Man told me yesterday it was great to get a wife like Flossie. Then he started to laugh. I asked him what was so killing funny. You never can see through some people. He said to me confidential-like: 'Eph, don't take Worm Vermifuge when you want a wife!'"

STRONG RED HANDS

There is a saying in the Crooked Run country: "If a fellow is low down enough to steal a skunk from a trap, he's worse than a skunk." The battle of words that ends with such a climax always becomes a fist-fight. The only insult comparable with it concerns one's attendance at his own mother's wedding.

Joe Williams was convicted by the court of loafers at the store of having maliciously stolen a mink from a trap belonging to Eph Appleby. He was seen wandering around that part of the field in which Eph had put his traps. The footprints in the mud by the run were Joe's. There was no question about his guilt. The postmistress testified Joe had sent a hide by mail that morning.

The news of Joe's treachery reached Joe's father. Ab Williams did not deserve such a good-for-nothing boy. He was a good farmer and a better neighbor.

It was a dismal scene at the Williams farm. Joe confessed to his father and mother. "Well, Pop, I guess I had better be leaving. There ain't no use for me to stick around these parts. The gang up at the store will fix me if they catch me. Give me some money and I'll get out once and for all."

Ab was stoical about it. He handed the boy ten dollars and let him go. Mrs. Ab cried a little.

The gang at the store said: "Good riddance to bad rubbish."

Joe never wrote home. No news was heard of him. Interest in him died the death of a choked chicken. Joe had gotten out; that was enough.

Mrs. Ab insisted Joe would return a chastened man. It hurt her unspeakably to have lost her boy because of incensed neighbors. She never mentioned her heartache to any one but Ab. He let her talk. He felt it might do her good to get it out of her system.

The city papers were filled with accounts of desperadoes who made incursions on lonely streets and held up citizens who might be passing. The scandal of the neglect of the police ran rampant in every page. Mass-meetings were threatening to do all kinds of things.

Then Reverend Smyth was shot down because he had offered resistance to a gang. He was conscious when the police found him. He told his story between his expectorations of blood. Then he died.

It is a far jump from the city to Crooked Run, but Reverend Smyth had been the preacher there early in his career, and there were plenty of people who remembered him. People recalled the reverend who had not thought of him for years.

The gang went on undismayed. Police threatened they knew one of the men. They offered rewards. Citizens went armed in the streets.

The wrong man was attacked. As he was told to hold up his hands, he lifted his revolver and shot. The robbers disappeared in a closed car. The blood on the pavement showed one had been hit. The question was to find the injured man.

About dusk, Joe Williams dragged himself into the lower barn on his father's farm. He went there because he knew his mother would come out to hunt the eggs for the day. He fancied he would be hidden by her until the chase for him had been relaxed.

He was feeling faint. He wanted water. He wished to God mom would come.

He heard her footsteps on the planks of the upper barn, and when she came down the rickety steps, he shifted himself a little and spoke to her. "Hey, Mom, it's me—Joe. Can you get me a little water? I'm awful thirsty."

The mother dropped her pan in her excitement. She knelt by him and asked: "What's the matter, Joe? Are you hurt?"

"Yes, Mom. For God's sake get me some water. My leg hurts, too. Don't tell pop I'm here. Don't tell anybody."

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Mrs. Ab hunted the eggs in the lower barn to conceal her excitement. She heard the sound of a car coming up the lane. She nodded at the boy and went out.

"Now, Mr. Williams, don't tell me he been for that, we would never have known anything."

Mrs. Ab, coming up, heard the remark. She ran breathlessly. "What is that you say? Reverend Smyth recognized him? Where'd he see him?"

"Hey, Mom, it's me—Joe. Can you get me a little water? I'm awful thirsty."—Page 494.

isn't here. We've trailed him for miles. I know it's tough to give up a son, but he's got to come with us." The chief of police spoke earnestly. He was trying to help the old man.

"I tell you, sir, I haven't seen Joe for years. He's not here. If he's done wrong, I want him punished. You can search the farm but you won't find him. But say, what's he done—Joe?"

"I don't like to tell you. He's one of the gang that has been raising hell downtown. I'll tell you this, though. Reverend Smyth recognized him. If it hadn't

The chief was surprised at her ignorance. "Didn't you know that Reverend Smyth was spiked last week?"

Mrs. Ab was overwhelmed. "Do you stand there and tell me my Joe killed our old pastor?"

"Yessum. Reverend said he recognized him. It was the last thing he said."

Ab was silent. He was bowed with an awful grief. Then he looked up and told them to search the farm. "I know he ain't here!"

Mrs. Ab went back to the barn. She

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filled a tin cup with water from the pipe over the trough. She looked in back of her to see where the men were. They had gone into the house.

"Here's the water, Joe. The cops is here. They've come for you."

"Don't let them catch me, Mom."

"I won't!"

Joe drank the water greedily. "Thanks, Mom. Don't let them find me."

"Say, Joe, did you kill Reverend Smyth?"

He began to whine. "Honest to God, Mom, I didn't know it was him until I read the papers."

With a quick stride Mrs. Ab went to him. She took his head in her strong red hands. "I won't let them get you, Joe. But I can't have a son who killed the man who baptized and confirmed him."

When the searchers reached the lower barn, they found Mrs. Ab sobbing over the body of her son.

I Shall Remember

BY ODELL SHEPARD

As I went down across the hills
  From Colne to Quenington
I saw the roofs of Bibury
  Shining in the sun.
I shall remember Bibury now
  Until my days are done.

I shall remember cottages
  Carved out of silver and gold,
Smooth beeches darkening the brook,
  And how the hills enfold
That little human island
  Washed round by meadow and wold.

And I shall think how life might be—
  Ah! if I had my will—
In some gray cottage crowned with thatch
  Down by the crumbling mill,
With the dull thunder of the weir
  Day-long beneath my sill.

One crooked street of weathered stone
  Is what I shall recall:
How slowly across the afternoon
  Its purple shadows crawl,
And how the reddening ivy-leaf
  Clings to the sun-washed wall.

Each man must have some memory
  Shining as he grows old
To light him through the stealing dark
  And keep his thoughts from cold.
I shall remember Bibury . . .
  Bibury-in-the-Wold.

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A Serious Young Man

BY ALFRED S. DASHIELL

DECORATIONS BY W. FLETCHER WHITE

HE rushed up to me with outstretched hand.

"Hello, old fellow, what have you been doing with yourself since you left college?"

Looking up with surprise and something of chagrin, I found myself in the clutches of a member of the younger generation.

J. Hartley Graves is not one of the literati, nor does he belong to that immoral group labelled "younger generation" about which literati write and old folks shake their heads. He has no commerce with that loud minority. The old folks approve highly of him, and he, in return, accepts all their opinions with a straight face. Unaffected by the bolshevistic heresies of filthy foreigners who have polluted the stream of our national life, he worships work and success as his fathers did. And, if we accept the principle of majority rule, as good citizens do, it is he and youths like him who are the real younger generation.

The tip of a polka-dotted handkerchief protruded jauntily from his breast pocket. The crease of his trousers actually cut the air as he approached. The merest suspicion of a shoe allowed to peep from under the bell-bottom revealed a modish tip. A popular hair ointment made sleek and resplendent his carefully arranged locks.

Affability itself was his countenance. His complexion sans line or wrinkle spoke of exercise carefully planned. There was something earnest and eager, and, at the same time, professional and calculating in his manner. The fire of evangelistic zeal in his eye was slightly dimmed by careful attention to effect.

Even before he told me, I knew that here was, in the making, a guardian of America's destiny, a patron of her industries, a promoter of her thrift.

What was I doing? I replied with an all-inclusive phrase, and he countered immediately with "Must be darned interesting work."

I played my part in the little game and received a carefully careless reply:

"Oh, selling bonds."

There was something restrained in his manner. He had the air of a captive balloon. A rank outsider as far as finance was concerned, I failed to catch the full import of that solemn truth uttered with such studied casualness.

How was I to know that he had made a steady companion of that fountainhead of knowledge and inspiration, "How to Be a Bond Salesman?" I had never read the panegyric on "the responsibilities and dignity attached to the profession of bond-selling."

In my slow way, I had failed to take fire from the divine spark. In fact, I breathed a little sigh at the conclusion of formalities and inwardly voiced the hope that the conversation might take a more natural turn. That hope was never to be realized quite. Apparently relaxing under the influence of a classmate, he began to ask about the comrades of "those four great years," to discuss the melancholy football outlook and other harmless things. But the atmosphere of suppression still hovered.

It all became clear a few days later. My curiosity aroused by the phenomenon, I procured a manual of bond salesmanship from the library. I discovered that in these days the rising young bond salesman must regard every one as a prospective client. He must meet the client on his own ground, talk in his own language, and unobtrusively find out all possible details about his business.

So, on the day we met by accident, this serious young man began to talk of books.

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He asked what I had been reading. Then he asked me to tell him some good books to read. He hasn't found time to do much reading since he left college but intends to do a lot this winter. Has to read a good deal of technical literature; business requires it, you know. The only outside

reading he has done is a biography or two of successful men. At the mention of a book on Keats, his eyes brightened for a moment. "Oh, yes, old J. D. Spoof shot a hot line about him in his senior course, didn't he?" Thus was that poet disposed of.

As for the theatres, he had been to the Follies with a prospective client but thought it "pretty low." Doug Fairbanks's latest and the new Chaplin film he enjoyed immensely. From the art of the movies, he took his cue to tell me that he wants to go up to the Metropolitan some day to look at pictures. Always has been interested in pictures ever since he took that course in college. Maxfield Parrish, he thought, was a knockout. He and his roommate had decorated their place with pictures by him and Coles Phillips. And, didn't I think that advertising was making American art the greatest in the world?

The meagre pabulum in advertising being devoured, we arrived by a devious route at the political arena. There he shone. He found his own weighty level. He told me of the great things the administration was doing for business. He spoke of the "attitude of the country" as if there were such a thing. He directed mournful reproaches at Wisconsin for daring to elect young Bob La Follette. Issues were spoken of as if they really existed. This chap, two years out of college, had something serious to say on any subject.

At this juncture he spotted another victim in the offing and departed to build up his contacts further. I looked after him, remembering the statement of somebody or other that men were maturing earlier than they used to.

"Here's my card," he had said. "Call me up for lunch some day. I'd like to get some more dope on what is being read."

I could have told him then that I hadn't the price even of a baby bond. But I didn't.

II

To one who knew "Hearty" Graves in college, the present state of J. Hartley Graves is not a surprise. Sophomore undergraduate year and sophomore year in the great world are little different to him. He is one of those earnest fellows who took bread-and-butter courses (the one in art to which he referred was what is collegiately known as a "gut" or a "pipe.") His courses were carefully picked to fit him for life—what sort of life had never troubled him. By avoiding unpleasant hours he had likewise avoided the shock of contact with the few active minds in the faculty. He heard the campus vikings expound the glories of Nordic supremacy and economic theories which he accepted without thought of dissent or much thought of any sort.

He was a vital force in the Christian Association than which there is no greater sign of social and political savoir-faire on the campus. One Saturday during senior year we met at the station. He was going on a C. A. deputation. I was off on a less pious errand. "You know," he remarked solemnly, "it's a great thing to be able to pray in public."

He became saturated with the doctrine of good form, to offend against which spells ruin to any collegiate career. He found that public opinion was not a thing to combat if one was to get anywhere in

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the world. One must support things as they are and declare them sacred. He cheered the football team and scoffed at the Lit along with hundreds of his fellows. He dressed like them. He used the same slang. The non-conformists, to him, were "sad birds" and "awful eggs," "flat tires" and "wet smacks."

He went out for things, believing that the chief benefit to be derived from his "four happiest years" was that of mixing with other fellows, like him being forced into the same mould. He selected a Big Three university because of the business and social advantages of being "a Yalard man."

He became a class officer, head cheerleader, and a member of the student-governing body, which went through the motions of handling morals and matters of moment on the campus. He devoted enough time to his studies to get by with a gentleman's mark and was elected most likely to succeed on the senior ballot. He made speeches at mass meetings on fighting spirit and college loyalty, urging undying allegiance to the football team in victory or defeat. "Now, fellows, get out there to-morrow and let those Princevard bennies know you're there. Yell your heads off. I want four thousand sore throats on this campus to-morrow night."

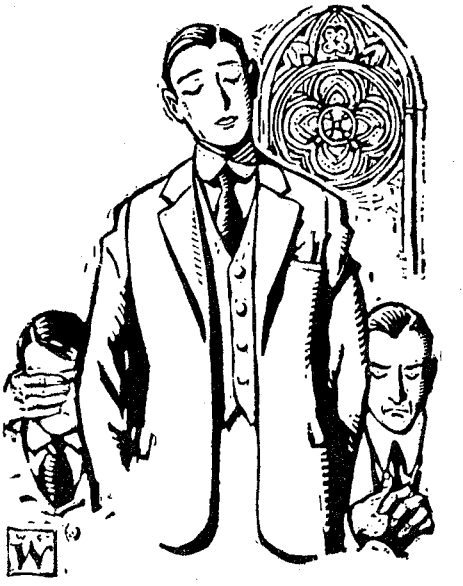
He headed a committee to tighten up the freshman regulations to teach the new men proper awe and the necessity of submerging individual preferences for the best interests of the college. If some one had asked him—of course no one did—what the best interests of the college were, there would have been stammering and vague hand-waving. The best interests of the college were—well, you know—the best interests of the college—loyalty, traditions, spirit, and all that.

These contacts which he sought and found with youths of the same social class and tradition crystallized what he was pleased to call his ideas. He acquired a reverence for authority. He has a passionate desire to be told.

Commencement Day came and went, but the glamour of the campus remains with him always. Having received the Joseph X. Gish Medal as "that member of the senior class who has done most for the college," he paused on the threshold of the great world to choose his profession. He had graduated. He was educated. He now hesitated between selling bonds and selling religion. He possessed the proper American blend of idealism and practicality. He must save souls or incomes. Somewhat the same methods were used in both, he judged. From the utterances of the great financier and the prominent clergyman at the vocational meetings for seniors, both seemed noble callings, crying for college-trained men with vision. He rather leaned toward the religious life, but he was eager to meet the world at once. The additional period of study for the ministry was the element which influenced him in favor of building up earthly fortunes, on a commission basis, as against laying up treasures in heaven for his parishioners, at a small honorarium.

III

His decision made, he next turned his attention to seeking out the formula for success. He secured admission to the offices of as many big men as he could. They inspired him to work hard and not despise menial tasks. If he had to wrap packages he should strive to wrap them better than any one else did. But beyond



that they could not help him. He took a course in bond salesmanship which strengthened his conviction that he had made the right choice. He found such

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words as "service," "responsibility." He read a glowing picture of the salesman as the savior of widows and orphans. This seemed something like. He had heard college presidents talk like that. As though preparing for an examination, he crammed all the facts he could glean about the technic of selling bonds. He learned that unless forty-one traits were apparent in him he had a Negative to overcome. These mystic traits were arranged in neat alphabetical order in his text-book, so it is perhaps not his fault that in his mind Activity remains first and Truthfulness last. Carefulness, it must be noted, comes between Ambition and Chastity. Faith enabled him to put down any little doubt as to the congenial bedfellowship of the lion Courage and the lamb Contentment. If a bond salesman have forty traits and have not Love, he learned, he will be trampled by the bulls and devoured by the bears.

The fatal Negative hung over his head like impending doom. Some time after our encounter, noted above, I saw him again and he informed me sadly that he had attended a class luncheon the day before and that his personality had been submerged. Apparently some of the Traits had acquired socialistic tendencies and demanded shorter hours.

IV

As J. Hartley Graves succeeded in college, so will he succeed in life. In his suburban community, he followed the tenets of collegiate good form by taking an interest in boys' work in the church. But he discovered that, while that is considered fine for college boys, one can be respectable without it in the great world. So he joined a golf club and became a radio fan. He began to bring his social talents out from under the napkin and is considered an eligible young man by prospecting mothers. One of them will capture him.

He will be a business success, the owner of a country house, an expensive automobile, a wife, and other tangible assets. Perhaps he will have left the bond business, I don't know. Our business acquaintanceship will cease, I fear. I haven't the proper respect for the solid things of life.

He will be a professional alumnus. With the other serious young men, he will be, within a few years, transformed into a part of the older generation by a complete and painless process. He will begin telling serious younger men what serious older men have told him. The idealism of college days will turn into inexpensive sentimentality. From the side-lines he will cheer the boys on to the next war to end war, believing devoutly in the destiny of America and the Republican party. To the new younger generation he will pass the torch of his ideas, nourished by the breath of his belief, undimmed by question, unchanged by time.

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Is the Minister a Student?

BY THEODORE WESLEY DARNELL

MANKIND is at the crossroads spiritually as well as biologically. The World War came very near to demolishing organized religion. The spectacle of a church armed cap-a-pie and allied with forces destructive of life and ideals was too much even for our enslaved imaginations and we laughed ironically. To-day, we have no desire to laugh, for we are confronted with questions which profoundly disturb us. The work of Mussolini and of Lenine make us tremble for future freedom. The failure of Locarno and the steady decline of the League of Nations bring the grim shadow of war perilously near. The oppressive measures in the industrial world, attacking the fundamental rights guaranteed by the Constitution; the condition in the realm of education, where the stress is increasingly laid on success defined as financial status; the concept of art represented by a hectic rebellion against reformers; the catering to obscene tastes in the sphere of amusement—all these, together with a church reduced to intersectarian quarrels over insignificant matters, compel us to view the future with apprehension.

A recent writer has expressed this feeling in the following manner: "Progress ended in the war, science in machinery, democracy died two deaths, in Bolshevism and K. K. K. Fascism, either one sufficient to discredit representative government, education came to a climax in Dayton. Of the vaguer assumptions, liberty and love of humanity remain in the cocked hat where they landed between 1914 and 1919. . . . The whole world has gone to hell, let it stay there."

That opinion, it must be admitted, is representative of a large group, but there remains yet a very considerable number of people who are not willing to let the world stay in the hell where it landed in 1914. It is at this juncture that the minister of the church offers himself as a proper one to assist the world out of the spiritual slump. We are eager to be helped, but we must be pardoned if we defer our acceptance of his proposal until we have carefully examined his fitness to serve in so important a capacity.

The minister has had a time-honored, twofold function. He was "pastor" and religious teacher. Covered with the dust of many miles of travel, he rode into the great farmyard and was greeted by the sincere if rough chorus of welcome. He quaffed the stirrup cup of good home-brew and leaped from his place between the saddle-bags to grip the farmer's hand and chuck the milkmaid under the ruddy chin. He was welcome, but if he flattered himself that the welcome was because of his spiritual ministrations he was mistaken. It was because he filled the place of the newspaper to the elders, and that of the movies to the youngsters. His spiritual services were endured because every one knew that some interesting bit of gossip would follow the uninteresting prayer. To-day all is changed. Of course, the professor of pastoral theology will insist upon the necessity of pastoral visitation. That is his job. But he knows better than any one else that the minister, generally speaking, is no longer desirous to do that sort of thing, and that he is not expected to do it save in some isolated spots where the membership holds that the preacher who does not do his "pastoral" work does not earn his salary. Those ministers who continue to regard this work as supreme or even necessary are they who, ill-prepared, realize that they must make up in "visiting" what they lack in preaching. The result, then, is insufferable cant which is endured by the congregation because, "He's such a wonderful pastor," as one maiden lady

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informed me when I alluded to the very inferior quality of the sermon to which we had listened.

We may dismiss the "pastoral" function, therefore, as readily as the minister himself would dismiss it were it not for those frightful few who interfere with his personal comfort, and turn to the second of his historic offices, the preaching ministry. It is as a religious instructor that the minister offers himself, and that is well, for it is religious instruction that we need. We want some one to help us out of the miasma into which circumstances have thrust us. We are all tangled up in a web of religious confusion. We are in the grip of a scientific age which in destroying our superstitions has also had the appearance of annihilating our whole spiritual life, reducing us to the status of mere automata whose strings are pulled by chemical forces. We still feel that there is more in life than mechanics. We will accept materialism if we must; and if the foundations of our hopes are false, if freedom is a fallacy, God a myth, and immortality an ignis fatuus, we would rather know the truth than hug the delusion; but our highest sense rebels against pessimism, and our love of beauty and order cries out against the hopelessness of a dark night as the ultimate objective of ages of sublime effort. We would have some one prove that our hopes are justified, or, if they are false hopes, show us that life is still a conserver of values, that, if there is no God, soul, freedom or immortality, there yet is reason and love and hope in it all. We are ready to accept the leadership of him who is able to lead us, but we demand the right to investigate his claims of fitness to give us intellectual leadership.

First of all, we ask, what does the minister mean by religious instruction? Does he mean the emotionalism of the evangelical revival? We had a taste of the attempt to revive revivalism just as we entered the war, and our reaction is not unlike that of a certain soldier at Fort McPherson, Atlanta, Ga., who had signed a card at the great auditorium. The next day he was approached by one of the religious workers who explained the meaning of his call. "Oh, hell," exclaimed the soldier, "I didn't mean anything by that. I just wanted to shake hands with the guy. Damn good stories he told about Germany, weren't they?" One of those stories, I recall, was that, if hell were turned upside down, on the bottom would be found the words "Made in Germany." A story to make men laugh, but scarcely one that reveals the true attitude of a follower of Christ; yet the man who told it offered himself and continues to offer himself as a leader of ministers in their search after God.

Will the minister speak to us with the old, authoritative voice announcing the divine law from Mount Sinai? Perhaps this is the point where the minister most clearly reveals his limitations. He does not realize what every other professional man knows very well, that the old superstitious regard for authority is no longer felt by the people who have even a moderate degree of education. With all their imperfections, the public schools are raising the mind of the people out of the mire of mediæval superstition, even though the process be discouragingly slow to many of us. Let us enter the study of the ordinary preacher—and it is the ordinary preacher with whom throughout this paper I am dealing, and not with the exceptional and rare man whose position permits him to defy circumstances that would be altogether ruinous to his less fortunately placed brother. Observe, then, this ordinary minister's method. Sunday morning is his one great opportunity to bring to his congregation the only religious thought that, in all probability, they will have during the week, for such is the nature of the religious training they have received that the majority of people dismiss religion from their minds when they pass out of the church. How does the minister prepare for his supreme moment? His first act is to select a text in the Bible. He immediately isolates it from the context, or rather it is already isolated in his mind, for most ministers think of a book of the Bible, not as presenting a continuous theme, but as containing a collection of truths, each verse being the expression of quite an independent divine announcement. The amputated member is illuminated with his own ingenious interpretation, and he insists that, since the text

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is chosen from the Bible, the interpretation as well as the text must be heard with respect and accepted with faith. The fact that educated people are no longer bound by the old superstitious regard for the Bible is completely overlooked. To our fathers the sufficient proof of any statement was that it was to be found in the Bible. To-day we ask: How did it get there? What did it mean to those who wrote it? Is it a first-hand report, or was it written ages after the event had occurred? Is it practical in our age? Moses may have believed that the Sabbath day should be kept holy, that is, that no work, not even the preparation of food, should be done on that day; but when the preacher insists on the application of that ancient command we look up at the electric lights by the aid of which he reads his text, or we listen to the rumble of the trolley-cars by means of which half the congregation arrived at the service, and it seems that the evidence of change is so overwhelming that even the minister himself might see the absurdity of his position.

The minister's method includes an act which is thoroughly discountenanced among other literary workers. It is the act of plagiarizing. Recently a well-known writer asked: "Is it right for an author to repeat himself?" and answered his question affirmatively, but it would never occur to any reputable author to ask whether it is right to plagiarize. Among literary men the plagiarist is regarded with contempt by all fellow craftsmen. The minister condemns neither repetition nor plagiarisms. Leafing through his volumes of sermons he selects those which treat of his subject or text, and from these he culls pithy paragraphs or sections which he fits snugly into his manuscript without, of course, the formality of attributing them to the author. He agrees, no doubt, with the writer who recently advised authors not to give the sources of their quotations, or even to use quotation-marks, because if people who read recognize the quotation they do not need the punctuation and will feel complimented to have recognized the true author, and if they do not recognize it the punctuation would be quite meaningless to them. One of the most ludicrous things I have ever heard was the criticism by one minister of another because the latter had used a whole sermon which he had copied from a New York paper. I happened to know that the critic himself habitually appropriated whole sections from the published sermons in the Monday morning edition of the Brooklyn *Eagle*. There was a great distinction between the theft of a whole sermon and that of a portion of a sermon.

If one cared to investigate the matter he would find many varieties of sermon-stealing. There are companies that for a small stipend will furnish the minister enough sermons to last the entire year at the end of which time he can replenish his stock, and at the end of a five-year period he can turn his barrel over and begin anew. For the minister who is too conscientious to use sermons of this character there are companies which will supply books of outlines and books of illustrations. Then all the minister has to do is to choose the proper number and kind of illustrations, fit them into the outlines, and he is ready to stand before a confused humanity and break to them the bread of life. The bread will be somewhat mouldy but it will serve if their taste is not too cultivated. It is not my purpose to condemn plagiarizing. If a man feels that what he has to say is not worth saying, he will probably do more good by repeating what another has said, but why should a man who has nothing to say set himself up as a religious teacher, and why, in such a critical period, should the people be compelled to be the victims of such a dangerous hoax? Plagiarism is neither the method nor the habit of the student.

Are there, then, no preachers who write their own sermons? Certainly there are, and if they have read this paper thus far they will be in a rage that such a paper should have been written. Let us look, therefore, into their studies to watch the student-like method with which they approach their task. They read many books, and it may be supposed that in the course of their much reading they would meet something that would contradict their preconceptions. As a matter of fact that rarely occurs, because their libraries contain only "approved" books, and the magazines and papers which they read

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are also "approved," that is, they follow the peculiar bias of the group to which the particular preacher is attached in his denominational official body. However, even if they permitted themselves to read books and magazines of the opposition the result would not be changed, since they read not for discovery of truth but for the confirmation of their preconceptions.

Let us suppose that the minister has decided to deal with some social problem —and he is deterred from dealing with no subject however weighty. Others may be confronted with and confounded by contradictory theories. He is not confused. His treatment may be ambiguous and his grasp of the subject vague to the man in the pew, but he speaks with all the assurance of the dogmatist, conscious, no doubt, of his invulnerability so long as he stands in the pulpit. In the consideration of social questions he ought surely to seek the most complete and unbiassed information. Does an examination of the finished sermon prove any such search? His subject, let us suppose, is prohibition. (And let me say that I have here no purpose either to attack or to defend any cause whatsoever.) Does he read? Indeed he does. He would bitterly resent any imputation to the contrary, and properly so. He reads: *The American Issue*, the speeches of the Honorable Mr. Volstead, some back numbers of *The Commoner*, and the current number of his favorite denominational weekly. With this unimpeachable background of reading, he is now ready vigorously to support the proposition that the Eighteenth Amendment has been a remarkable success, that there is little bootlegging, that the use of poisoned "hootch" is greatly exaggerated, and that anything to the contrary which his congregation may chance to hear is the wicked propaganda of the liquor interests, and should not, therefore, be considered. Occasionally a minister breaks with habit, and it feels so good to "get out from under" that he becomes an independent, or he comes to be persecuted so cruelly that he leaves the ministry altogether. If he is a Methodist he is "sent to the mountains" on a wage which will not support life. He is either subdued or broken. The minister generally runs true to form. If he discovers in his study of a subject that which is in conflict with the "true" conclusion, he will avoid it, though he will neither abandon the subject nor postpone speaking on it. It is not necessary to say that no reputable scientist, no person holding the student attitude, would be guilty of such a betrayal of truth. Either he will postpone treatment of the subject until further study permits him definitely to affirm or to deny, or, if he must speak, he will suggest only the possibility of his idea. He will not present the idea as a conclusion.

Observe the preacher's conduct immediately prior to and upon our entrance into the late war as another illustration of his method of dealing with social questions. For many years the ministry had presented the central figure of the Christian religion as the Prince of Peace. All over America during the years 1914–1917 one might have heard hundreds of ministers preaching the Christian doctrine of peace, comparing the happy condition of America with the sinful state of Europe, and thanking God that in the midst of great temptation America had remained a Christian nation. That was before we entered the war, when all the country was praising Woodrow Wilson because "he kept us out of war." None raised that cry so vigorously as did the ministers. Then came the war. Overnight the attitude of the ministry changed. Propaganda swept down on the preacher's study. Whole sermons prompted by militarism flooded him, all ready for preaching. The necessity for preparing the Sunday morning sermon was altogether removed. Habituated by long practice to plagiarism he found it no difficult task to turn away from the Sermon on the Mount to the sermon from the capitol. The pulpit became the chief recruiting station. Instead of proclaiming the gospel of the Prince of Peace the preacher rigged up the Man of Nazareth in a suit of khaki, stuck a steel helmet on his head instead of a crown of thorns, put a hand-grenade in his fist and proclaimed him a god of war. Every minister in the land—the exceptions were so few as to exert a negligible influence—began to lend his voice to the forces of militariza-

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tion. Older men sighed because they were too old to give active aid and were solaced by news from Washington that they could incite others to bloodshed. Young men rushed to the chaplain training schools, to Y. M. C. A. secretaryships, and to Red Cross units, until these military institutions were glutted with aspirants who were consumed with a zeal to go "over there," and urge their former parishioners to greater slaughter. Few ministers stopped to investigate the claims of the warring parties. The fierce stories of German *Schrecklichkeit*, to-day quite exploded, were swallowed by practically all ministers. A few halting voices were raised, but these were quickly subdued by enthusiastic brethren who shouted them down with noise since there was no reason with which to silence them. Reason was thrown to the winds. Fellowship was forgotten. Brotherhood was buried. Christianity was crucified. The student attitude was not abandoned during the war. On the contrary, the preacher followed a well-established habit. He assumed that whatever the authorities declared to be true was true. The idea of investigating the questions as they arose did not occur to him.

The fact is that the average minister despises the student attitude and depends solely upon "authority." Every means is seized upon to maintain the illusion of authority. He surrounds himself with a fictitious atmosphere of divinity. Candles, robes, habits, mannerisms, anything that can enhance the difference between himself and others is employed, consciously or unconsciously. He has failed if he does not keep up the illusion. There is the ministerial bag of tricks that rival those of the conjurer. The minister's whole life is a well-set stage, and one of his most amusing tricks is his doctorate of divinity. An excellent book might be compiled from the true reasons for which this degree is bestowed. What has the "Reverend Doctor" ever done to merit that degree? He has never written a book. He has made no contribution to the world's store of information. No discovery has been made by him, nor has he submitted any new philosophical theory. In many cases he does not hold a college degree, and in hundreds of cases he could not pass an examination in the common-school subjects. The doctorate elsewhere represents some distinguished service or achievement. The divinity title indicates little more than that its recipient enjoys the friendship of financial pillars of the church whose bank-accounts the denominational college desires to "touch," and the amiable pastor, quite agreeable to the arrangement, serves as the key.

Why does the minister accept such a degrading honor? Well, the reasons are complex. His congregation likes to call him "Doctor." The title adds to his general good feeling and to the church's status. But there is a deeper reason. The possession of those mystical letters strengthens the illusion of authority. The words of Doctor Hocus-pocus are less likely to be questioned than those of plain Mr. Hocus-pocus.

But it is not fair to punish the child for the crimes of its parents. The preacher is merely the child of an iniquitous system. Back of his need to maintain the illusion of authority stands an institution which is based on authority. The purpose of the church is not to discover the truth; it is to defend dogma. And even if the minister desired to escape he finds himself confronted with "the historic position of his church." He remains loyal to the church because of its historic position. He holds on with one hand to the old organization which is based on authority, while with the other he hacks away ineffectively at the religion which is based on authority. Why does the liberal minister find it so difficult to let go the old organization? Is it because he hopes to outlive his conservative brethren and fall heir to the property? That is a vain hope! The brethren are as young as he, and bolder in the proclamation of their doctrines. They are being augmented rather than decreased. The variety of schools preparing young men for the ministry includes those that call themselves "Bible Institutes," where modern educational theory is as foreign as a swan in the Sahara Desert. Into the institutes go the young men whose mental limitations unfit them for entrance into college, but who are acceptable to the institutes because they can affirm

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with gusto that they do *not* believe in evolution, that the Bible is the sufficient guide in science, and that they will preach nothing but Christ and him crucified. They forget that to preach such a thing is to proclaim the righteousness of the radical and the heroism of the heretic who condemned the preachers of his own day, and called them "whited sepulchres" because they fashioned their preaching according to the accepted dogmas of the church, the very thing that these young men of the institutes are instructed to do. One of the great students of the condition of the church, himself an eminent minister, has recently declared that there are in America to-day more than three thousand ministers who are unable to pass the seventh-grade examination in the public school.

The young men to-day who remain in the ministry are generally weak from one of two causes: either they are incapable of original thinking, or they are afraid to utter an original thought, and therefore deliver a milk-and-water message. Both classes are able to appear very wise in their pulpits. They have the ability to make a corking good Rotarian speech, or a graduation address at the local high-school commencement. They have "words, words, words," but their words are "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

It is, therefore, folly for the Liberals to remain in the old organization, depending upon an influx of younger men to help them wrest the sceptre from the conservatives. The strong young men are not entering the ministry. If they are idealists they question its usefulness, and if they are also students of social science they experience grave doubts about its honesty, and regard it as a somewhat elevated state of vagabondage.

I return to the original question: Is the minister a student? Is that man a student who is trained to accept and to defend mediæval dogma and reject modern educational theories uninvestigated, to cast away the science of the twentieth century A.D. and accept that of the tenth century B.C.? Is he a student who, having received the training which such a choice implies, constructs his sermons by the method of plagiarism, depending upon a meaningless divinity degree, upon robes and other paraphernalia for sufficient authority to make his platitudes appear like wisdom? Fitness to act in the capacity of religious teacher to-day demands as the fundamental prerequisite the student attitude of mind, the disposition to seek the truth, and the courage to announce to mankind whatever discovery is made, with the same enthusiasm and devotion that a scientist experiences when he comes upon a bit of phenomena which tends either to establish or to destroy accepted theory. With this fundamental requirement before us we are compelled to reject the offer of the minister of the church to-day on the authority of one Jesus of Galilee, who, in order to keep his spiritual life undimmed, rejected the ministry of his day, casting in their teeth the bitter but undeniable truth: "Full well do ye reject the commandments of men that ye may keep your own traditions. . . . Ye are whited sepulchres." We are compelled to reject the minister also, because in an age which demands knowledge he has only ignorance and useless forms; in an age which demands fearlessness to face new conditions he has nothing but an empty "authority"; in an age which is adventurous he is afraid to venture. Courage and unselfishness and the eagerness to know the truth must be the traits of the prophet of progress, and he who has them, whether he be preacher or poet, scientist or philosopher, Oriental or Occidental, will be the leader of the world into the new civilization.

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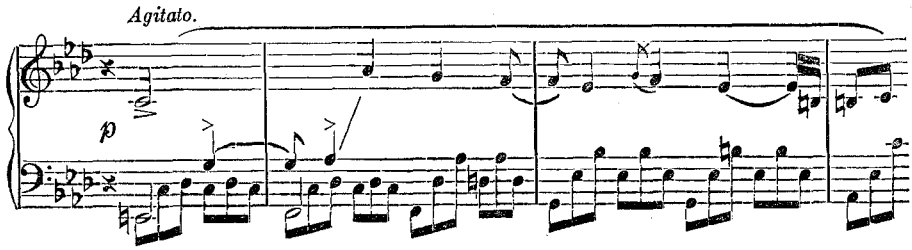
F Minor and Mauve

BY ELIZABETH TROWBRIDGE



I

The Berkshire Hills.
Early autumn.

WAY in a remote corner of our ancient farmhouse you are alone with your dreams. You do not know that I am writing this, my beloved husband, whom I scarcely know and yet whom I know as I never thought to know another.

Leisure and deep stillness. They surround us like a sea. I do not know why I write. I am only conscious of an inner urge to pour out to you my memories and my thoughts. But they must come in fragments, these confessions, the light and the dark intermingled, mood dependent, without forced order or sequence. How could I truly write otherwise? Is not life itself so ordered in its apparent disorder? What is our existence but a kaleidoscopic maze of circumstances, influences, currents, and counter-currents? It is as elusive of sequenced chronicle as the flowing pebble patterns in a river bed.

I had a vision of this old house years ago. I was going through one of those painful, aching moments of early youth. Where to go, and what to do, and why was life——?

Suddenly, as in a dream, I found myself in a still, still house. Soft voices broke the silence—tree-top voices. I moved to a window. The trunks of great trees, noble in proportion, ghostly gray, sentinelled the house. Had I leaned from the window I could have touched them. In that brief moment it was not alone the murmur of leaves that I heard. The Great One has a lute, strangely strung. I listened—listened——

"Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man——"

There all will be fulfilled, was my inarticulate cry. The music died away; the vision passed; the current of life caught me. But I did not forget.

That was years ago, and now I am here in the house of my long-ago dream.

THE PRAIRIE CHILD

I sit a moment with closed eyes and I see prairies—sweeping, tawny prairies in the blaze of noonday sun; slumbrous purple prairies in the deepening twilight; sleet swept, terrible prairies where man and beast struggle for life; spring-blessed, blossoming prairies in a glory of winging lark and flower arabesque.

Those were the years from seven to twelve.

I am trying to think what I was like in those days, but I can only recall a dark, rugged little thing full of boyish laughter and a ready flame of temper as disconcerting to myself as it was to others. I had an older sister, a divinity with pink cheeks and marvellous hair. We seemed to get on in the most heavenly, unheard-of way, but our tastes were diverse and we carried on the business of life independently.

Then there was Nonnie, my mother. She is like a rose to me now, a fresh garden-rose with a strong stem and an endearing sweetness. I suppose in those days she was just "Mamma," a taken-for-granted, loved-of-course commodity, given to boyish tricks herself and just heaps of fun, although much too fussy about an im-

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mortal like myself. I had no intention of being killed by a bucking broncho, of being ingloriously drowned in a Pumpkin Seed Creek hole, or of being burned to a cinder by a prairie fire. Bear witness to my strength of will, for here I am!

I felt myself a kind of goddess. My energy was amazing. It shot through me like lightning. I was never tired. On windy days I spent hours playing with the cloud shadows on the prairie. My little game was to keep within the confines of a chosen shadow. If I ran too fast and landed in the golden sun patch beyond, the game was lost. Or if I miscalculated the shadow's speed, and the tatter of magic carpet swept past me, that too meant defeat. I used to run until I fell on the ground gasping for breath.

I had a passion for books, and read everything on the ranch, from the stern and chaste old English classics brought by my parents from the East to the most startling, bethumbed creations left lying about by the cowboys.

The deepest and most lasting book impression of my whole life was my reading of "Enoch Arden." I must have been about eight. It was winter and the log ranch-house shivered and quaked in the northern blasts that swept down from the Dakotas. Outside, temporarily forgotten, was a world of swirling snow and huddling, mooing cattle. Inside, clinging to the blanched and fading light, a little girl hung over her book. "So past the strong, heroic soul away." Remote and untouched things stirred within me. I felt that I too must henceforth be strong and heroic. I wept. And in the drift of that vague emotion was born a strong resolve. "Some day I too shall write great and beautiful books." (Alas! I never have.)

The little volume of Tennyson is there across the room in which I write. It is small and thick and bound in time-worn green and gold. I have just taken it in my hands. Tiny print it has and the patient, faded air peculiar to the early editions of the poets. I love you, little book. We didn't think long ago (did we?), that some day thirty years later in an old Connecticut farmhouse we would be together again—communing—lost in dreams of that memorable hour.

It is one of those deeply quiescent days that await winter's coming. The wind has ceased to breathe. Bronze and purple shadows, mist dimmed, are crumpled against the sky. Are these the sunlit mountains of yesterday? The great trees about the house stand silent, stark, their barren spires lost in pallid light. An aching hush reminds one of the birds' departure. Tatters of dull gold droop from the lower boughs. I sit by a smouldering fire. I too am relaxed, quiescent.

A LONG JOURNEY

The fact that we moved from the East in '89 to that outlandish place called Pumpkin Seed Creek, Nebraska, was due entirely to the initiative of a young god called "Papa." He was big and brown-eyed and "smile-giving," as the little Japanese diarist says.

He was the son of a New England country minister, a hell-threatening, terrifying old gentleman whom as a little child I somehow managed to love despite my constant fear when in his vicinity. Duty to your God and to your neighbor and keeping well within the confines of your home State were his abiding principles.

Nonnie, sister, and I started out in '89 to hold down the homestead.

I can see Nonnie now on that trip: her close-fitting little "toque," her marvellous clear-blue eyes, her firm yet radiant ways! And sister, so blond and dainty and well-behaved. While I must have been a queer-looking little passenger. Sturdy and dark I was, with short cropped hair and a little round felt hat that I pulled down like a boy.

When we changed cars in Chicago, Nonnie, after numerous prayerful exhortations, left us sitting in a corner of the station while she went to attend to the baggage. It was my initial view of the world. I felt that I must be in a madhouse filled with smoke. People, shouting and gesticulating, were rushing in every direction, those going one way just as excited as those going the other way. I didn't think at all. I was just a dazed, sleepy little girl registering my first glimpse of humanity on the rush. The whole trip was a tremendous event to me.

We left the train at Kimball, Nebraska, whence we were to continue our journey "overland." A man from the ranch met us and we went first to the Kimball House, one of those typical Western-town hotels

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with a blank, scared-to-death front. Nonnie visited with the landlady (Nonnie always visits with every one) while the man "hitched up."

Sister and I ventured outside. To our mutual amazement, our little round felt hats were literally snatched from our heads. We looked around, but the miscreant was invisible. We were being introduced to our first Nebraska wind. Off we started across the prairie after those hats, two mites driven by the elements. They spun like tops, they whirled faster than any wheel I had ever seen. Pausing occasionally, as if to take breath, they always renewed the chase just as we caught up with them. When at last we threw ourselves headlong upon them, we were completely done for. Sister, never a strong child, was so tired that she cried bitterly.

The man finally drove up in front of the Kimball House, with the team and lumber-wagon. Nonnie tied down our funny little hats, and then she climbed up onto the high, hard seat by the driver. It had a back-rest three inches high, and just how she managed to stick there was a feat that still baffles my understanding. By literally hanging onto the dashboard by her toes, I guess. Sister and I sat on the bottom on some hay.

Oh! That lumber-wagon! A well-known Western newspaper posts broadcast its modest proclamations:

"The ——, a Paper with a HEART and a SOUL!"

The lumber-wagon has neither. And once in its clutches, its laws are inexorable. Either you hang on like mad every minute or you suddenly bob out like a turnip. And levity, even brief conversation, has its dangers. To have your tongue snipped off by your teeth, must be a harrowing experience, to say the least.

What a ride it was! Thirty-five miles over those bumpety-bump roads! At first we thought the jolts were fun, and as we slowly ascended each prairie wave, it was exciting to guess what was on beyond. But the "on beyond" was always the "on beyond," a sea of dun-colored waves that seemed to roll on forever and ever.

At last the weary little travellers, in spite of the bumps, curled up in the hay and slept.

That ride in my childhood symbolized life as I was destined to find it. We long to attain some distant hilltop, feeling that there we will find the Kingdom of our Dreams, there we will find freedom from our baffled wonder and unrest. But when the crest is attained, alas! we see only the heights beyond, dipping, rising, flowing, lost in Infinity.

EARLY FRIENDS

On the ranch, in the long ago, the spring flowers were my deep delight. How I adored the wee May-stars twinkling in fairy design among the grass or around the barbarous, unapproachable cacti. And what a thrill it gave me when I found my first "pepper and salt." Queer little semblance of a posy it was!

Dwelling apart in their own mystic world, were the lovely evening primroses. Their frail silken cups, sometimes lavender, oftener pale rose or white, were closed during the day, but in the shadows of evening they silently unfolded to commune with the stars. I can see them now—pale lakes of light lying on the face of the darkening prairie.

I was in much closer communion with the flowers and the animals than with the people around me. The latter seemed to bustle about in a kind of noisy, meaningless world to which my life was in no way related.

My first acquaintance with Pigeon was a palpitating event. She was a beautiful little blue-gray mustang with a long dark mane and tail and, according to rumor, a decidedly dark disposition. One morning I was playing near the barn, a low log building at some distance from the house, when suddenly a wild-eyed, dishevelled apparition appeared above the roof line on the other side. The apparently bodiless head appeared and disappeared in a perfectly amazing way. There was a pounding of hoofs and the sharp crack-crack of a quirt. One of the "boys" was breaking Pigeon. I rushed around the barn in time to see her take a tremendous leap skyward and fall over backward, the ultra trick of a hysterical mustang. The cowboy, looking for this culmination, leaped aside and saved himself. Pigeon struggled to her feet and dashed across a nearby corn-field, the clods from her flying hoofs raining in all directions.

This behavior, according to family tradition, being not unlike my own at

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times, awakened a sort of instinctive affinity between us. I loved Pigeon. At first I adored her from afar, but gradually I began to creep closer. One day in the corral she allowed me to approach. I put my hands on her, patting and murmuring, while she stood and looked at me with great soft eyes. Soon, very soon, she actually helped me put on the bridle, opening her mouth for the bit and bending her head to the throat latch. A blanket and surcingle were soon in place, and I, wee fearless thing, went joyously forth across the prairie. At first, Nonnie almost lost her mind about it, but there is a kind of miracle about love, however it manifests itself, and she simply had to have faith. Pigeon would leave a herd of horses on the prairie and come to me. She swam the lake with me on her back, or made running leaps to and fro across Pumpkin Seed Creek, or merely tore at top speed over the prairie, jumping cow trails or badger holes. She was heart and soul for any game I cared to play. One day I played circus and braided and beribboned every wisp of mane and tail she possessed, finally attaching a small tin bathtub to her tail, in which I, as Queen of the Circus, regally established myself. I drove her with some rope reins attached to the bridle. Scrape, scratch, bang went the royal chariot. Pigeon didn't care for this game, to say the least. Her ears were laid back, flat and resentful, against her head, but her steps on the circus course, although faltering and unwilling, were heroically controlled. Her heart's treasure was at her heels.

Each of our horses had a distinct personality. "Old Ben!" What a dear old chap he was! No one ever said "Ben." He was always "Old Ben," not on account of his age, for judging from his great endurance he was far from being old, but just as certain men have a warm, genial quality that makes them "Old Jim" or "Old Bill" to their friends, so Ben was "Old Ben" to every one on the ranch. He had little blinky humorous eyes and his great bay sides were as round as a barrel. One could hardly have called him temperamental. I feel that the chills and fever of unrest never tormented his placid being. He was not only the "old reliable" when it came to the slight tasks of ploughing, mowing, and raking, wood-hauling or fetching provisions from the railroad, but he helped break all the driving colts on the ranch.

I can see him now, standing firm as a rock while some hysterical young thing hitched alongside him reared and plunged and snorted and tangled himself in the harness, only to fall at last in a disgraceful heap. Old Ben seemed always to be saying, "Calm down, young one, calm down. You are just wasting my time." He changed partners every day in the year but he was always the same; faithful, tireless, sweet-tempered.

A WIND

How the wind used to blow! In the early autumn, millions, yes millions, of round, dry tumble-weeds bounded like rubber balls across the prairie, and the lumber-wagon, if left in the open, took wild midnight rides all by itself, and was found in the morning in the middle of a corn-field or jammed against a barbed-wire fence.

Those were merely breezes. There is another type of Nebraska breeze, commonly called the "cyclone," that makes hasty pudding of everything in its path.

One day I was playing by the lake and noticed that the horizon was completely circled with dark, menacing clouds. The circle broke and the torn segments rushed upward toward the zenith. It was a truly terrifying sight. I fled to the house and Nonnie.

"It's a cyclone," she screamed, pulling us youngsters into a nearby "dugout," a sort of combination milk and cyclone cellar.

Scared to death but fascinated, we peeked. The clouds crashed together like furious battle hosts, and an enormous long-tailed thing, shaped like a funnel and as sinuous as a snake, made a lightning descent and tore across the prairie. How clearly I see it all again!—relive the terror of that moment! Fortunately, the "twister," as Nebraskans call this brand of cyclone, took a southerly direction and we were spared.

Of course I was full of Indian stories and Indian talk. The Custer massacre on the Little Bighorn had taken place years before, but the shock of that unprecedented tragedy had so riven the pioneer mind that, on the lonely ranches, it was still a frequent and absorbing topic of conversation. Colored prints of "Cus-

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ter's Last Stand" spoke in startling accents from the wall of almost every ranch-house. I knew all about Sitting Bull and Red Cloud and Rain-in-the-Face. These lurid gentlemen haunted me in the same way that Red Riding Hood's wolf and the blood-curdling "Fee-fo-fi-fum" haunt other children. The highly colored conversation of my elders, added to the Indian literature of that period, made me entirely alive to everything concerning the subtle Red Man. "Boots and Saddles," Mrs. Custer's little volume of reminiscences, was among our books, and I read and re-read it until I knew it almost by heart. I thought she was the dearest, bravest little thing I had ever heard of, and I entered so realistically into the novelty and the hardships of her life as the wife of a frontier general, that I felt we were the most intimate of friends.

AT BOARDING-SCHOOL

A change is coming. Soon I am to leave the dear ranch, and I would be quiet a little before reviewing that great irrevocable voyage from Childhood into Life.

After writing those words I put my head down and wept a little, wept, not only for my own child-heart sorrow, but for the sorrow of all little ones who go away from mother and become suddenly conscious of themselves and their own aloneness in the bewildering condition called life.

I didn't even know that I existed until I went away from Nonnie.

A little girl of ten, I sat alone in my room at boarding-school. Suddenly I discovered myself.

"Who am I? What is this that has knees and arms and a head that does the queer thing they call 'think'? Whose hand is that? Who am I? Oh! I am all alone."

I locked the door and began to cry softly to myself. The sobs grew louder. Some one tried the door. It was sister.

"Go away," I sobbed. "I am lonely. I am crying. Go away."

Presently there was a rap, a sharp, imperative rap. Sister had brought Miss Kiner, the preceptress.

"Go away," I reiterated. "I am lonely. I am crying. Go away."

This continued for a long time. At last I unlocked the door, but I had nothing to say about my crying spell.

That spirit-loneliness, born of my self-discovery, has never left me. Even now, in these sunlit days, it lies like a shadow in some innermost fold of my being. As a vanished cloud, brooding in the cleft of a radiant peak, is wind-quickened and swept upward, so this hidden shadow, lying deep within me, is at times stirred by a touch, a memory, or a fleeting communion with some alien sorrow.

So at ten I was weaned away from my mother. I scarcely knew my father, for his business had always kept him away from home. It was sad, but running wild on a cattle-ranch was obviously not the place for little girls of ten and twelve. Sister, with a sort of instinctive rightness, kept close to mother, whose persistent daintiness she unconsciously absorbed. I could be accounted for only when I was reading or when I was asleep. The top rail of the corral fence was a sort of box at the matinée whence I witnessed the continuous performance. My vocabulary became more and more decorative. It out-cowboyed the cowboys themselves, and my appearance, according to report, put the aborigines in the shade. I was sun-baked a dirt brown, and, despite scrubbings and mendings and exhortations, my torn and tousled appearance was poor Nonnie's constant dismay.

SAGE-BRUSH AND SKY

After two years of school in Hastings, interspersed with occasional visits from Nonnie and one summer vacation at the ranch, my energetic young father, of whom I had seen so little in my life, formed an interest farther west. He consigned the care of the ranch on Pumpkin Seed Creek to a foreman, and assembled his family on the sage-brush desert of southern Idaho.

Gray! Sometimes lavender, but a gray lavender; sometimes purple, but a gray purple; in the spring, suggesting green, but an evanescent green that shades and is lost in changeless gray. A strange landscape! Or is not the sky above the true landscape, and the vast expanse of sage merely a great, gray cloud that, weary of its flight, has sunk and smothered the earth? It is infinitely more scenic and changeful in its aspect. To-day, perhaps, the sky is as blue as a larkspur and as clear as lake water. Perhaps to-mor-

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row great dream ships sail the heavenly sea, while sentinel mountains, breaking and bending on far horizons, touch and invest the passing fleet with something of their majesty and their music.

Sometimes the sky shimmers like a soap-bubble, and then, through a strange atmospheric phenomenon, the houses and trees of the workaday world tremble aloft in transfigured glory.

At sunset, banners of violet and flame swing in a wide free sky shedding iridescent splendor on the dusty grayness below, and catching up in splendor the human hearts as well.

Down there on the earth, underneath this shifting beauty, life was decidedly less picturesque. But it was real and it was constructive.

If in my life it was an epoch of transition, of waiting, it was also an epoch of transition in the land whither fate had taken me.

Thinking of those days and conditions is like reading a page in the memories of another. What a crude little town it was, clinging like a barnacle to the steel threads that glittered across the desert! How far away they seem, those children with whom I played and the little group of transplanted Easterners who, in this land of fresh impulse and opportunity, sought to better their fortunes!

Irrigation, that magic wand where aridity prevails, was about to reclaim the desert and, with a touch, transform the sage-brush into roses or apple-trees, according to the vision of the home-seeker. Dynamic energy was imprisoning the river and veining the desert with waterways. In the mountain canyons gold was being sought and smelted, and sheep, in the more grateful sections, were almost as thick as the sage-brush itself.

The little town was a provision station, and at all times seemingly, day or night, freight trains pulled by gigantic engines came thundering on the path of steel and shunted and crashed as they deposited their carloads of flour and machinery for the outlying mines and ranches.

I was quite unconscious of the significance of "Our New West." The economic problem of the world in general and of fathers in particular seemed a minor consideration. As far as I was concerned, "going out to Idaho" was merely a fresh adventure. When I arrived in Caldwell in my red "empire" dress and a gold piece in my pocket (I had just won a prize for "speaking a piece" in Hastings) I felt that I owned the universe. I lost no time in playing "Charge of the Hussars" to every one in town who would listen.

One day a little girl caller sat by me while I "charged." When I had finished she said to Nonnie:

"Oh, I think she plays just grand!"

She was not the only one in Caldwell, Idaho, who thought I played "grand." I thought so myself. My self-confidence in those days verged on the magnificent. It floated aloft like a flag that challenged defeat.

For the first time in my life I had playmates like other children, not just horses and books as on the Nebraska ranch, not just the society of older girls such as I had at Hastings. For the first time in my memory I had the companionship of my father, whom I had always worshipped. In my secret heart the source of my greatest pride lay not in the things in which I appeared to take pride, but in the fact that I was supposed to look just like "Papa," to hold my head just like "Papa," to walk just like "Papa," in fact to be a sort of small feminine replica of that adored being.

Notwithstanding the fact that I played and quarrelled and "made up," and giggled harder than any child I have ever known, that deep aching something about which I was so silent grew more and more intense. Curiously enough, the other children seemed to feel it. One girl older than I (she now lives on a sheep-ranch in Oregon and has five sons) said: "I know you are going to be *something* but I don't know what." I didn't know what myself.

Deep beneath the chronic funning I was thinking. Should I be a writer, an actress or a pianist? I felt that any course I chose to pursue would swathe me in everlasting glory.

I knew nothing about myself. I knew nothing about art in any of its manifestations, and I knew nothing whatever about life.

The only thing that I really knew about anything was that the greater part of me was a great, indefinable yearning.

(To be concluded.)

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"Is this a bus service between villages we're running?"

Candlelight Inn

BY VALMA CLARK

Author of "Enter Eve," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HAMILTON FYFE

A LITTLE lady with a man-sized suitcase gave us the road and a wistful glance, for which Bill gave her, in return, a fugitive view of a Denton straight eight masqueradin' under the mud of forty-seven States, a glimpse, if she was spry enough to read it, of his rear placard, "Torpedo McGowan, All-Capital Speed Run," and a taste of his dust. "Lady wanted a lift!" I protested.

"Hell—is this a bus service between villages we're running?"

"Bill," says I, "you're lacking in chivalry."

"Rudy," says he, "I'm lacking in time. If we're to reach Augusta, Maine, which is a hundred and seventy-two miles from here, in three hours and shake hands with the reception committee that's waiting up for us, we've got to keep hitting it."

"Do we eat?" I sighed.

"At Augusta."

"Bill, this speed fever is getting you; you're missing a lot in your life, Bill——"

"Dinners?" he scoffs.

"Love," says I seriously, "and the finer things."

"Love! I know about love— Hang on! Gosh! That sounded like a spring——"

"It felt like a rib," I groaned. "You know about Blondie Dillon and a few other little gold-diggers. You ought to meet Molly, Bill; and there's other girls in this old world like Molly—girls as fresh and as uncalculating as morning strawberries."

"Show 'em to me!" spat Bill.

His profile—what was visible of it below goggles—was just a grim skirmisher for coverin' the road ahead: blue eyes squinted, bony nose lifted, and level mouth set to the charge on the advancing miles. Bill's face has the double hardness of uncompromising youth and Scotch framework. Even the brick-red of his skin was a baked-in-the-grain coloring, hard, somehow; while the pair of deep, vertical furrows in his lean cheeks, dug into the tough skin like ruts in a hard clay road, didn't soften the effect.

Bill was on the last lap of his latest

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spectacular run, in which the stunt was to touch the capital cities of each of the forty-eight States in the briefest possible running time. He had set out to beat Cannonball Baker's 1918 record of eighty-three days at the wheel, and had succeeded, too; having only a few more hours to go, he would slice three days and some hours off that old record. But with the victory cinched, did Bill let up? Not he! Just from pure speedmania, he had driven the last forty-four hours straight without sleep. There was no reason at all why he shouldn't stop and get a night's rest and dash into Augusta in the morning, since the halts didn't count, anyhow; instead of which, he had wired the company at Concord, N. H., which we had just left, that he would reach Augusta, Me., not later than ten-thirty this same August evening.

I'd better explain that I was a mere passenger. I'd met Bill at Hartford in the morning, and was doing this final stretch with him for "auld lang syne." In the old days Bill and I had made some two-man relay records together, but, being a family man now, I'd given up the racing business and was selling cars. As a matter of fact, I had the agency for this same stock car that Bill was putting through its paces; further, this particular advertisin' dodge was my own idea—I'd suggested it and recommended Bill to the company.

Bill's qualifications for almost any racing job were first-rate. At twenty-eight "Torpedo (Bill) McGowan, meteor of the motor world," was known to every speedway in the country; he had made thirty-four transcontinental runs; he had covered these United States, at record paces, from San Diego to New York and from Chicago to El Paso. He gathered medals and loving-cups, and checks from automobile-makers, and a repertoire of cussing words from every State in the Union, and impressions of quick lunches varying from *chile con carne* in Texas to bean hole beans in Maine. He developed a sixth sense for motorcycle cops—developed, also, a technic toward the cops, his method being to take full advantage of that clause of the law which states that you have to catch a speeder in the act, but, once caught, simply to post the amount of bail demanded to cover appearance in court and then to drive on at the same clip as before. Talk about hard-boiled and veteran mile-eaters! All those exaggerated, serious, and humorous articles in magazines labelled "Forgotten Fireside," "On the Road to Elsewhere," "Pike's Peak, Lizzie, or Bust," etc., fall short of the obsession that was Bill's. Bill's was the speeding spirit of '26, intensified, and exalted to the dignity of professionalism. To Bill himself cometlike motion had become so necessary that he couldn't comfortably light a cigarette out of the wind, and he felt exposed without his goggles.

I was reflecting on these characteristics of Bill and how he had no capacity for romance—feeling at once superior to him and irritated by him as a married man does at the immunity of his bachelor friends—when we tumbled right into romance. The twilight had melted into a warm, safe, cherishing kind of darkness, and only Bill's powerful headlights sweeping the dirt road before us spoiled the illusion that we were all little human canaries, being covered over by a big, kind hand for the night. "Those lights," I grumbles to Bill, "are too bright to be legal." And at that instant, as though the lights were sensitive to criticism, the road blew out on us, and we were doing a mile a minute in a totally black void. Naturally, it didn't last long. I closed my eyes, and said "Amen" to my life, felt the swerve, the gritting of brakes, the curiously soft brush of our impact with something through all my extra pounds of flesh.

I opened my eyes to the ominous and significant sensation of smothering. But I was wrong; I was still this side of that hotter place. Having extricated ourselves from the underbrush, we found that fortunately we were merely half-way through some one's straw stack in a soft-dirt field. We were undamaged, and the car, under Bill's flash-light, was, miraculously, also undamaged. Bill swore in all his American dialects. Then he set to work. Now Bill travels fully equipped for trouble; he had extra batteries, and he was a good amateur electrician. But apparently this trouble called for an electrician who had taken his Ph.D. and seen service.

We stepped back to the road. But hav-

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ing temporarily left the main highway in the process of cutting Portsmouth and some miles off our route, we found that night traffic on this lesser road was nil. Even houses seemed to be missing along here. So it was almost startling when, tramping around a curve, we came abruptly upon one of those fine old Colonial farmhouses, built in an L, and all lit up as though for a party. Even the windows held lighted candles, like it was Christmas Eve and they were put there to guide the Christ child on his way. But the strangest thing of all was the absolute silence of the house—a quiet as deep as the quiet of this peace-enchanted land—deeper, and with a peculiar hushed quality of its own.

"What the hell—?" breathes Bill. "If it's Big Doings," says I, "the guests haven't come yet." We were both speaking in tones suitable for church.

But just then Bill discovers the sign; it was one of those hand-tooled affairs, lovingly made, and it read:

CANDLELIGHT INN
REST FOR TOURISTS. MEALS

Now we were familiar with every form of bait for tourists, from "See Polly and Molly, the Berkshire Bears!" to "Stop! We Serve a Meal in Each Sandwich or Money Back!" This sign had a quiet, modest sound.

"Darn fool spot for an inn," says Bill, "but come on——"

"I'll bet," I yearns, trailing him, "that you'd get one bully farm dinner in this joint."

The brick walk was bordered with marigolds. The whole front yard must have been a riot of nasturtiums by a stronger light, for the smell of them was so vivid that you could tell they were as enthusiastic about just covering ground as Bill was about covering miles. Standing under the fanlight, I shuddered when Bill violated the silence of the house by making the bell peal through it. Nothing happened: just quiet, and the light from all those candles blossoming on the darkness, and the damp, sharp smell of nasturtiums. Bill swore, pealed again. A door shut somewhere; there came a soft padpadding, together with a crisper running sound, of feet. A chain was dropped, the door was opened a crack. "Tourists?" entreated a light, breathless voice.

"Yes."

"Oh! I didn't hear you—!" The door was flung wide to us.

It was that summer of flowered coats and strike-me-dead purple dresses and zoological ornaments, executed in brilliants, on hats: styles which had invaded even the rural districts and which were perpetrated even by the female children. To meet a lady wearing red roses and green parrots rampant on her coat and a diamond pussy-cat with a humped back on her hat, gave you no shock—no shock at all. But having grown accustomed to a bright and sparkling womanhood, I found I had to look twice to see this pale little sprite of a creature. She wore a pink dress—not French nude or any of those new-fangled shades, but just old-fashioned pink, faded from regular old-fashioned washings; her face had the delicate russet flush of an hydrangea, and her dark hair was long and loose, springing down over her shoulders. But, somehow, these definite mortal characteristics of dress, coloring, hair, didn't anchor her at all. The strongest impression I got of her was that she was as light and slight, as insubstantially and breathlessly imploring of something, as her own voice. She was like a rudderless slip of a sailing dinghy, beseeching your help, yet as committed to the following of her own breezes—breezes which you couldn't even feel, and which might or might not carry her your way—as any wistful, touch-me-not young girl is committed to the following of her own unaccountable moods. She looked to be about fifteen. A dog, a white-and-brown spaniel with great sad brown eyes and sadly hanging brown ears, folded his stump of a tail under him and docilely sat, backing up her entreaty.

The breezes were our way. The girl, with a little gasp, was blown up against Bill and actually caught onto his coat sleeve, while the spaniel hunches up, too, and crowds against Bill's leg. "I'm glad—so glad——!"

"'S all right," said Bill, staring; "you

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didn't hear us come, because we got hung up in a straw stack. If we can use your 'phone——"

"No 'phone," murmured the girl; "we have no 'phone. There's no telephone near. But if you'll wait—something to eat?" The child's eyes, as clear gray water takes the reflections of trees, held shadows of pain; I had never before seen such confusion of tragedy in any young eyes.

"No time," said Bill. "It's trouble with the lights; we've got to get them fixed and be on to Augusta. Where's the nearest garage?"

"West Hero is the nearest town. Six miles."

"If you've a car of any kind——"

"We—I have no automobile."

"Or a horse?"

"No horse, either."

"But good Lord, how do you get to town yourself?"

"We—I never go to town."

"We?"

"My—my father and I."

"If I can see your father?"

"No! You can't see him—not now ——"

"Other cars must pass here; we'll hail one——"

"Besides, it's Sunday night and no garage would be open."

Bill glared at her with the look of giving his horn to a fellow that refused to get over to his own side of the road. "Hells-bells," says he, "then we'll drive without lights."

"I'm not yet fixed," says I, "so's I can afford to commit suicide."

"Fried chicken and mashed potatoes," breathes the girl, "beans in butter, golden bantam corn, peach pickles——"

The contrast of big, grim, red-skinned, and dust-caked Bill McGowan frowning down the pitiful but potent little bait of this flower-like youngster like it was a song of the sirens was funny. But suddenly Bill slackened and caught at the door-jamb; forty-four hours of sleeplessness and Heaven knows how many hours of snatched meals were beginning to tell on him.

"We'll have that dinner, all of it! Afterward, we'll talk about Augusta," I pronounced.

"But, Rudy, that reception committee——"

"Hang the reception committee; and remember, Bill, the time when you're not running doesn't add any hours to your record."

"If you like the dinner," insinuated the girl, flickering back to us, "if you find it comfortable and—cheerful—here, you might stay the night; others have sometimes stayed the night."

Bill swore.

I shifted my two hundred pounds onto Bill's right instep and hissed: "In the presence of ladies, you —— —— —— blighter!" And becoming suddenly conscious of stiff legs, a tired spine, a back rubbed raw, and a soreness as though my two wing points had punctured my shoulders, I said to her: "We might do just that."

The girl's name was Jessamy Rusk. Mr. Rusk didn't materialize during dinner, but we gathered—not so much from anything definite she said as from her precipitate little evasions and the evidence of his spectacles on the table and his pipe on a chair arm—that her father was temporarily away and would return shortly. We gathered, too, that her father's absence was unusual. That strained something in the kid's manner, even the trouble in her eyes, could be accounted for by her natural nervousness at being left alone after dark.

The child was competent—a feverish little whirlwind in the kitchen. But she wondered whether I would pump her a pail of water and whether Bill would turn the chicken in the skillet while she did all the other things. "There's just you and your father?" asked Bill, kind of dazed to find himself with a fork in one hand.

"Yes."

"He's no business to leave you alone, with an inn on your hands."

"He can't h-help!" she gulped; she resented, to the point of sudden tears, Bill's criticism of her father. "Besides, no one comes. I'll tell you a secret," she laughed, and her gaiety was like a fresh bubble she blew which might break any instant; "I lit all the candles on purpose, hoping some one would come. I'm glad you came! If you hadn't come—" She shivered, herded us to the table.

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We ate, we praised. Jessamy rushed into a bright little explanation of how everything was grown on their own farm. Even the candles and soap, some of the furniture, the hooked rug with the two black pussies, were home-made. They grew their own broom corn and made their own brooms; her shoes—she stuck out a sandalled foot to show us—were made by—by her father.

"But why?" gasped Bill.

"Because we'd rather depend upon ourselves alone. We're like one of those feudal estates in history, and we have fun, father and I, trying how long we can go without any help from outside."

"History—then you do go to school," Bill scowled.

"No. The nearest school is in West Hero. Father teaches me history; father teaches me everything." The bubble was bright again; from having overcome her reluctance to speak of her father to a critical stranger, she seemed unable to speak enough of him. "Of course some things we *have* to have from town, but we go always clear to Sanford, never to West Hero."

"Why the boycott on West Hero?" asked Bill.

But the kid suddenly closed. They bought nothing from West Hero, though West Hero bought baskets from them. The two Misses Haines, who sold her father's baskets in their gift shop, were the very ones who had— Of course no one else in the world could make such beautiful, strong baskets as her father made. Would we see them?

There were picnic-baskets and flower-baskets, a variety of fine, sturdy, graceful shapes, woven from smooth white maple splints. A wash-tub held more of the splints soaking. "What's this?" asks Bill.

"That one's for a thermos bottle; it's not—finished yet." She turned abruptly from us to the window, examined the outer darkness.

Bill's eyes narrowed on her; he finished the hunk of cake he had carried from the table with a mumbled "Darn good frosting." I noted it because it was unusual for Bill, in his rapid transits over the country, to give attention to anything so trivial as the frosting of a cake.

Jessamy began whiffing out the candles about the room, and Bill joined in. He showed her how to snuff them out with her fingers, and they made a lively game of it. But the lights of a passing automobile, reflected, for a moment, on the mahogany surface of an old cabinet, jerked Bill back to the business at hand. "Heigh, Rudy, hail them! Cripes, man, why couldn't you have moved? Get out there and flag the next——"

I gave Bill a strong, sensible argument for resting here overnight; Jessamy came in with breathless little pleas. Bill almost bowled me over by admitting that it might be best. "But we'll be on our way," he threatened, "at the first bird-peep!"

Jessamy was incoherent with gratitude to Bill. I was satisfied, too—I'd a kind of hated to leave the kid after her coaxing. Besides, I was downright curious to meet her father; Jessamy, the whole house, was warm with his personality, and it was a pleasant warmth.

The youngster stuck fast to Bill when he went after the car and negotiated it back to the inn, with the flash-light. I smoked a pipeful on the porch, and reflected that the reed chair owed its comfortable sag to the weight of my host's body. The notion struck me that the personality of the basket-maker had something to do with the peculiar thrill of quiet that pervaded this house: a quiet with a surface shiver to it, but with a depth of calm, still beauty. Curiously, I lost my impatience to meet the man, and was content just to sit.

Bill and the kid, who now settled on the steps below me, did a running accompaniment to my content. Jessamy, from sitting tautly upright, lapsed against Bill, dug a hand into his coat-pocket with a gesture habitual with her father, no doubt; she confided to him her little shiverings of the flesh, her stray thoughts. Bill, for all his hard-boiled bachelor wariness, took her easy, like the kid she clearly was.

"—But if you needed something—and if you c-couldn't go to West Hero for it?"

"My dear child," said Bill blithely, "if I needed postage-stamps or powder for the nose from West Hero, I'd hop right down and buy it. I'd never honor a burg like that with my prejudice."

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"You wouldn't if West Hero had talked about your mother until she'd killed herself! Because she was young—so many years younger than father—and because she was so lovely that they were jealous of her, they made up stories about her. Father says the things they told about her were not true—could not have been true. Father said we would not poison our own minds by hating West Hero, but we would stay away from there. He said it was safer for me never to set foot in West Hero. But he—didn't tell me what to do if—" She took up Bill's old cap and pulled it down onto her knees.

"Little burgs," rumbled Bill, after a time, "can be the devil."

Silence. The night was an immense purple bowl turned upside down over us, and under it our little activities dwindled. Was Bill, too, soaking in the peace—feeling the futility of miles?

I faded out. For a long time the Jessamy-kid's thistledown voice lifted to me, through an open window, where I lay abed. I heard her final entreaty—"Don't go!"

"Your bedtime, sister."

"Please don't——"

But Bill's "good night" was suddenly flint, like a period to the wiles of a Blondie Dillon.

Bill himself, by the light of the candle he carried, was too big for the little white bower where he joined me—the kid's room, which she'd given us because it was ready, murmuring something about the down-stairs bedroom for herself. Bill moved about, taking it all in: the white wall-paper with its silver poppy pattern; the white furniture with hand-painted sprays of pink roses; the framed motto of a ship on a wavy sea beneath the words "Peace Be Still". . . That room held the whole history of a little girl, from her first small rocking-chair to her first bottle of perfume. It held, too, all the evidences of loving puttering for her comfort and diversion, from the carved wood tassels for handles on the drawers of the dresser to the home-made bookracks and window-pegs.

"She's an odd child, isn't she?" I grunts to Bill. "How do you dope her out?"

"Not odd," snaps Bill; "and she's not a child—she's eighteen her next birthday."

"Huh? You *do* say!" I stared at him, then I cackled.

Bill whipped about on me: "If you mean to insinuate by that open exhaust that she's up to any wise-dame tricks, you're wrong!"

"No," I subsided, "I didn't mean that; she's an innocent baby if there ever was one. But that's just it, Bill—when you look at a willowy, high-headed young girl and think what life can do to her!"

"Umph! Guess her father does a pretty thorough job of looking after her."

"Did you meet the old gentleman?"

"No."

"Does it strike you as kind of queer? I mean— My God, Bill! Don't you notice how *still* it is—how even those frogs gurgling away out there don't make any dent on the silence?"

"It strikes me," Bill yawned, "that for nerves you've got a lady in delicate health tied. If you can spare me one of those pillows, Rudy——"

But in spite of the fact that he was two nights shy of sleep, Bill had the same struggle dropping off that I had; his sleep, when it did come, was as troubled as mine. I awoke once to discover that Bill was doing sixty in dreamland with his crushed pillow for a steering-wheel. I awoke again and lay listening to the ticking of a few drops of rain on the tin roof and the singing of a cricket in the room; and when a dog below—probably the spaniel—suddenly let out an awful wail, Bill registered it, too, in shivering cuss words.

"Sleep?" I asked him when, at the first cockcrow, he jabbed me and set his feet on the floor.

"Get up—and throttle her down, or you'll wake the house."

"You're not going to see her again?"

"We are not. I settled our bill with her last night."

But, as it turned out, Jessamy couldn't very well be avoided. When Bill opened our bedroom door, there she sat, in the same pink dress she'd worn last night, crumpled up against the wall, with tear-stains on her cheeks and fast asleep. Disturbed, she blinked up at Bill through the moist tangle of dark hair, and vaguely smiled. Abruptly a ripple went over her

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"That one's for a thermos bottle; it's not—finished yet."—Page 517.

face, and she began to beseech Bill not to go.

Bill laid a paternal hand on her head, and explained to her how it was he had to be moving on. He swung her up, and she trailed him down the stairs, meeting his questions with fresh entreaties that he stay just for breakfast.

I lingered in the room, considering. Something had gone wrong with the girl's father—but what? The answer was in the back of my own mind, but I hedged from it. I dawdled down the stairs, tripped up short on what my own eyes were witness to. The car was drawn up at the roadside, ready for the forward leap

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to Augusta. But Jessamy, with a sharp case-knife in her hands and desperation in her face, was operating upon its tires! Even as I gaped, she stabbed fiercely and the hiss of a punctured fourth tire was added to the expiring breath of the other three.

Bill appeared from the kitchen, a tea-kettle pouring water meant for the radiator upon his shoe as he grasped the calamity. They contemplated each other, and which of their two faces was the sicker-looking would be hard to say.

"Sister," I fumbles, "isn't there some relative handy we could——?"

But Bill rips into her, his all-American range of epithets and his disillusioned experience of women both concentrated into one stream of pungent bitterness against this youngster.

The kid, like the tires, collapsed. She whirled past us, her eyes wild. "You damned idiot, can't you see—?" I moaned back at him, as I flung after her.

But the door of the down-stairs bedroom cut her off from my sympathy. My hand on the knob, I blinked my own cowardice with the argument that I never had been a guy to intrude upon people; the absolute lack of any sound in that shut room fascinated me.

Time passed. Wavering between doors, I was conscious that Bill hailed a passing flivver and departed; that he returned in a second flivver, with a garage hand and three spares. Now he was making the tools fly and the mechanic step. . . .

Still procrastinating, I saw that an upright buggy drawn by an upright horse and containing two extremely upright elderly ladies, had pulled up at the side of the road, while the occupants, spelling each other, asked, in voices rising crisper and clearer, for Mr. Jonathan Rusk. Bill gave them a scant shrug of the shoulder. Such lack of gentlemanly attention obviously roused the indignation of the two ladies.

They dismounted, tied their horse, came stepping in a high-handed, spinsterly way up the walk, and inquired of me, with severity, if Mr. Rusk was in. I murmured politely that I believed he was out. They explained to me, growing more and more peremptory, how Jonathan Rusk had promised to send them a fresh supply of baskets for their gift shop the day before yesterday and had not kept his word; how they had yesterday missed two sales of picnic-hampers, owing to Mr. Rusk's delinquency; how the tourist season was short and they could not afford to miss sales; how they had themselves driven out for the baskets this morning before time to open shop—in short, how they would be pleased to have me remove myself from the doorway and summon Mr. Rusk at once.

I owned that Mr. Rusk had been away for the night.

Their eyes fairly lanced me with questions; from all the prying queries they would have put at once, they chose the most pertinent: Who was I?

Just an overnight guest, I assured them.

Jessamy Rusk—was Jessamy at home?

Yes.

I was the overnight guest of Jessamy?

Not alone, I flushed; oh no, not alone. My running mate, too——

But at this moment Bill strode up, wiping his hands on his trousers legs, and in the same instant Jessamy tiptoed from the room, closed the door behind her, and stood there looking like a white cosmos that's been stepped on. The two ladies went from Jessamy to Bill, and back to me. The inspection was so definitely unpleasant that even Bill, screwed up as he was to the miles again, gave the spinsters his specific scowling attention.

They shifted the attack to Jessamy: "Where is your father?"

"He—he's not at home."

"When will he be at home?"

"Perhaps," I suggested smoothly, "Miss Jessamy can fix you up with the baskets, in place of her father."

But Jessamy, her face strange, only asked of Bill: "You're not leaving me?"

"Sorry."

"But you can't leave me with them! They are the ones who invented the stories about my mother—the ones father blamed the most for——"

"*When*," persisted the arid, clear voice, "do you expect your father to re——?"

"Not ever! He's not coming back ever! Now will you go, and leave me alone?" Jessamy wheeled, and fled; the storm of her sobs was flung out at us from that terribly quiet room.

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I knew, before we stepped into the room, what it was we would find. What I didn't understand was the reactions of Jessamy herself: whether she was just terrified and trying to make believe it wasn't so, or whether the concealment was a part of her attempt to hold onto us, or whether she was merely dazed, instinctively clinging to her own, and postponing the moment when he must be taken away from her. What mixture of terror, courage, reticence, numbness, and evasion prompted her to act as she did, I don't know—but then, I've never had much experience in unravelling the kinks of a young girl's mind.

They contemplated each other, and which of their two faces was the sicker-looking would be hard to say. —Page 520.

The bed, with Jessamy tumbled down beside it, held the reason for the room's peculiar hush. The man's profile was toward us, so white that the nose was momentarily erased against the pale wall. But as we stood over him, the face was complete again in all its features, complete in its unearthly tranquillity, beautifully complete in the memory of its last earthly smile. I'd seen death before, but never anything to compare with this miracle of gentle peace. The peace engulfed Jessamy's sobs; the only sound now was a whimpering and patter of the toe-nails on the wood floor as the spaniel discovered his mistress.

Bill, his goggles pushed up on his forehead, muttered: "He must have been a wonderful old man."

"Heart?" cried one of the spinsters.

Jessamy sobbed.

"Was it his heart?" persisted the other.

"Yes."

"Hm—I thought so—that bluish . . . Did he die in his bed?" (They were the kind who used stock phrases like that.)

"Y-yes."

"When——?"

"Yesterday afternoon, before you c-came," she said, ignoring them and speaking to Bill, who stood over her.

"But why," the cross-examination continued, "didn't you notify——?"

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"Oh, please," entreated Jessamy, "couldn't you make them go 'way?"

Bill was considering the closed eyes, the arm folded so naturally across the still breast—was thinking, with me, that Jessamy must have done this. "You poor—baby," he groaned; "why didn't you tell me—?" He went down on his knees, shifted her complete onto his left shoulder, and held her cradled there in his arms.

"I tried to tell you, but I c-couldn't. I was a-afraid——"

Bill was muttering words against her hair, her cheek, her throat—words that sounded like "honey-bunny, bunny-honey."

The spinsters were gaping. "You came after his death? You stayed——?"

Bill shot them a straight look, and said with a quiet violence: "You two git! Now!"

The ladies departed.

I murmurs to Bill: "I'm staying. I'll wire Molly, and we'll take care of *her*. You can hop on to Augusta and pick up your bonuses."

"Bonuses?" says Bill vaguely, taking up the kid, and folding himself down on a chair, with all of Jessamy's shivering fright tucked closer to his heart. "I'm staying, Rudy. You get on to Augusta yourself. I lose out, but the car doesn't lose out, see?"

That's how it happened Bill stopped permanently at Candlelight Inn. He lost $3,500 in bonuses, and he forfeited his victory in the last professional run he ever made, but he didn't seem to mind that.

Molly and I dropped in on them one day this spring. The place was as usual, sign and all, but a new devil's red tractor was tearing across the nearest field. "You old son-of-a-gun!" Bill hails me.

"Meet the missus, Bill," I says, with a certain pride.

Bill went through the proper motions of welcoming admiration and respect. "Meet"—he turns, raises his voice, "Heigh, Jess!"—"meet the missus yourself, Rudy!"

Jessamy came around the house, in a bright pink dress, and pursued by a sheep. She skipped, and the sheep skipped after her, and it gave you a sensation of pure tickled joy in your diaphragm just to see them. She ran laughing up to Bill, and tucked a hand in his overall pocket, and met Molly, and recollected me; there wasn't much doubt about her happiness—it was as sparkling as the spring sunshine that blessed them both.

I says: "I've got a stunt for you, Bill."

He says: "I've got a reputation in this county for covering ground with a tractor that I've got to maintain; no, Rudy, I'm out of the racing game for good."

Open Highways

BY ALFRED MITCHELL BINGHAM

Oh may man's sullying hand in vain upreach
To dim the wheeling fires of winter skies,
And may his godlike race have ceased to rise
Or e'er he yoke the planets each to each,
And curb the untamed stars, as he has curbed
The thundering earth and bound its ancient might;
For now are all the wastes from Yukon's night
To far Sahara's shimmering plain disturbed
By strident human voice and engine's scream;
And still his dauntless soul, insatiate,
Explores the silent depths of space to dream
Of firmaments beholden to his word:
Where find we refuge if he desecrate
The radiant open highways of the Lord?

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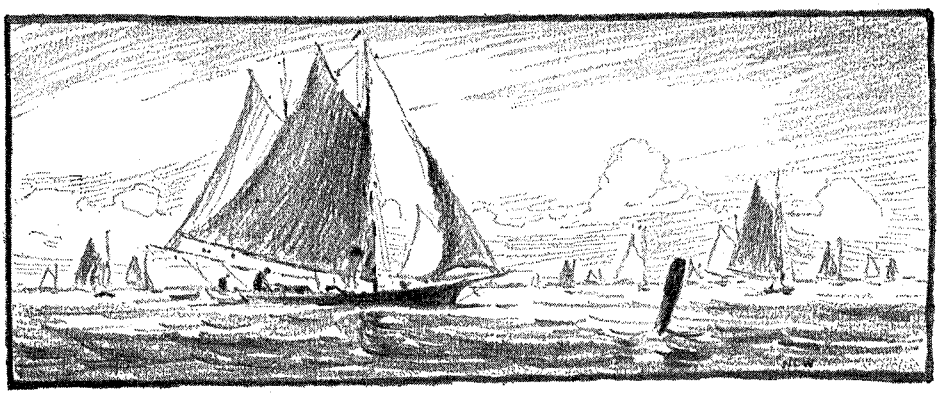

A group of six to a dozen sloops with different lights on the sails.

The Scallop Dredgers

BY THOMAS CALDECOT CHUBB

ILLUSTRATIONS BY NELSON C. WHITE

THE real beginning of this adventure was a savory dish which was enjoyed in the main dining-room of a New York hotel.

Every so often the artist and I lunch together.

Now one of the artist's characteristics is a weakness for sea-food of all kinds. So I gave the order to the waiter:

"Two scallops tartare."

"They're very good to-day, sir."

Evidently he had to say something as he made a shorthand notation of this. Then he moved away from us; but after a discreet interval he set the scallops before us. They were steaming and fragrant. Their dark-brown color seemed rich and luscious beside the lemon yellow of the sauce.

"Anything with them, sir? Coffee? Milk?"

I looked at the artist.

"Coffee."

"Two coffees," I said.

He brought these—after an interval too. He murmured a tactful interest in how we found the scallops. But after we had paid the check, presumably he did not think of us again.

Well, ninety-nine times out of a hundred we would not have thought of him. But this was the hundredth time—when things turn out differently. And moving down Long Island, comfortable enough in our parlor-car where secure windows kept out the cold, but not at all sure that we would be after we had quitted it, the waiter who had helped to send us this way came into our mind. He was there now, under the glitter and lights of his dining-room, serving scallops to other patrons. But we were hurrying eastward in what looked as if it were going to be a snow-storm trying to find out how it was possible for him to be doing this.

For when the two plates had been set before us, I had looked at mine in partly affected scorn. And I had turned to the artist.

"What are they? Fried sea-snails? Sort of salt-water bugs?"

"They're shell-fish."

"What kind of shell-fish? Not like an oyster or a clam?"

"Something. It's hard to describe them exactly. Let me see. Well, they're bivalves. That is, they're like an oyster; made of two shells hinged together, with the soft part, or animal, inside. Each shell is fan-shaped and fluted, and almost any delicate color like gray-blue or light

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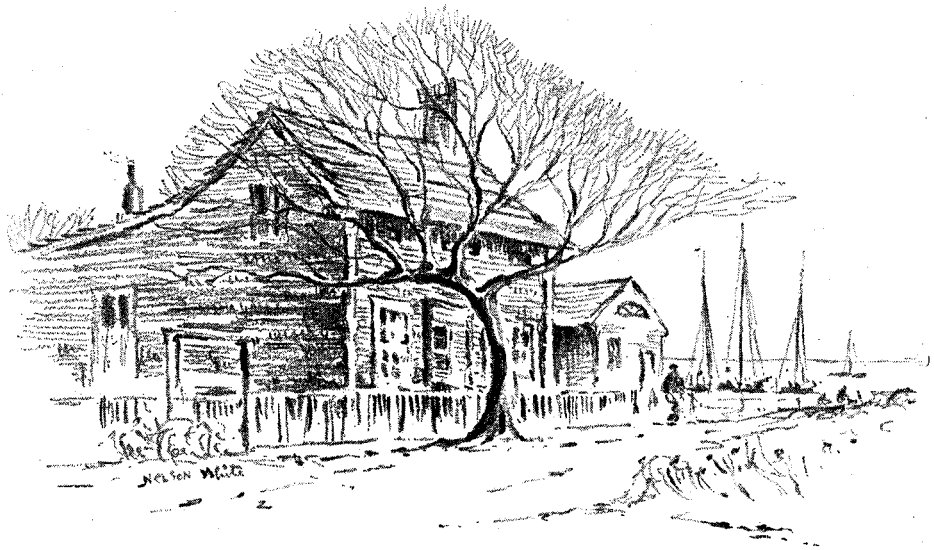

It was quiet side streets with a glimpse of masts and of blue salt water at the end of them.—Page 526.

brown. Do you remember the shell that Venus stands on in the 'Birth of Venus,' by Botticelli? Something like that."

"Where do they come from?"

"I'm not sure that it's the only place, but a great many of them come from near the end of Long Island. Off Shelter Island and all through Peconic Bay. All through there, there are a whole lot of towns that practically live on scalloping."

"And how do they catch them?"

"Well, there you have an interesting thing. They dredge for them. And owing to a law which prohibits motor dredging, it is done under sail. All through Peconic Bay when the season is open the almost unique spectacle of groups of from fifty to seventy-five or a hundred boats which are operating not for pleasure, but for business, under sail. Just the idea is picturesque, isn't it? But you ought to see it. Some of the groupings that you get. Why, a painter could spend a whole lifetime—" he began.

But he did not have to finish the sentence. I remembered just such a group. Somewhere from six to a dozen sloops. The sails with different lights on them. It was the last picture of the artist's that he had shown me. This was the place to which he had been going every autumn and about which he was so enthusiastic.

Then I had the idea.

Here was a section of native life that would be interesting to look at; something that was both typical and unique. Of course it would be nothing like the life of the Lofoden fishermen that Bojer tells about; they go into the Arctic Circle every winter. It would not even be like the life of the Breton fishermen who cross over to Iceland or Newfoundland. It was entirely landlocked, for one thing. But there would be something picturesque about it. And there must be something a little rugged.

So I turned to the artist.

"Why don't we go there now?"

"Now!"

"Yes, now! You go down there every fall for your sketching. Wouldn't you be interested to see the place in winter? And you would probably get ideas for some more work while you were showing me what there is to see."

Outside, as we pulled clear of the back yards of the city, the weather did not look too promising. It had been cold even when we boarded the train, and the sky had been gray and low. Now it seemed as if the storm were just waiting for its signal to begin. And soon, when we were about half-way down the island, it commenced to snow.

It continued snowing. We could tell that even after the darkness by the

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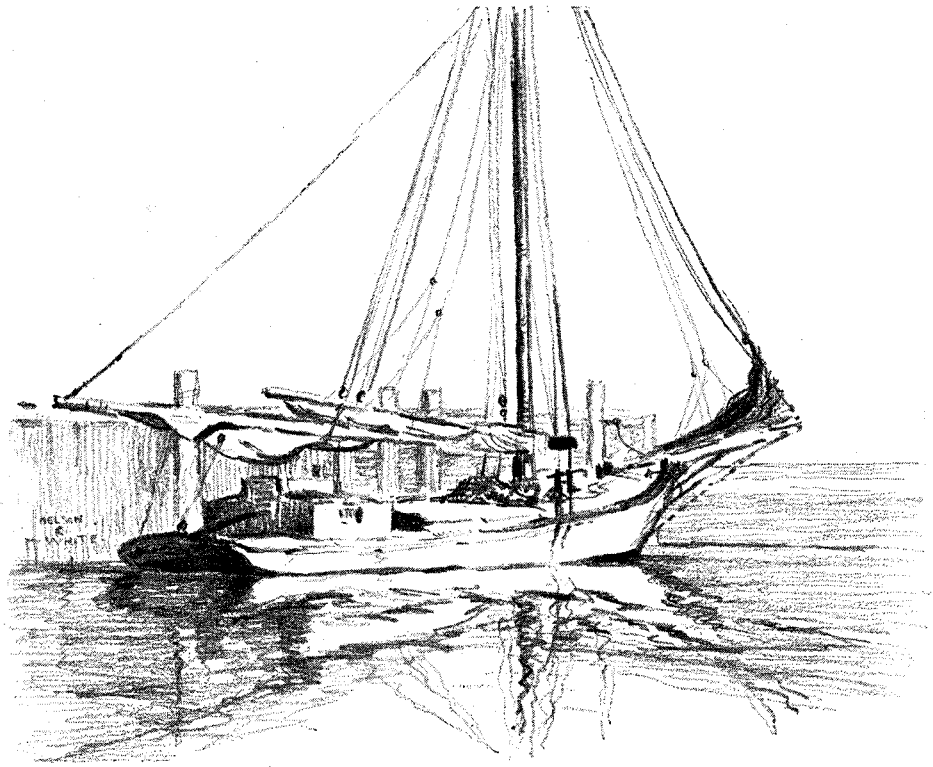
swirling and glittering particles that we saw in the yellow shafts of the headlights of automobiles drawn up at each station where the train stopped. Snowing hard. It was blowing too. And it was cold. If we had not known that, we could have told it from the way the

if they went out, if it was really bad weather we couldn't see that."

After we had passed through Riverhead—which is where two sides of a V meet to make the head of Peconic Bay—the artist began to get interested. Although out of the window you could



One of the sloops that the artist had pointed out to me as scallop dredgers.—Page 527.

waiting drivers swung their arms vigorously against their chests or stamped hard with their feet.

"I don't know," said the artist. "We may get something out of this trip. But just now it doesn't look promising."

I knew less about it and therefore was optimistic.

"Don't worry. We'll get out on the boats somehow. I know we are soft. But Lord, we can stand a little cold."

Then he explained to me.

"It isn't that. But half the whole business is to see the way a fleet of the boats works the same ground together. Even

see nothing but blackness, he pointed to that.

"That's the bay out there. I wish we had made this part of the trip by daylight. You could catch glimpses of it then. It's all along there that they do the dredging."

When we came into Greenport it had stopped snowing. But it was still windy and not at all promising-looking. We took a short cut from the railroad-station that led us close to the tide. It was a queer feeling for one who had never been near the salt water except in the summer to have ice crunch underfoot as he walked

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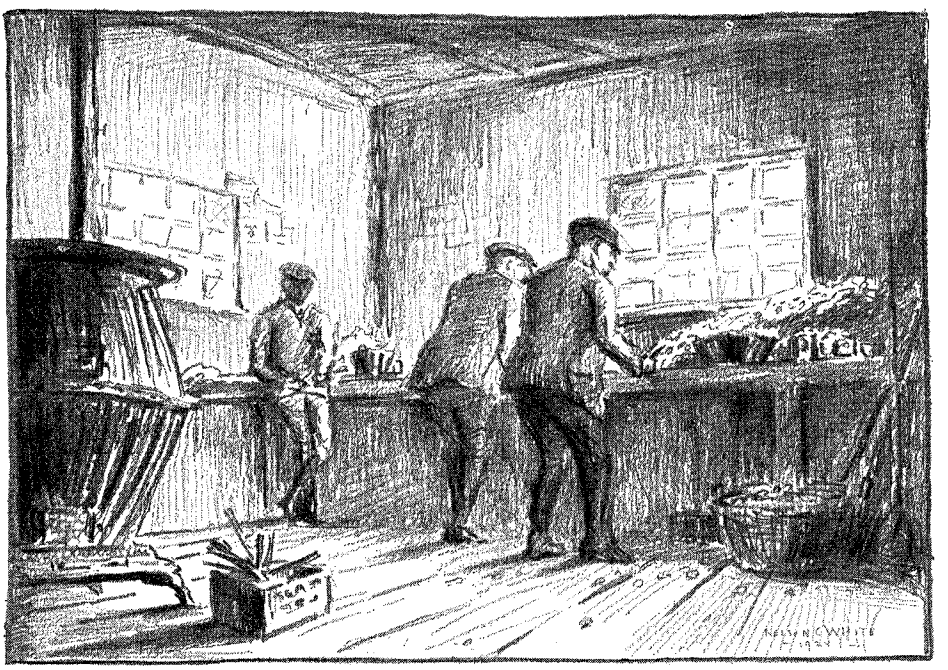
so close to it. There were a number of docks there with craft moored to them. We could see snow on their decks and on their spars.

These were steam or power trawlers for oystering or bony-fishing, lighters, a dredge mounted upon a scow, and a few of the clumsy working schooners such as in summer you see anchored waiting for a favorable breeze on Long Island Sound.

We had chosen Greenport because it had seemed to us from its easy access to New York that we could be more comfortable there—at least at this season—than in one of the smaller towns that were devoted only to scalloping. And that night we were glad we had made the choice. Even in the security of a sturdy hotel that had stood these winds for nearly a century now, under piled blank-



On these tables are piled the scallops; twenty or twenty-five bushels of them.—Page 527.

But there were one or two smaller boats—of a type quite of their own. Even at night you could make out their distinctive silhouette. They were sloops of about forty feet in length, with a low freeboard, a long bowsprit, a short mast, and what appeared to be a clipper bow. The stern seemed to be square. They were sturdy but rather flat-looking. Beamy too, and probably of exceedingly shallow draft.

"Do you see those boats?"

"The schooners?" I asked.

"No. Just this side of the schooners. Those are scallop dredgers. Notice the bow and the mast. You will see the rigging better in the daytime. They're pretty typical too."

ets and with the window open only a few inches, we knew that it was stormy.

Yet in spite of this weather, before the morning had advanced very far we were out to explore the town.

We found that Greenport—like so many towns that possess its general characteristics and have had the same sort of development—was made up of two aspects: the old and the new. The new was what might be anywhere, but the old was distinctive. It was quiet side streets with a glimpse of masts and of blue salt water at the end of them. It was a number of square white houses, clapboarded, flawlessly proportioned, with a dark blue-green now quite unattainable for their

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shutters, often set back from the road, generally under tall Arthur Rackham-ish pepperidge-trees, reserved and dignified, that still kept for it the flavor of an ancient seaport town.

There was one part of the town that was neither distinctively old nor new. That was the actual water-front; with its boats.

On shore in a couple of shipyards were yachts laid up for the winter. They were under white canvas covers. But the boats that were actually in the water were the same kind that we had seen the night before. Trawlers; a dredge; some schooners; and in among them quite a number—one, two here; three, four in another place—of the sloops that the artist had pointed out to me as scallop dredgers. Now I looked at them carefully. And I discovered that I had sized them up rightly the first time. But of course in the daylight I noticed details which had escaped me before.

Each boat had a motor, for instance. You could see the iron exhaust-pipe with its accompanying rust stain on the paint of the stern. They were centreboard boats. They were steered by means of a tiller—most of them, that is; for a few of them were equipped with wheels. The jib was fitted to a jib-boom. It had lazy-jacks like the mainsail, and the jib-sheets could be handled aft. Aft too they had a cabin with a stove in it, and this cabin was so placed that in cold weather you could stand in the door of it when you steered the boat. Forward of the cabin sections of the deck could be lifted up, forming hatches through which the scallops could be shovelled into the hold.

"There you have a good view of them," said the artist. "Now if only you could see some of the men. It's Sunday and all the boats are in, so you ought to be able to. You could find out whether any of them are going out to-morrow. And at least you could see them opening the scallops."

But there were no men here, so we moved on to another place. It was about a mile from this, and the walk to it was largely against a nippy cold wind. By the time we had reached the long point with the three or four square shacks and the piles of empty shells on the end of it, I was not so sure about going out. Less so when I saw the half-dozen scallop sloops that were anchored about three hundred yards offshore; for deck and

. . . some of them running before the wind . . . with the curved sails pulling at the sheets.—Page 530.

spars and rigging were sheathed with ice.

"I don't know about this. It looks darn chilly. Maybe sailing won't be so good."

"Well, we'll talk to them anyway," said the artist. "That won't do any harm. And see what they are going to do."

Smoke was coming out of the iron-pipe chimney of one of the shacks. So we chose that one to enter. And inside of it we found the opening going on.

Imagine a bare board room about sixteen feet by twenty feet in size, with an iron stove in the centre of it, and with a three-foot table or shelf along each of the twenty-foot sides. On these tables are piled the scallops; twenty or twenty-five bushels of them. In masses like this a slate-blue color seems to predominate. Below these tables are a number of gallon-size wooden tubs. In front of each of these tables stand four or five men or boys. The costumes that they

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wear are various, but each one has on a pair of astonishingly tall rubber boots. And each one is equipped with a knife.

These are the "openers." And the opening proceeds like this:

A scallop is taken in the left hand with the flat shell held up. It is opened with one stroke of the knife, which is held in the right. With another stroke of the knife the rest of the shell is separated from the adductor muscle. Then the shell is thrown into the growing pile of them, and the adductor muscle (the part eaten) is dropped into one of the tubs. All this is done with remarkable swiftness. The saying is that a good opener always has one shell in the air.

The artist picked up a scallop and performed this operation for me. He showed me the firm white muscle.

"Now you see why scallops which come from a large fluted shell have the small round shape that they do."

"But those look pretty big—for just muscles."

"They are big. They have to be. You know how a scallop swims, don't you? By using that muscle to open and close its shells."

One of the proprietors of this place—most of the opening houses are run cooperatively, five or six boat-owners clubbing together and paying a man so much a week for maintaining a house, as well as a commission on each gallon that he opens—was a tall, rather good-looking Pole. He must have been about forty years old. He had a brown mustache and, under a high brown peaked cap, matty brown hair. He was standing with his arms folded watching the opening. But he knew the artist evidently, for he came up to him as we entered.

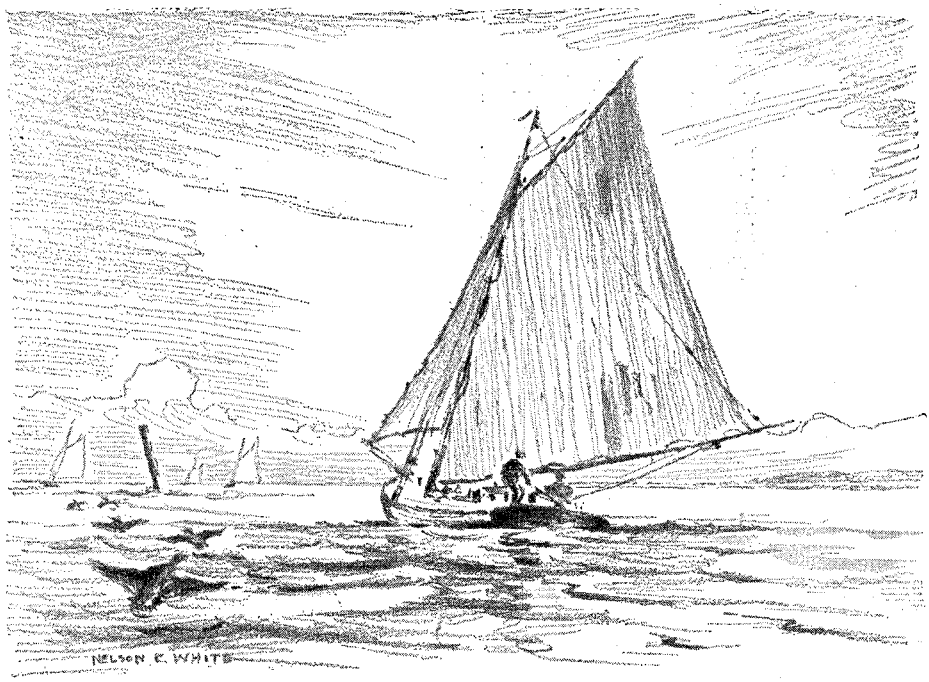
"Hal-lo. What are you doing down here? By Gawd, I'm glad to see you."

"Looking around just. How are things with you?"

"Good, good. I like this cold weather. As long as it stays this way, stuff's very high."

"What are you catching now?"

"Faugh! Nothing but bugs!"



Ahead of us was the leaning red buoy again.—Page 531.

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"Nothing but little ones? Don't you have to watch out for the law?"

"Oh, we can keep plenty. Anything above two inches. And they don't measure every scallop. We did get fined though—fifteen dollars, the other day.

"Yeah! Somebody got sore at us and sent an inspector around.

"It's a fool law anyway; made by some damn woman."

Another had joined in the conversation; a tall young fellow, American of foreign parentage you would say, with a blue watch-cap and short black hair. And another; real Long Island this time, shorter than the other, with sharp, bronzed features under a black southwester hat. The artist was questioning them skilfully. By adding what they answered to what he had told me already, I learned what I wanted to know.

The scallop season opens on the first of September and closes on April the first. At the beginning of the season not only is the weather most favorable but the largest scallops are caught. These are the old ones which have been lying on the bottom from another year. They are large and fat and open sometimes as much as three quarts to a bushel. As the season advances they are largely picked out. After December you get practically nothing but scallops that were spawned the previous summer; little fellows, not much over the required two-inch shell span; what were referred to as "bugs."

Early in September, therefore, it is that the great fleets of scallopers come out; sometimes, when you consider the whole of the bay, as many as five hundred boats. Every town is represented; practically every collection of houses along the whole shore. They set out at dawn. Though you sometimes do get snappy weather in September and October, it is never cold enough to be even mildly unpleasant. They return at sunset, their decks piled or their holds filled. It is at that time of the year—as from ten to twelve up to fifty or sixty or a hundred boats work each of the various grounds—that you get the groups of them about which the artist was so enthusiastic.

But as the season progresses they drop out one by one. Some have only intended to dredge while the work was easy. Some more decide that this had always been their intention about the time the edges of the salt water begin to freeze. So by January the fleet is pretty well cut in half. And as March draws toward the last day when dredging is permitted there are only a few boats left. It is hard work and extremely lean picking. Only one thing keeps any boats out at all. That is the way the price mounts in cold weather. Where it is hard to get two dollars a gallon in September, it is easy to get twice and sometimes more than twice that at the beginning of the year.

There was only one thing more that I wanted to do. That was to see some of this actually going on; to get out on one of the boats. The artist spoke of this.

"Do you think any of the boats will go out to-morrow?"

His scallop men shook their heads.

"What's the matter? Too cold?"

"Too windy. We don't mind the cold, but there's no use going out when you can't handle the boat."

"But if you do go out?"

"Sure, you can come along."

But the next day it was colder—and windier. And the day after that we had to go back to New York. The train left at three minutes before seven in the morning. We had to get breakfast and walk the quarter-mile to the station, so we were out of bed at six. When we came into the street it was cold still, but no longer windy. As we took the short cut close to the water, we could hear an unmistakable sound. *Put-put.* Then in another place. *Put-put; put-put-put.*

"Oh, Lord, that must be some of them going out," I said. "Why couldn't it have been this way yesterday?"

This time it was the artist who had the idea.

"I have to get back to New York to-day, but why don't you stay? Leave your suitcase at the station and then run back to that quick-lunch place and pick up a couple of sandwiches. You haven't got time to get back to where we were Sunday, but you can probably persuade one of the men here to take you. It's worth trying anyway. And if you can't you can still make the afternoon train."

About ten minutes later I stood on one

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of the docks walking up and down briskly and wondering if I had been so wise. Below me in the water was one of the scallop dredgers, but there was not a sign of life aboard her. I could hear the train that I might have taken going back down the Island. Out in the harbor were a couple of oyster boats. *Put-put; put-put-put.* It was they and not any scallop dredgers whose engines had made the noise.

It was semi-dark still. I hugged myself in hope of warmth.

"If I've stayed over here—to say nothing of freezing myself—and then none of those fool boats go out!"

But pretty soon I heard a man coming down the dock. He walked past me and dropped onto the deck of the sloop. He unlocked the door of its cabin. So I went up to him.

"Going out to-day?"

"It looks as if there might be some dredging."

"I want to look the fleet over. Will you take me along?"

"Sure thing."

So I dropped onto the deck of his sloop. He was putting some gasoline into the tank. When he had finished doing that, I helped him cast off from the dock.

It was about a quarter to eight when we started, and it was wholly light. We worked clear of the dock under power only, but as soon as he got into the channel he began hoisting sail. A fresh wind struck us, and we stood across toward the yellow sand cliffs and the blue-brown of Shelter Island under engine and mainsail and jib. Behind us was the town: masts and railroad dock and houses. Ahead of us the sand cliffs and a couple of other gray-sailed scallop dredgers. Above us was a bleak purple-gray sky.

The scallop dredger looked at this.

"I don't know; we might even get snow."

After we had sailed for about an hour we came to a long sandy point with a red buoy about a quarter of a mile off the end of it. The water inside of the buoy looked shoal and was full of rips.

"Jizzup's," explained the man. "It's the only place that is really bad. Inshore of the buoy in some places there aren't more than two or three feet."

We gave it a wide berth, and we swung around it. Then I could see that the bay widened and that ahead of us on a sweep of open water the dredging was going on.

Ten boats were already working, and two more were running up to them ahead of us, making an interesting group. And now I could see why the artist enjoyed painting them so—not only the groupings of them with some of them going up to windward under power and some of them running before the wind, dragging the dredges, with the curved sails pulling at the sheets, but the color of them. Sometimes a jib was mildewed while the mainsail was yellow as cream. The black or the white hulls. The glimpse of a red underbody. The pistache or salmon deckhouse. And the unmistakable gray-green-blue of shoal salt water under a mottled sky.

We ran up to them ourselves and joined in the dredging. We did not have to be at it even half an hour for me to know both why the fleet diminishes as the weather grows colder and why each cabin has an iron stove.

For the dredging is done like this:

When the ground to be worked over is reached, the boat proceeds to the windward end of it, still under power and sail. But at the windward end of it—to comply with the law—the engine is shut off as the helm is put down sharply. Then the dredges one after another are thrown overboard; sometimes as many as ten of them along the windward side and astern, and the boat drifts to leeward, half crabwise, under sail, dragging these along the bottom. Then at intervals these are hauled onto the deck, emptied, and thrown overboard again. When the leeward end of the ground is reached, the dredges are left on deck, the engine is started, and the boat goes to windward again to repeat the process.

The dredge which is used for this is a sufficiently curious thing. Roughly speaking it is made up of two iron V's; but the edge of these that does not lie on the bottom is slightly indented. These are held about a yard apart by iron bars, making a dredge-shaped framework. And the framework is covered with a net made of coarse iron rings.

It is after each dredge is hauled out

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that the work becomes unpleasant. For the contents of the dredge do not, unfortunately, consist only of scallops, and those of a legal size. It brings up scallops, oysters, conches, seaweed, and starfish, and sometimes even a flatfish or a crab. No matter how cold the weather is, or the salt water that is brought up with them, the scallop fisher has to get down on his hands and knees and pick these out by hand.

And he has to do it carefully. It is not merely a question of throwing out a lot of junk. He could do that with a shovel. But he has to pick out the scallops for their size so as not to throw any into the hold that will later get him into trouble with the law.

I noticed another thing: that beside the scallops and a few oysters, the captain of my boat kept all the starfish, throwing them out on the deck.

"Why is that?" I asked him.

"They eat the scallops. Yes, and oysters too. A starfish will fasten around the shell of one so it can't open. That chokes it. After that it is easy to suck the soft part out."

As we were running down before the wind I discovered why there were lazy-jacks to the jib. In spite of the ten dredges we were towing as the wind freshened we began to make speed. If we made more they would probably swing clear of the bottom. Then the dredges would not pick up any scallops. But all that he had to do to slow us up was to let go the jib halyard. He did not have to go forward even. The jib halyard was secured right at his hand, and lazy-jacks caught the jib.

After each hauling out of the dredges, the scallop man went below, to warm his hands and to get a new light for his pipe. Near noon, though, he went below and he stayed below longer than usual. I could hear him fussing around the stove. And presently there was a most delicious aroma. Bitter and appetizing after a morning in the open. What was it? I stuck my head into the cabin.

Then it was unmistakable. But the man explained to me:

"Coffee. I thought there was more of it, but it will warm us up anyhow. Out here we don't have time to bother about more than that and a couple of sandwiches for lunch."

In the cabin, sipping this and talking to him—for we both came below at the same time and he let the boat drift—I found out more about him and the general type of the men. He had been a yacht captain in the summer, but most of the men did other local fishing. He always worked his boat single-handed, but a majority of the boats carried two men.

"How do you like being alone?"

"It's hard work, I'll tell you. But you don't have to count on anybody. And all that you make is your own."

"How much can you make?"

"Sometimes as much as twenty dollars. Of course you don't make that always, and sometimes you can't go out at all."

Days like the last few, for instance. Then the whole summer out. And of course he had to invest in a boat. No, it was not such a lot. I was tempted to wonder how much a similar analysis would reveal of almost any industry that was supposedly overpaid.

At about three-thirty in the afternoon he gave an appraising look into the hold. Then as he hauled out the dredges, instead of emptying them and laying them on the deck for the next drift, he began stacking them forward and neatly coiling the hauls. I was at the tiller. When they were all on deck, he turned to me.

"Now you can put her for home."

That was the most beautiful part of the day. All the snow-clouds had dissipated and the sky was coldly golden. The wind had fallen considerably and the water was only a faintly wrinkled blue. Ahead of us was the leaning red buoy again. Close to the water it was sheathed with ice. And we started up a flight of wild duck. They flew shoreward away from us in a sharp V.

During the trip home the scallop fisher noticed this only occasionally. And he kept throwing glances into the hold.

"Six bushels. I don't know, though. There might be eight. How much would you say? But they ought to open good. If I get seven bushels I'll be satisfied."

When we got to the dock, therefore, I stayed to see them unloaded. As we came up to it, boys came out of the

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opening house and crowded round us. These ranged from the "boss," who was about seventeen and pale-faced, smoking a limp cigarette, to a little black-curly-haired ten-year-old. They looked at our shelly cargo.

"Aw, say, that's good stuff. Where did you get it, Dip?"

"I'll bet there's seven bushels at least."

"It'll open at least three quarts."

It was good news to both of us.

Dip (he was the scallop man) began shovelling. One basket. It was carried into the house on a wooden wheelbarrow. Two bushel-baskets. Three, five, seven, eight, nine. And still half a one. Dip smiled happily. Seven bushels of them? No, nine and a half!

Then I turned away from them. My day was over. But their day was not. Another boat had come in, and another. As I walked up toward some supper I could hear their comments behind me. And behind me the noise like coal being shovelled as they got these new scallops into their bushel-baskets and onto the dock.

The Detective Novel

BY WILLARD HUNTINGTON WRIGHT

Author of "The Creative Will," "The Great Modern French Stories," etc.

Sweet Analytics, 'tis thou hast ravished me.—*Doctor Faustus.*

THERE is a tendency among modern book-reviewers to gauge all novels by a single literary standard—a standard, in fact, which should be applied only to novels that patently seek a niche among the enduring works of imaginative letters. That all novels do not aspire to such exalted company is obvious; and it is manifestly unfair to judge them by a standard their creators deliberately ignored. Novels of sheer entertainment belong in a different category from those written for purposes of intellectual and æsthetic stimulation; for they are fabricated in a spirit of evanescent diversion, and avoid all the deeper concerns of art. The novel designed purely for entertainment and the literary novel spring, in the main, from quite different impulses. Their objectives have almost nothing in common. The mental attitudes underlying them are antipathetic: one is frankly superficial, the other sedulously profound. They achieve diametrically opposed results; and their appeals are psychologically unrelated: in fact, they are unable to fulfil each other's function; and the reader who, at different times, can enjoy both without intellectual conflict, can never substitute the one for the other. Any attempt to measure them by the same rules is as inconsistent as to criticise a vaudeville performance and the plays of Shakespeare from the same point of view, or to hold a musical comedy to the standards by which we estimate the foremost grand opera. Even Schnitzler's "Anatol" may not be approached in the same critical frame of mind that one brings to Hauptmann's "The Weavers"; and if "The Mikado" or "Pinafore" were held strictly to the musical canons of "Parsifal" or "Die Meistersinger," they would suffer unjustly. In the graphic arts the same principle holds. Forain and Degas are not to be judged by the æsthetic criteria we apply to Michelangelo's drawings and the paintings of Rubens.

There are four distinct varieties of the "popular," or "light," novel—to wit: the romantic novel (dealing with young love, and ending generally either at the hymeneal altar or with a prenuptial embrace); the novel of adventure (in which physical action and danger are the chief constituents: sea stories, Wild-West yarns, odysseys of the African wilds, etc.); the mystery novel (wherein much of the dramatic

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suspense is produced by hidden forces that are not revealed until the *dénouement:* novels of diplomatic intrigue, international plottings, secret societies, crime, pseudoscience, and the like); and the detective novel. These types often overlap in content, and at times become so intermingled in subject-matter that one is not quite sure in which category they primarily belong. But though they may borrow devices and appeals from one another, and usurp one another's distinctive material, they follow, in the main, their own special subject, and evolve within their own boundaries.

Of these four kinds of literary entertainment the detective novel is the youngest, the most complicated, the most difficult of construction, and the most distinct. It is, in fact, almost *sui generis*, and, except in its more general structural characteristics, has little in common with its fellows—the romantic, the adventurous, and the mystery novel. In one sense, to be sure, it is a highly specialized offshoot of the last named; but the relationship is far more distant than the average reader imagines.

The origin of the detective novel need not concern us. It would be possible, no doubt, to find indications of it in many books during the first few decades of the nineteenth century, or perhaps even earlier. Like all species of popular art, its beginnings were probably obscure and confused. Poe, however, is the authentic father of the detective novel as we know it to-day; and the evolution of this literary *genre* began with "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" (1841), "The Mystery of Marie Rogêt" (1842), "The Gold-Bug" (1843), and "The Purloined Letter" (1845). In these four tales was born a new and original type of fictional entertainment; and though their structure has been modified, their method altered, their subject-matter expanded, and their craftsmanship developed, they remain to-day almost perfect models of their kind; and they will always so remain, because their fundamental psychological qualities—the very essence of their appeal—embody the animating and motivating forces in this branch of fiction. One can no more ignore their basic form when writing a detective novel to-day than one can ignore the form of Haydn when composing a symphony, or the experimental researches of Monet and Pissarro when painting an impressionist painting.

After Poe there were twenty years of desultory and ineffectual detective-story writing, chiefly in France, where Poe's influence was very great; and it was not until the appearance of Gaboriau's "L'Affaire Lerouge," in 1866, that the first great stride in the detective novel's development was taken. This book was the first of a series of detective novels by Gaboriau, in which the protagonist, *Monsieur Lecoq*, proved himself a worthy successor to Poe's *Auguste Dupin*. If we call Poe the father of detective fiction, Gaboriau was certainly its first influential tutor. He lengthened its form, and complicated and elaborated its content. With "L'Argent des Autres," published posthumously in 1874 (Gaboriau died in 1873), the detective novel was permanently launched; and during the past fifty years it has taken a conspicuous and highly popular place in the fictional field. In 1878 came Anna Katharine Green's "The Leavenworth Case," the importance of which lay in its influence toward popularizing this *genre* rather than in any inherent contribution made by it to the *genre's* evolution. "The Leavenworth Case" and the numerous other detective novels written by Mrs. Rohlfs were verbose, badly conceived stories, whose large sales resulted chiefly from the paucity of this kind of fiction on the English market (France at that time being its fertilizing ground), and from the lack of public familiarity with its form.

Not until the appearance of "A Study in Scarlet," in 1887, and "The Sign of the Four," in 1889, did the detective novel take any definite forward step over Gaboriau. In these books and the later *Sherlock Holmes* vehicles Conan Doyle brought detective fiction into full-blown maturity. He adhered to the documentary and psychological scaffolding that had been erected by Poe and strengthened by Gaboriau, but clothed it in a new exterior, eliminating much of the old decoration, and designing various new architectural devices. In Doyle the detective story reached what might be termed a purified fruition; and the numerous changes and

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developments during the past two decades have had to do largely with detail, with the substitution of methods, and with variations in documentary treatment—in short, with current modes.

But in as vital, intimate, and exigent a type of entertainment as detective fiction, these modes are of great importance: they mark the distinction between that which is modern and up-to-date and that which is old-fashioned, just as do the short skirt and the long skirt in sartorial styles. The *Sherlock Holmes* stories are now obsolescent: they have been superseded by more advanced and contemporaneously alive productions in their own realm. And the modern detective-story enthusiast would find it hard sledding to read Gaboriau to-day—even "Monsieur Lecoq" and "Le Dossier No. 113," the two purest examples of the *roman policier* by that pioneer. Even Poe's four analytic tales are a treasure-trove for the student rather than a source of diversion for the general reader. The romantic and adventurous atmosphere we find in "The Gold-Bug" has now been eliminated from the detective tale; and the long introduction to "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" (really an *apologia*), and the unnecessary documentation in "The Mystery of Marie Rogêt," act only as irritating encumbrances to the modern reader of detective fiction. Even in "The Purloined Letter"—the best and surest of the four stories—there is a sesquipedalian and somewhat ponderous analysis of philosophy and mathematics, which is much too *ritenendo* and *grandioso* for the devotees of this type of fiction to-day.

If we are to understand the unique place held in modern letters by the detective novel, we must first endeavor to determine its peculiar appeal; for this appeal is fundamentally unrelated to that of any other variety of fictional entertainment. What, then, constitutes the hold that the detective novel has on all classes of people—even those who would not stoop to read any other kind of "popular" fiction? Why do we find men like Woodrow Wilson, Roosevelt—college professors, statesmen, scientists, philosophers, and other men concerned with the graver, more advanced, more intellectual problems of life—passing by all other varieties of best-seller novels, and going to the detective story for diversion and relaxation?

The answer, I believe, is simply this: the detective novel does not fall under the head of fiction in the ordinary sense, but belongs rather in the category of riddles: it is, in fact, a complicated and extended puzzle cast in fictional form. Its widespread popularity and interest are due, at bottom and in essence, to the same factors that give popularity and interest to the cross-word puzzle. Indeed, the structure and mechanism of the cross-word puzzle and of the detective novel are very similar. In each there is a problem to be solved; and the solution depends wholly on mental processes—on analysis, on the fitting together of apparently unrelated parts, on a knowledge of the ingredients, and, in some measure, on guessing. Each is supplied with a series of overlapping clews to guide the solver; and these clews, when fitted into place, blaze the path for future progress. In each, when the final solution is achieved, all the details are found to be woven into a complete, interrelated, and closely knitted fabric.

There is confirmatory evidence of the mechanical impulse that inspires the true detective novel when we consider what might almost be called the dominant intellectual *penchant* of its inventor. Poe was obsessed with the idea of scientific experimentation. His faculty for analysis manifested itself in his reviews and in the technicalities of his poetry; it produced "Maelzel's Chess-Player"; it led him into the speculative ramifications of handwriting idiosyncrasies in "A Chapter on Autography"; it brought forth his exposition of cryptograms and code-writing in "Cryptography"; and it gave birth to his acrostic verses. The four analytic stories already mentioned were but a literary development, or application, of the ideas and problems which always fascinated him. "The Gold-Bug," in fact, was merely a fictional presentation of "Cryptography." (Incidentally, the number of detective stories since Poe's day that have hid their solutions in cipher messages is legion.)

There is no more stimulating activity than that of the mind; and there is no more exciting adventure than that of the intellect. Mankind has always received

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keen enjoyment from the mental gymnastics required in solving a riddle; and puzzles have been its chief toy throughout the ages. But there is a great difference between waiting placidly for the solution of a problem, and the swift and exhilarating participation in the succeeding steps that lead to the solution. In the average light novel of romance, adventure, or mystery, the reader merely awaits the author's unravelling of the tangled skein of events. True, during the waiting period he is given emotion, wonder, suspense, sentiment and description, with which to occupy himself; and the average novel depends in large measure on these addenda to furnish his enjoyment. But in the detective novel, as we shall see, these qualities are either subordinated to ineffectuality, or else eliminated entirely. The reader is immediately put to work, and kept busy in every chapter, at the task of solving the book's mystery. He shares in the unfoldment of the problem in precisely the same way he participates in the solution of any riddle to which he applies himself.

Because of this singularity of appeal the detective novel has gone its own way irrespective of the *progressus* of all other fictional types. It has set its own standards, drawn up its own rules, adhered to its own heritages, advanced along its own narrow-gauge track, and created its own ingredients as well as its own form and technic. And all these considerations have had to do with its own isolated purpose, with its own special destiny. In the process of this evolution it has withdrawn further and further from its literary fellows, until today it has practically reversed the principles on which the ordinary popular novel is based.

A sense of reality is essential to the detective novel. The few attempts that have been made to lift the detective-story plot out of its naturalistic environment and confer on it an air of fancifulness have been failures. A castles-in-Spain atmosphere, wherein the reader may escape from the materiality of every day, often gives the average popular novel its charm and readability; but the objective of a detective novel—the mental reward attending its solution—would be lost unless a sense of verisimilitude was consistently maintained—a feeling of triviality would attach to its problem, and the reader would experience a sense of wasted effort. This is why in cross-word puzzles the words are all genuine: their correct determination achieves a certain educational, or at least serious, result. The "trick" cross-word puzzle with coined words and purely logomachic inventions (such as filling four boxes with e's—e-e-e-e—for the word "ease," or with i's—i-i-i-i—for the word "eyes," or making u-u-u-u stand for the word "use") has never been popular. The philologic realism, so to speak, is dissipated. A. E. W. Mason, whose "The House of the Arrow" is one of the best and most competent examples of the detective novel in English, has said somewhere that Defoe would have written the perfect detective story. He was referring to Defoe's surpassing ability to create a realistic environment.

This rule of realism suggests the common literary practice of endowing *mises en scène* with varying emotional pressures. And here again the detective novel differs from its fictional *confrères;* for, aside from the primary achievement of a sense of reality, atmospheres, in the descriptive and psychic sense, have no place in this type of story. Once the reader has accepted the pseudoactuality of the plot, his energies are directed (like those of the detective himself) to the working out of the puzzle; and his mood, being an intellectual one, is only distracted by atmospheric invasions. Atmospheres belong to the romantic and the adventurous tale, such as Poe's "The Fall of the House of Usher" and Scott's "Ivanhoe," and to the novel of mystery—Henry James's "The Turn of the Screw" and Bram Stoker's "Dracula," for instance.

The setting of a detective story, however, is of cardinal importance. The plot must appear to be an actual record of events springing from the terrane of its operations; and a familiarity with this terrane and a belief in its existence are what give the reader his feeling of ease and freedom in manipulating the factors of the plot to his own (which are also the author's) ends. Hampered by strange conditions and modes of action, his personal participation in the story's solution becomes restricted and his interest in its

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sequiturs wanes. A detective novel is nearly always more popular in the country in which it is laid than in a foreign country where the conditions, both human and topographic, are unfamiliar. The variations between English and American customs and police methods, and mental and temperamental attributes, are, of course, not nearly so marked as between those of America and France; and no sharp distinction is now drawn between the English and the American detective tale. But many of the best French novels of this type have had indifferent sales in the United States. Gaston Leroux's "The Mystery of the Yellow Room," "The Perfume of the Lady in Black," and "The Secret of the Night," though among the finest examples of detective stories we possess, have never had their deserved popularity in this country because of their foreign *locales;* but "The Phantom of the Opera," by the same author, which is a sheer mystery story, has been a great success here, due largely to that very unfamiliarity of setting that has worked against the success of his detective novels.

In the matter of character-drawing the detective novel also stands outside the rules governing ordinary fiction. Characters in detective stories may not be too neutral and colorless, nor yet too fully and intimately delineated. They should merely fulfil the requirements of plausibility, so that their actions will not appear to spring entirely from the author's preconceived scheme. Any closely drawn character analysis, any undue lingering over details of temperament, will act only as a clog in the narrative machinery. The automaton of the cheap detective thriller detracts from the reader's eagerness to rectify the confusion of the plot; and the subtly limned personality of the "literary" detective novel shunts the analytic operations of the reader's mind to extraneous considerations. Think back over all the good detective stories you may have read, and try to recall a single memorable personality (aside from the detective himself). And yet these characters were of sufficient color and rotundity to enlist your sympathetic emotions at the time, and to drive you on to a solution of their problems.

The style of a detective story must be direct, simple, smooth, and unencumbered. A "literary" style, replete with descriptive passages, metaphors, and word pictures, which might give viability and beauty to a novel of romance or adventure, would, in a detective yarn, produce sluggishness in the actional current by diverting the reader's mind from the mere record of facts (which is what he is concerned with), and focussing it on irrelevant æsthetic appeals. I do not mean that the style of the detective novel must be bald and legalistic, or cast in the stark language of commercial documentary exposition; but it must, like the style of Defoe, subjugate itself to the function of producing unadorned verisimilitude. No more is gained by stylizing a detective novel than by printing a cross-word puzzle in Garamond Italic, or Cloister Cursive, or the Swash characters of Caslon Old-style.

The material for the plot of a detective novel must be commonplace. Indeed, there are a dozen adequate plots for this kind of story on the front page of almost any metropolitan daily paper. Unusualness, *bizarrerie*, fantasy, or strangeness in subject-matter is rarely desirable; and herein we find another striking reversal of the general rules applying to popular fiction; for originality and eccentricity of plot may give a novel of adventure or mystery its main interest. The task confronting the writer of detective fiction is again the same confronting the cross-word-puzzle manufacturer—namely, the working of familiar materials into a difficult riddle. The skill of a detective story's craftsmanship is revealed in the way these materials are fitted together, the subtlety with which the clews are presented, and the legitimate manner in which the final solution is withheld.

Furthermore, there is a strict ethical course of conduct imposed upon the author. He must never once deliberately fool the reader: he must succeed by ingenuity alone. The habit of inferior writers of bringing forward false clews whose purpose is to mislead is as much a form of cheating as if the cross-word-puzzle maker should print false definitions to his words. The truth must at all times be in the printed word, so that if the reader should go back over the book he

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would find that the solution had been there all the time if he had had sufficient shrewdness to grasp it. There was a time when all manner of tricks, deceits, and far-fetched devices were employed for the reader's befuddlement; but as the detective novel developed and the demand for straightforward puzzle stories increased, all such methods were abrogated, and today we find them only in the cheapest and most inconsequential examples of this type of fiction.

In the central character of the detective novel—the detective himself—we have, perhaps, the most important and original element of the criminal-problem story. It is difficult to describe his exact literary status, for he has no counterpart in any other fictional *genre*. He is, at one and the same time, the outstanding personality of the story (though he is concerned in it only in an *ex-parte* capacity), the projection of the author, the embodiment of the reader, the *deus ex machina* of the plot, the propounder of the problem, the supplier of the clews, and the eventual solver of the mystery. The life of the book takes place in him, yet the life of the narrative has its being outside of him. In a lesser sense, he is the Greek chorus of the drama. All good detective novels have had for their protagonist a character of attractiveness and interest, of high and fascinating attainments—a man at once human and unusual, colorful and gifted. The buffoon, the bungler, the prig, the automaton—all such have failed. And sometimes in an endeavor to be original an otherwise competent writer, misjudging the psychology of the situation, has presented us with a blind detective or a lady investigator, only to wonder, later on, why these innovations failed. The more successful detective stories have invariably given us such personalities as *C. Auguste Dupin*, *Monsieur Lecoq*, *Sherlock Holmes*, *Dr. Thorndyke*, *Rouletabille*, *Dr. Bentiron*, *Furneaux*, *Father Brown*, *Uncle Abner*, *Richard Hannay*, *Arsène Lupin*, *Dr. Priestley*, and *Jefferson Hastings*—to name but a few that come readily to mind. All the books in which these characters appear do not fall unqualifiedly into the true detective-story category; but in each tale there are sufficient elements to permit broadly of the detective classification. Furthermore, these Œdipuses themselves are not, in every instance, authentic sleuths: some are doctors of medicine, some professors of astronomy, some soldiers, and some reformed crooks. But their vocations do not matter, for in this style of book the designation "detective" is used generically.

We come now to what is perhaps the outstanding characteristic of the detective novel: its unity of mood. To be sure, this is a desideratum of all fiction; but the various moods of the ordinary novel—such as love, romance, adventure, wonder, mystery—are so closely related that they may be intermingled or alternated without breaking the thread of interest; whereas, in the detective novel, the chief interest being that of mental analysis and the overcoming of difficulties, any interpolation of purely emotional moods produces the effect of irrelevancy—unless, of course, they are integers of the equation and are subordinated to the main theme. For instance, in none of the best detective novels will you find a love interest—*Sherlock Holmes* in mellow mood, holding a lady's hand and murmuring amorous platitudes, would be unthinkable. And when a detective is sent scurrying on a long-drawn-out adventure beset with physical dangers, the reader fumes and frets until his hero is again in his armchair analyzing clews and inquiring into motives.

In this connection it is significant that the cinematograph has never been able to project a detective story. The detective story, in fact, is the only type of fiction that cannot be filmed. The test of popular fiction—namely, its presentation in visual pictures, or, let us say, the visualizing of its word-pictures—goes to pieces when applied to detective stories. The difficulties confronting a motion-picture director in the screening of a detective tale are very much the same as those he would encounter if he strove to film a cross-word puzzle. The only serious attempt to transcribe a detective story onto the screen was the case of "Sherlock Holmes"; and the effort was made possible only by reducing the actual detective elements to a minimum, and emphasizing all manner of irrelevant dramatic and adventurous factors; for there is neither

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drama nor adventure nor romance, in the conventional sense, in a good detective novel.

Though an American invented this type of fiction, its principal development has taken place in France. The Gallic temperament seems particularly well adapted to the subtleties and intricacies of the detective novel. But England, curiously, has of late years taken an important place in the evolution; and America is now coming to the front. The other European countries, however, are far behind both France and England in the production of this kind of entertainment, although detective novels are read extensively on the Continent. Germany's efforts at detective fiction are abortive and ponderous. Russia is too deeply sunk in Zolaesque naturalism to be interested in sheer literary artifice. And Italy's creative spirit is not sufficiently mentalized and detached to maintain the detective-story mood. But there are certain indications that the Scandinavian countries may soon enter the field as competitors of France and England. A Swedish writer, under the *nom de guerre* of Frank Heller, has had a tremendous success in Europe with a series of novels setting forth the exploits of a *Mr. Collin*—a kind of Continental *Raffles*—and several of his books have been translated into English. They are not, however, true detective novels; but the germ of the species is in them, and they indicate an unmistakable tendency toward the Poe-Gaboriau-Doyle tradition.

The reason for the decided superiority of English detective stories over American detective stories lies in the fact that the English novelist takes this type of fiction more seriously than we do. The best of the current writers in England will turn their hand occasionally to this *genre*, and perform their task with the same conscientious care that they confer on their more serious books. The American novelist, when he essays to write this kind of story, does so with contempt and carelessness, and rarely takes the time to acquaint himself with his subject. He labors under the delusion that a detective novel is an easy and casual kind of literary composition; and the result is a complete failure. In this country we have no detective novels of the superior order of such books as A. A. Milne's "The Red House," A. E. W. Mason's "The House of the Arrow," G. K. Chesterton's *Father Brown* stories, Harrington Hext's "Who Killed Cock Robin?" and "The Thing at Their Heels," Eden Phillpotts's "The Red Redmaynes" (are not Harrington Hext and Eden Phillpotts the same writer, by the way?), Freeman Wills Crofts's "The Cask," E. C. Bentley's "Trent's Last Case," and Philip MacDonald's "The Rasp," to mention but a few of the more recent additions to England's rapidly increasing detective library.

The habitual reader of the detective novel has, during the past quarter of a century, become a shrewd critic of its technic and means. He is something of an expert, and, like the motion-picture enthusiast, is thoroughly familiar with all the devices and methods of his favorite craft. He knows immediately if a story is old-fashioned, if its tricks are hackneyed, or if its approach to its problem contains elements of originality. And he judges it by its ever shifting and developing rules. Because of this perspicacious attitude on his part a stricter form and a greater ingenuity have been imposed on the writer; and the fashions and inventions of yesterday are no longer used except by the inept and uninformed author.

G. K. Chesterton, in his introduction to one of the worst of modern detective stories, "The Wrong Letter," by Walter S. Masterman, gives a list of many of the devices that have now come to be regarded as antiquated. He says: "The things he [Mr. Masterman] does not do are the things being done everywhere to-day to the destruction of true detective fiction and the loss of this legitimate and delightful form of art. He does not introduce into the story a vast but invisible secret society with branches in every part of the world, with ruffians who can be brought in to do anything or underground cellars that can be used to hide anybody. He does not mar the pure and lovely outlines of a classical murder or burglary by wreathing it round and round with the dirty and dingy red tape of international diplomacy; he does not lower our lofty ideals of crime to the level of foreign politics. He does not introduce suddenly at the end somebody's brother from New

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Zealand, who is exactly like him. He does not trace the crime hurriedly in the last page or two to some totally insignificant character, whom we never suspected because we never remembered. He does not get over the difficulty of choosing between the hero and the villain by falling back on the hero's cabman or the villain's valet. He does not introduce a professional criminal to take the blame of a private crime; a thoroughly unsportsmanlike course of action, and another proof of how professionalism is ruining our national sense of sport. He does not introduce about six people in succession to do little bits of the same small murder; one man to bring the dagger, and another to point it, and another to stick it in properly. He does not say it was all a mistake, and that nobody ever meant to murder anybody at all, to the serious disappointment of all humane and sympathetic readers. . . ." But, strangely enough, the author of "The Wrong Letter" does something much worse and more inexcusable than any of the things Mr. Chesterton enumerates—he traces the crime to the detective himself! Such a trick is neither new nor legitimate, and the reader feels not that he has been deceived fairly by a more skilful mind than his own, but deliberately lied to by an inferior.

A word in parting should be said in regard to the subject-matter of the detective novel, for herein lies one of its most important elements of interest. Crime has always exerted a profound fascination over humanity, and the more serious the crime the greater has been that appeal. Murder, therefore, has always been an absorbing public topic. The psychological reasons for this morbid and elemental curiosity need not be gone into here; but the fact itself supplies us with the explanation of why a murder mystery furnishes a far more fascinating *raison d'être* in a detective novel than does any lesser crime. All the best and most popular books of this type deal with mysteries involving human life. Murder would appear to give added zest to the solution of the problem, and to render the satisfaction of the solution just so much greater. The reader feels, no doubt, that his efforts have achieved something worth while—something commensurate with the amount of mental energy which a good detective novel compels him to expend.

The Ex-Cradle-Rocker and Her Club

BY WHITING WILLIAMS
Author of "Mainsprings of Men," etc.

"MY business faces ruin," said recently a publisher of religious books sold from door to door. "The modern housewife is so freed from her old chores that she simply does not stay at home long enough to be canvassed! Practically every hour of the day—except before breakfast or dinner—she's on the go with her shopping, her amusements, or her club."

I could understand his complaint the better because not long before, in the crudest of coal-mine camps, I had encountered what seemed the last word for making even the mother almost a superfluity beneath her own roof—namely, a hand-wound, self-rocking, non-stop *cradle!*

"It works fine!" the miner's wife had explained "—especially now that its spring ain't so hard to wind as it was. The only draw-back is that the crib's too heavy to carry 'round, so in a house where they h'ain't none, the pore baby just won't go to sleep a-tall!"

The predicament of my publisher friend is only one of great hosts of changes caused by the recent installation of science in the home. Why should the former cradle-rocker linger beneath her roof as long as the trusty spring can be

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depended upon—especially during those hours when Daddy is at work, Johnny and Sallie in kindergarten and school, the washing safely on its way to the steam laundry, the raspberries "jelling" nicely over at the Cannery, the bread, pies, and doughnuts baking and browning down at the Trust's, and doubtless even the ice flowing properly into the refrigerator by wire!

Of course the mere possession of the house-manager's present freedom and leisure by no means guarantees a worthy choice amongst all the employments that offer.

"Out of the week's twelve afternoons and evenings for playing bridge—not counting Sundays," said an active club woman in a New York suburb, "many of my neighbors regularly take advantage of at least eight!—yes, counting Sundays! Of course, we 'clubbers' spend nothing like the same amount of time with our organized doings, but at least we have much more to show for it."

Beyond a doubt, the country is lucky that so many women of her type have decided in favor of the club instead of the card-table—or at least a pretty sensible combination of the two. As a result, our organized women are to-day playing quite as important a part in our modern American life as do the thousands and tens of thousands of luncheon and similar clubs among the men—and that's saying a lot. In fact, it is a question whether their rôle is not more important than the men's clubs in building the America we see around us.

There are, however, a number of significant differences between them. Thus my observation is that *the average women's club tends to suffer from too little organization while the average men's club suffers from too much.*

One phase of this difference is particularly evident at luncheon meetings. As yet, the wives do not seem to handle the mechanics of these with anything like the amazing skill of their husbands. The difference is doubtless connected with the fact that the women's greater leisure during the business day lessens the value they set upon their time. Accordingly their speaker is likely to be informed that "Luncheon will be served at twelve-thirty, the address will begin at, say one-twenty, and we shall try to adjourn by two-thirty." Alas, it is often a fair gamble that seats will be taken at one, and luncheon itself will not be finished before two—with members beginning to leave for other engagements at two-fifteen!

It ought to be added, however, that this looseness is preferable to the tightness and over-tightness which is likely to be encountered at those masculine luncheon clubs which aim mainly at good fellowship. There the Chairman introducing the speaker is too apt to say:

"Well, boys, to-day's singing has been unusually good. The reports from the four standing committees have also been greatly enjoyed—not to mention the greetings and remarks of our five guests. I want to thank also our accommodating soloists of the day. However, our closing time approaches. We will, therefore, sing only two verses of our favorite number eleven—'Please Play for Me That Sweet Melodee Called Doodle-doo-doo'—before we listen to the address of the day on the present political situation in Europe, during our programme's *final thirteen minutes!*"

Whether the speaker is given too little time or too much of it for departing listeners, he is about equally troubled by the attitude of both men and women groups toward "the address of the day." Of this attitude the explanation is simple, though hardly gratifying: the truth is that the average club member, man or woman, is less interested in facts and ideas than in *persons*—less anxious to receive the speaker's preachment than to perceive his *personality.*

One result of this is that the speaker is tempted to have less and less respect for his audience's "mentals." Unless he is careful, he tends to become the victim of his hearers' unconscious pressure upon him; first, to develop and then to capitalize, those abnormalities of his individuality which are ordinarily called temperament—"artistic temperament." It is doubtless longer exposure to this pressure than mine which makes some speakers insist on all sorts of ritualistic absurdities calculated to express—and impress—their personalities. One lecturer on literature, for instance, insists explicitly that

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he be met at the station with a *horse-drawn vehicle!* Another makes a point of having his hostess serve him after his lecture with three boiled eggs—and does not hesitate to return them if he finds them treated to more or less than the exactly prescribed three and one-half minutes! A famous poet used to offer her presence "for expenses"—terms apparently reasonable, except that they always included the cost of two rooms for her nurses, one on each side of her own room, with a vacant room on the far side of each nurse! Apparently such idiosyncrasies are considered by their customers quite worth their cost—sure credentials of the celebrity's unquestionable uniqueness. At any rate I feel certain that I cause distinct disappointment when I reply to the inquiry of the women's club's "Courtesy Committee" that, no, I do not need to be met at the station, and I eat regular food at regular intervals, thank you!

All this, however, does not alter the fact of my second observation—indeed, it is closely geared up with it—that, as a rule, *the organized woman takes her job considerably more seriously than does her organized husband.*

The reason, undoubtedly, is that the simplification of her old duties in the home and the winning of the vote and the new duties at the town hall have joined together to give to Mrs. America, at one and the same moment, a new set of unaccustomed responsibilities. Naturally enough, she is trying with all her might to see the connection between these new civic responsibilities and her older domestic ones. More plainly than we men she sees that our children cannot get a proper upbringing at the hands of mothers who are nothing more than efficient cradle-rockers and tidy housekeepers. Better than we she realizes that, in this close-geared, movie-motored era, the private home is ineffective unless it is aided by a decent town council, proper law enforcement, good schools, edifying parks and playgrounds, and dozens of similar intellectual and moral facilities of a public nature.

Town-halls and county court-houses are mainly outside my personal orbit, but in many communities I have dined or teaed—before or after the hour with the woman's club—with what were plainly the actual managers of the place! There before my eyes and ears, the policies of the town's ensuing year were in process of decision—decision virtually final. You could safely gamble that the new school building was going to be located on Locust and not on Walnut, and that the concrete sidewalks so badly needed on Willow Avenue were going to be laid before Thanksgiving or somebody was going to do a lot of explaining! And no one could express anything but admiration for the adroitness with which the elected city fathers down at the city hall were being allowed to believe that they were themselves really running the town! Nevertheless, this adroitness seldom prevented the use of genuine force when the occasion required.

"When I told the Club yesterday," so a member reported, "that the city solicitor had abruptly refused me any gift for the community charities, you should have seen their eyes snap! This morning before eleven o'clock he surrendered—he *had* to in order to quiet his telephone!"

It must be said that the most active club officials—or at least the most articulate—often enjoy doing things themselves so much that they fail to interest or carry their members with them—and so have slight real influence upon the city fathers. But in general, the ability of the organized, serious-missioned woman to secure the help of the whole community in behalf of its private homes is to-day a "Public Utility" everywhere to be reckoned with. This is especially true in the West and Middle West. Already, in California, the wisest political leaders among the men are said to spend, nowadays, as much time in securing the approval of the State's women's clubs as of any other group. Their explanation is that, outside of the old-time politicians, no other large group takes so seriously its political responsibilities. The same situation is rapidly developing in many other regions. In all these, also, the average women's club is likely to set a splendid example to the local Chamber of Commerce and the Kiwanis Club in its active concern with matters not only more serious, but of the widest national and international scope. The topics are all as closely con-

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nected with her business, perhaps, as are the subjects discussed by the Rotarians or the Lions, but she considers her business broader—possibly because its high spots and low spots cannot be so standardized under the two headings of annual profit and loss. As a result, it is probable that, without our woman's clubs, we would to-day not be in the World Court and would certainly be less helpful than we are in the reconstruction of Europe—just as the forces opposing prohibition will undoubtedly have the country's organized women to deal with before they make any real progress in reviving John Barleycorn or the saloon.

It is this seriousness of purpose, combined with this breadth of new interests, which helps to make the "mechanics" of feminine meetings differ so greatly from the masculine variety. As one observer—a woman—puts it:

"I was amazed to see how the men's teams tackled the crisis when the campaign was almost finished but still lacked hundreds of thousands in pledges. Would you believe me—all they did was to bring in two young college cheer-leaders! Without a word about the city's needs or anything serious at all, these boys simply proceeded to get the crowd so 'het up' that they went out and brought in the money! A group of women would have got the same results—but only after they had talked—yes, almost prayed—each other into renewed consecration to the ideal before them."

The same observer tells how willingly a group of women will sit down to the telephone and drum up a crowd—when their husbands would think they had done their full duty if they went to an unsuccessful session and then shook their heads sadly about the way "people don't come out for good things any more!"

This difference in the art of managing meetings follows partly from the fact that comparatively few women's groups have as yet come to employ a paid secretary—the professional arranger of successful group affairs and activities. This difference, as earlier indicated, follows partly from the modern woman's freer schedule in her home as compared with her husband's office. The bigger reason, however, is that, for the present at least, she gets too much "kick" out of working hand-to-hand with her new interests to be willing to give them over to any hireling, trained though that hireling may be.

All of which makes me willing to hazard this further observation: *the present-day woman in her club is just now at the stage where she takes her mission so seriously that she fails to take herself seriously enough.*

Her new responsibilities and possibilities are so vast and so attractive and challenging—she is so eager to make herself mistress of all the new fields which beckon and allure—that she seems to think complete mastery of them is attainable in a twinkling—if only she can make herself *desire* it sufficiently. Many of her meetings, accordingly, appear to give themselves too little to informings and too much to reformings—too little to expoundings and too much to exhortings.

One evening, after speaking at a certain club convention, a woman came up to me, her eyes flashing fire. It looked as though I had seriously offended—and, sure enough, her first words bore out my worst fears.

"I want to tell you, sir," she exclaimed—"that in three days of listening to all you speakers"—my heart sank lower and lower—"in three days, the talk to-night was the only one which did not mention 'ideals' once—and did not contain a single platitude!"

This fault of pursuing her new objectives too ardently and too directly—of taking her mission too seriously—would be too insignificant and too natural to deserve mention except for two reasons: First, it needlessly "cramps her style" and thus slows up her achievement of the desired ends, and second, it prevents her from *taking herself seriously enough.*

In her zeal to prove that this or that new subject is important she tends to give too much weight to the opinions of the acknowledged authorities and entirely too little weight to the teachings of her own personal cogitations and experience. As long as the encyclopædia is on her side, who can prevail against her? So she proceeds to prove her subject vastly significant and urgent in the view of the country's distinguished experts and "high-brows"—but also, alas, completely lifeless and altogether boresome to her

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hearers. And all the while she might have made her topic not only important but interesting! She could have saved the day if only she had been bold enough to add to the authoritative pronouncements of the scholars just one or two observations from her own personal experience! Or if this were quite impossible, she could safely have told the Programme Committee that the subject wasn't close enough to her or her fellow members to make it worth the trouble. It is a misfortune that so many members still stand ready resolutely to take their pen and paper in hand and go to the library to dig out of its grave the desired paper on "The Influence of Melancthon on Robert Burns"—or worse!

"All of us members of a certain study-group are mothers of youngsters," said a woman recently in a middle-western town, "but, still, when the distinguished professor of Child Psychology had suddenly to discontinue his lectures, I could persuade only one other member to go on with the meetings, 'on our own!'"

Luckily, however, the subjects on the club calendar are already looking more and more like every-day life—every-day problems in the home, the store, or the voting-booth which call for quite as much idealism and quite as much aspiring—also a lot more real wisdom—than some of the earlier themes. To-day the servant problem is almost as likely to get into the programme as "The Position of Woman in the Period of Dante." Furthermore, if it does get there, the chances are almost even that the writer of the paper will go up and take a look at her maid's bedroom! Even the latest developments in philosophy or psychiatry may not be to-day so much the monopoly of the "authorities" as not to help in the pressing job of interesting Junior in his Latin or even, possibly, of weaning Laura from her lipstick!

Quite naturally, one of the most important influences for encouraging the club-member thus to take her own opinions and experience more seriously is her daily personal activity at her club. As one member put it: "It somehow helps me hold my head up everywhere when I find that I can so direct a committee of the town's smartest women that we get what we want from the town's smartest men!"

This increased self-confidence, thus gained mainly in her club activities, and partly, of course, from the encyclopædia and the authoritative talker,—and, yes, from entertaining the temperamental philosopher or poetess,—is doubtless one reason why the average club-woman is already able to handle herself so surprisingly well upon her club floor or platform. Fewer women, doubtless, than men take an active part in such group matters, but it is safe to say that, on the whole, *the active club-leader does better upon her feet in a meeting than does her husband.* The only persons who do better than both of them are the trained professional organization secretary and the experienced labor-leader.

These new mental and spiritual proficiencies, gained thus in her club, manifest themselves, of course, in many other departments of her living. One member explains:

"Time was—and not so long ago, either—when it was as much as your social standing in the town was worth to get up in a meeting and represent a viewpoint different from that of some distinguished society leader. To-day all that is changed. We women are now able to differ on all sorts of matters on the floor without suffering any more effects outside than in the case of men."

All of which means that no one can list the effective, the formative, forces in present-day American life who does not take account of the country's organized club-women. Already, for instance, as a national channel for that individual testimony which finally flows together into the consensus known as public opinion, the woman's club is to be ranked alongside the country's magazines. As S. K. Ratcliffe, a British observer, puts it:

"Even were your newspapers to stop, your American clubs would continue for weeks and months to give the American woman, as well as the American man, an intelligent understanding of current events."

It is perfectly natural, accordingly, that the club-woman perceives her club's aims and objectives more plainly as well as more ardently, than does her husband. Nevertheless her club is immensely less likely to become an end in itself than it sometimes threatens to become for him.

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It will be a long time before any visitor will wish to see on the walls of any woman's club the words I have sometimes wished could be at least occasionally flashed before the members of some of the men's luncheon clubs:

"PEP WITHOUT PURPOSE IS PIFFLE!"

What needs to be added in conclusion is this—*In her home, her club, and in between, the American woman cannot do the job she sees ahead of her unless both she and her work receive more serious understanding and more outspoken appreciation at the hands of all the rest of us.*

Every workman, I have found, looks for his final reward not to his employer, but to his own and his employer's *public*. The value of a job—and so of its doer—is determined finally by the respect given that job by its ultimate beneficiaries—the rest of us. Thus in 1872 the nurses in New York's Bellevue Hospital were the so-called "ten-day women"—persons arrested for soliciting on the street and given their choice between ten days in jail and ten days of a nurse's work attending the sick! The change in the nurse's status to-day is only slightly the result of any change either in her work or her remuneration. Mostly, it is the result of the changed attitude of all of us toward her function. As rapidly as we outsiders have become convinced of her importance and of the tender skill and devoted loyalty which that importance requires, so rapidly has the nurse found her work completely worthy and genuinely rewarding.

The same holds true to-day of the housewife. To a large extent she attends the discussion at the club this afternoon on the "Results of the Dawes Plan" because she wants to hold up her end of the conversation to-night with her husband and her family—to be taken seriously by them as a worthy fellow citizen, a fairly intelligent, albeit a fairly new and inexperienced, one. But all the time, whether at the club or at home, she would like to be taken more seriously by that same husband and family in the rôle in which she is not at all new—the rôle of vice-president and general manager of the home. Her wish for the recognition of the importance of her services in that quarter is not greatly different from that of the young man I once met in a glue factory:

"I like my job fine," he explained. "Everywhere I go I see glue; every chair I sit on, every table I sit down to—the whole world is held together by glue! But what makes me mad is that when I tell my friends that I work in a glue factory all they say is, 'OH!'"

Too long the average husband has assumed that the duties and requirements of the housekeeper and family director are of an entirely secondary sort—that they call for a certain amount of character, perhaps, but for slight responsibility and still less craftsmanship. Too long the census-taker has been setting down for the head of the household: "Occupation?—None!"

Nothing is surer than that she who maintains our home and raises our children will in the future, as to-day, take herself and her job just about as seriously as the rest of us permit and favor. Tragedy for all of us will follow if either she or we assume that the lessened need of purely mechanical effort and skill in the kitchen means a lessened need of mental and spiritual effort and skill in the sitting-room. On the contrary, it is of the utmost importance that we perceive that all the new labor-saving devices to-day present to the family head her first real opportunity in history to show what she can do with the really important parts of her age-old job of ministering to the mental and spiritual as well as the physical well-being and development of us all. More clearly than most of us she has long seen how this very function within her four walls requires the establishment of favorable conditions outside—throughout the community and therefore throughout the various States and nations. Only recently have the inventors—and the salesmen—freed her for the worthiest levels of her high calling, inside those four walls. It is now for all of us to make sure that she never lacks our unfailing recognition and appreciation as she begins to realize—and, with the help of her beloved club, to tackle—the truly awesome intricacies of her present new responsibilities as resident home teacher of the fine art of twentieth-century living—living, learning, and growing!

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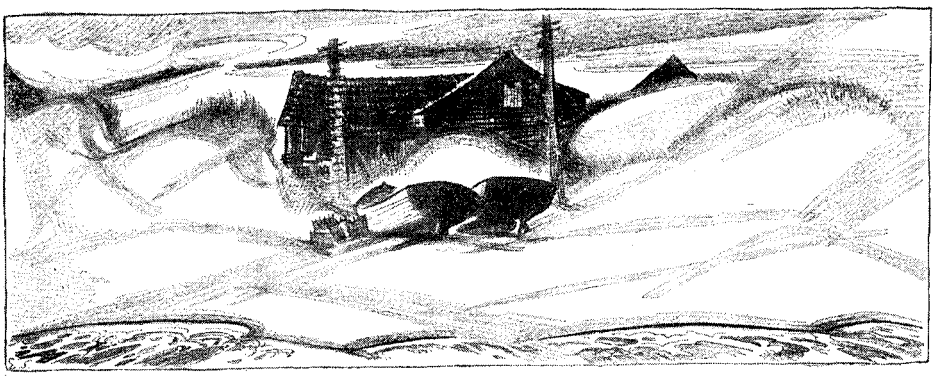

North were the sagging roofs of the fish-pound sheds.—Page 546.

All the Boats to Build!

BY EDWARD SHENTON
Author of "The Golden Calf"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

I

DRY dark dusts all things—house, street, sky—to the same hue, and the town is at once Fismes, France, and Philadelphia; the street is the Soissons-Rheims road in Fismes and South Broad Street, Philadelphia; near the Paris-Rheims tracks and the tracks of the Pennsylvania freight-yards; so that one way joins the far towns, and the lone boy who walks the two streets at one time knows both and none, but pokes his gun stiff into the night to find the lost way; with slow, dull feet wakes the still gloom, and sound starts the bleak fear to sweat as he comes to the tracks east and west, with the nub of town on the far side and the black lane rent by waist-high fans of lead from the hot, quick guns, just at the height of the soft flesh near his ribs; and at the thought the flesh shakes and the sweat falls and the shrill death rips the dry night; but he must cross, and one foot stumps the dark while the hot lead licks the fat black from west to east, and as he waits the blind shells wail and burst quick in the strewn night of flame, dark, flash, dark, flash, flash, with track-rails in the flare that strike and rise like snakes—east, west, flash, dark; flame and sound strike fear, and the boy twirls, falls, rolls, his teeth shut on the fright—he must not scream—and the fear twists his guts, swells in him, swells: flash-dark. . . .

II

BOB GIBSON awoke moaning. The shrill noise clung to his lips like a madman's froth, choking him. He lay rigid with terror, staring at the gray rectangle of the open bedroom window.

Gradually his body relaxed. He arose and dried his wet skin, put on a bath-robe, and pulled a chair to the window. No more sleep to-night. He lit a cigarette and leaned forward wearily, recalling the elements of the dream in a listless attempt to relate a meaning. It occurred always with the same monotonous exactitude; it had happened so often in the year since his discharge from the army that the physical actions remained definite in his mind, but beyond them moved vague forms, spectres of the past, stalking him.

He sat smoking, and stray memories returned suddenly, as though he roved lost in a mist, and the wind, rending the pale curtain, would disclose a transitory view of some familiar region. . . .

Chamonix, where he had gone on fur-

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lough, the snow-deep valley, and the enormous wave of the Alps white-crested on the stars. The Y-girl with her lovely name. Ariel. Light and slim as her name. . . . "Nothing will ever be the same. We shouldn't try to go back. . . ." He could hear her frail voice. They walked down the valley, the night still, all the silence of the world poured into the mould formed by the mountains, congealing there; unbreakable quiet. . . . "Our lives have been spilt" . . . The grotesque holiday . . .

The preparatory flares of the dawn signalled across the eastern sky. A dull exhaustion following the dream enervated the boy's lean body.

. . . Julie Sarten his fiancée, his father, his mother and sister Cora, descending from the train at Camp Dix. Julie wore a fool big hat with a blue doodad over one eye. Bob. Ol' boy. Hello! Darling. Gee, you're big, Bob. We. I. They. How? Tell me. So glad. You can't imagine. Years and years. Tell me. The girls will be. Thought it would never. So glad. Cora's dark young eyes. Mrs. Gibson had four new rings on her puffy hands. Listen, Bob. In the office. A regular job. Looking great, ol' boy. Go to the Country Club dance. So glad. The blue doodad flopping. Talking. Talking. As though they could fill with words the gap between his departure and return. While he visioned a place, quiet, remote, only wind and sun and water; wind stirring the water and the sunlight across miles of fluttering small waves. That kind of quiet . . .

The noisy weeks passed somehow. Julie rushed him from party to party. At breakfast each morning his father said: "Well, coming into the office soon? We're ready for you." Julie said: "Hurry and make a lot of money, dear." Cora said: "You're getting to be an awful grouch." "For God's sake don't jaw at me. I'm all mixed up." The dream; night after night. They went on talking. . . .

The air cooled; a slight wind arose, blowing from the sea, bringing the harsh slide of water on the shore.

. . . "I'm tired of this nonsense. When are you going to work?" "Never in the office." "But Julie, Bob?" "Must I slave at a desk all my life just to sleep with her?" "Oh, Bob!" His mother upsetting a cup of coffee. The brown fluid spurted over the cloth and splashed the front of Cora's pongee sport dress. "You can get out, then. No son of mine." "All right! All right!" He could hear his mother sobbing; hear the brusque note of his father's speech and the young clear murmur of Cora's voice as they attempted to comfort her. . . .

He finished the cigarette. The sun was just nibbling the horizon edge. He dressed in a soiled sweat-shirt, stained duck trousers, a pair of basket-ball shoes, and went quietly down the stairs and out through the kitchen of the small hotel. From the porch he could see the village of Shoal Beach, the dingy frame houses desolate and meagre under the pale height of September sky. The last of the summer cottagers had departed, and the half-dozen streets were parallel barren streaks across the encroaching tangle of bayberry-bushes, scrub-pine, and dune grass. The sea washed almost to the eastern ends; a scant four hundred yards to the west Barnegat Bay licked the edges of the strip. Emptiness to the far rim of the sea; emptiness across the glitter of the bay to the low hills of the Jersey mainland; to the south, beyond the village, only the weather flag on the mast of the coast-guard station marred the cloudless distance; north were the sagging roofs of the fish-pound sheds; then dunes and beach to the red-and-white cylinder of Barnegat light.

Three weeks he had been at Shoal Beach; weeks of quiet, of sun and wind and water, of wandering the bay edge, watching the boys collect sea-grass, to be dried later and sold as stuffing for the seats of cheap motor-cars; watching the pound-boat return over the colorless sea with a certain indolence, and the Swede crew, plodding in the fine sand, unload the small catch.

The sun was up completely. Bob strolled down the yellow road toward the village. Old man Draak would be already at work in the boat-shed, building the fire in the stove under one end of the long steam-box where the oak strips were made pliable before setting them into the rib moulds. He could smell the clean wood, the tar and paint, the acrid damp

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vapor; see the partially completed hull of the eighteen-foot sneak-box. He liked the shed, liked the feel of the wood, the fine-grained springy oak, the Jersey boat cedar, light as cloth and used in sheathing, the smooth spruce spars; liked the elderly man, with his weather-ridged face and little metallic eyes half drowned by the curling waves of his heavy brows.

The shed-door was open and Draak stood smoking and staring at the frame of the boat he was building.

"Good morning," said Bob.

"Morning."

"Swell day."

"Best time of the year. This month and next."

Best time of the year? The best time he had ever known—during any year. The lethargy was vanishing, the dream fading, all the past dissolving, slipping into the vast expanse of sky and sea.

"Got to get back for breakfast."

"Ain't et yet?"

"Nope."

Bob returned to the main road. Caster, proprietor of the general store and postmaster of Shoal Beach, sat on the tilting steps talking as usual to Joe Panini. Caster was a naturalized Englishman, his past a bawdy odyssey from Liverpool to Sydney, to Valparaiso, San Francisco, and finally Shoal Beach. Somewhere in these wanderings he had lost his right hand. The stump protruded bound in soiled black silk. He was a bitter, crafty, untidy man, constantly reviling this "blasted snotty country run by snivilin' preachers and dirty Jew dollars." He took part in county politics and controlled the thirty-two voters of Shoal Beach. This allowed him a graft of several hundred dollars each year from the appropriation for road maintenance. He was unmarried and lived over the store.

As Bob passed, the two men stared at him.

"Who's that guy?"

She swam better than he did.—Page 548

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"Him? He's up at the hotel."
"What's he do?"
"I dunno. He was in the war."
"Shell-shocked or sumpin'?"
"I dunno."
"What's he doin' here?"
"I dunno. He never does nothin'. Hangs around old Draak's place."
"Got any money?"
"I dunno. I see him talkin' to Ada."
"The hell you did!"
"Sure. Once."

•

III

Ada waited on the table and made beds at the hotel. She was a young Swede girl from Toms River—tall, robust, composed; with a square, rather small face enclosed in blond curls close-cut like a child's. Her movements were slow, her walk languid; but she was immaculate and her cheap dresses always neat and attractive. She had a white firm skin and kept her hands soft in spite of the labor of dusting, scrubbing, washing. They smelled faintly of soap and lemon. She had a gentle mouth, the thick lips deep-colored, immobile. Her eyes were round, gray, and pale, and stared at the world with a sombre placidity.

She came up from the beach just as Bob reached the hotel. She had been bathing and wore a man's blue suit, ragged and too small for her. Through the holes in the cloth her pale, wet skin appeared at a distance like an uneven pattern of polka-dots. He went toward her and she stopped, dripping in the level brightness.

"Hello! I didn't know you swam."
"Some time."

He stood blocking the path and she stepped leisurely around him.

"You're going to fall out of that suit some day."
"Yea?"

Her calm glance was unamused. She continued walking to the hotel, moving with a slow ease. Bob watched her step beneath the rude shower, arranged at the back porch, and wash the salt water from her hair and body. He had scarcely noticed her before. Dressed, she appeared awkward, heavy; now she was beautiful. Her arms and legs were faintly tanned. While he waited for the breakfast-bell he thought of her. She belonged to the beach. She gave the same sense of permanence, of a direct, natural harmony devoid of decoration. One could see the beach entire; shore, sky, and water: no ornament of hills or trees. Ada had the same superb contempt for accessories. At breakfast he said to her:

"Swim every day?"
"Some time."
"I'll go with you."
"I dunn care."

IV

Indian summer came in a hush of tempered sunlight. Caster lolled on the steps and mouthed his anarchies to Joe Panini. Bob swam every morning with Ada. She swam better than he did. She had the long, supple muscles of a swimmer.

During the day Bob worked with Draak in the boat-shed. He was unexpectedly skilful with tools.

"You just sorta persuade things into doing," said Draak.

"Gees, I like it."

The keen edge of the summer mornings, like a patient scalpel, cut the past from the boy's mind. Something of his former resiliency came back, and, as his muscles hardened to the labor, the weary nerves relaxed, easing the tension, permitting the new delight to absorb him. The rhythmical actions of sawing, of planing, the bending and fitting, the symmetrical, slowly advancing hull created him afresh. The easy tolerance of old Draak furnished a needed balance. His acts were tranquil and habitual.

At night he walked the desolate beach with Ada. She let him kiss her as often as he desired. He imagined her a blond sphinx who would propound the riddle of himself and solve it. Her thoughts moved with a certain terrifying simplicity and her actions followed undiluted by analysis. There was about her a natural uncontemplative wisdom, an earth instinct, that fascinated him. . . . She knows what women are made for. She can cook and work and have kids. . . . The idea of marrying her and settling at Shoal Beach reoccurred constantly.

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Bob watched her step beneath the rude shower and wash the salt water from her hair and body.—Page 548.

He pondered it while he worked with Draak. They were laying the keel for a new boat, a sloop twenty-six feet over all, the cabin to bunk four comfortably. They had been discussing the plans for days. The heavy yellow-pine keel was notched for the ribs, and wedged into the chocks ready for bolting the stem and stern posts.

"There won't be no better her size," said Draak, "from Beach Haven to Bay Head. Nichols is one summer sailor that knows a boat. 'Build her right, Draak,' he says to me. 'So she'll stand up long as the gulls can fly to win'ard.' Lend a hand, Bob. . . ."

The work progressed easily and this induced Draak to a talkative mood.

"This beach now. It's queer what it does to a man. Seems sometimes as if it's a testin' ground. Where there's good in a man it comes up better. If he's worthless he goes just plain rotten. As though, maybe, when nature's reduced down to sky and sand and water the people is likewise skimmed off to good or bad."

"Uh huh," said Bob.

"That Caster, for instance. He's trash."

"So's Panini."

"Caster wasn't so bad at first. . . . Well, I don't give much attention to 'em any more. Where's that hull plan, Bob?"

"On the bench."

"Let's look at it a minute." They sat on the plank nailed to the outside wall, the westering sun bright upon their faces.

"Now boats. That's different. Boats is good for a man. Building or sailing 'em; but building is best. There's nothin' makes you sleep so sound or eat better than seeing an honest boat that you've

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built honest take the water. They're always what you know 'em to be. They got tricks and some is fussy but you soon learn about 'em. . . . But men like Caster. You don't never know."

They re-entered the shed, and the labor continued until it was time for supper. Bob walked up the road to the hotel. Draak—and building boats—and Ada. It was good to be alive. The sun was rolling into the west. To-morrow will be clear. The sea was green and strewn with petals of orange light; the waves translucent, emerald and cerulean, and tufted with white where the wind shredded the thin crests; the shadows slid down and filled the slatch with opaque purples and blues. Just enough time for a dip. Christ, it was good to be alive! . . . The dream had not troubled him for a month.

V

Ada went home for the week-end. Draak had gone to Ship Bottom to purchase some gear. Bob stopped in the store for a newspaper. Joe Panini was driving the soiled cue-ball about the ancient pool-table.

"Caster away?"

"Yes. He's gone for a little fun."

Panini leered and winked and took the money. "Some guy, Caster, eh? Great one for the ladies." Wink. "They fall for him, see. Easy." Wink. "Musta like his stump." Wink.

"I'm going to rock Mr. Panini to sleep some day," thought Bob. "I'll push that smirk down his throat till he chokes to death. If they're not a pair of dirty dogs. So Caster's fond of the ladies."

The idea made him feel squeamish.

Ada returned Sunday evening. Bob was reading "Sur l'Eau" from the set of De Maupassant secured by the hotel-owner with a magazine subscription. As he read, a revery interlaced the lines of type. . . . *Once more we glide over the waters toward the open sea.* . . . Some time I'll sail a boat. Build it myself would be the way. . . . *The coast disappears, all around us looks black.* . . . Old Draak is sure fond of boats. To have a feeling like that makes living reasonable. . . . *It is indeed a sensation, an enervating and delicious emotion, to plunge onward into the empty night, into the deep silence on the sea far from everything.* . . . Satisfactory. Men establishing a reasonable thing in their lives. Horses. Houses. Flowers. . . . He had a brief vision of weary men barricading themselves from the boredom of routine with the frail walls of their hobbies. . . . Boats for me. . . .

"Hello," said Ada.

"Hello."

. . . Almost every man at some period seeks refuge with a woman. The idea continued to unroll. A bit of jewelry at Ada's throat glinted in the lamplight. She put up her hand, suddenly.

"What you starin' at?"

"Uh? Nothing. Where'd you get the cut glass?"

"This?"

His mind was back on the book, but Ada explained.

"My brother gav it to me. He's got a good business in New York fish-market."

She saw he was not listening and walked through the dining-room, her hand still covering the bright ornament.

VI

On an evening two weeks later Bob went to the store for cigarettes. Caster leaned on the counter, the sour light from a hanging kerosene-lamp dropping in leperous patches on the bald top of his head.

"Two packs."

Caster spun the crisp packages toward Bob and said:

"Say, you, what's your name—Gibson?"

"Uh?"

"I just want to tell you. In case no one has yet . . . Ada's my girl, see?"

"Uh? What? What the hell?"

"You heard me, didn't you? You're not dumb, eh?"

"Yeah, I heard you. You're a liar, Caster."

Stump and good hand jerked in a vicious movement.

"If I had two whole arms you'd call me a liar, eh? Whata you doin' here, anyway?"

"None of your damn business."

"Well, lay off her—see? lay off or you'll be sorry."

"Are you trying to scare me?"

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"Just you lay off, see!"

"Listen, Caster." The boy's face changed with the droned words. He appeared older, haggard; his body altered, the shoulders sagged, his hands rose slightly before him, as though grasping a bayonetted rifle. He stepped toward the counter with a weary, shuffling motion, somnambulistic; uncanny in its suggestion of a mechanism substituted for the rational occupant. Frightened, Caster tried to bluff.

"Get outta here. Gwan! Outside! . . ."

"Listen, Caster."

The slow, insistent, dull voice smothered the man's words.

"I've been through something. I know." He paused suddenly, shaking his head, like a diver rising from unknown depths and breaking the unexpected surface. "Oh, hell!" he said and walked from the store.

All the way back . . . . he watched slantly the straw-colored clipped head only a few inches from him.
—Page 552.

Ada was sitting in the kitchen, sewing, when Bob reached the hotel.

"Get your coat. We're walking out."

She followed him without speaking. Half-way to the coast-guard station he said:

"Caster says you're his girl. Is that right?"

"Caster lies."

Bob laughed and kissed her. She was

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no longer passive. Her full, soft lips clung to his mouth.

"Dunn you believe me?"

"Sure. Say . . ."

"You dunn thank no good girl would have nothin' to do with Caster?"

"No. I guess not. He just got under my skin for a minute. Excuse me, Ada."

But the suspicion could not be shaken so easily. All the way back to the hotel he watched slantly the straw-colored clipped head only a few inches from him. The sand sucked at his feet. A moody passion flared and died, shook him to a momentary, shuddering anger, released him suddenly to an irrational disgust, a weary self-pity. Ada's silence irritated him. Lighting a cigarette, he first held the match toward her, cupping his hands to concentrate the glow upon her impassive face. Her eyes shone palely amid the threads of shadow, fine as silk, flung from the long lashes across the slight mounds of her lids. He left her abruptly and went to bed. Toward morning he awoke moaning, drenched with sweat. The dream. . . .

VII

"WHAT's come over you?" said Draak.

"Uh? I'm not feeling well. I don't sleep sound."

"Is it the Swede girl?"

"Hell, no! I get this way sometimes. Insomnia, I guess."

"Remember as I was sayin' about this beach bringing out good and bad in men. The same holds true for women."

"Say! Are you trying to throw dirt on . . ."

"Easy, son. Easy. Nobody's throwin' dirt, as you call it."

"Well."

"Why don't you take a little trip for a week? Go up to New York or down to Atlantic City."

"Maybe that's a good idea," said Bob.

At breakfast he told Ada.

"I'm going to New York for about a week."

"Yea?"

"Be a good girl while I'm away."

He tried to keep his voice light, but it sounded suddenly grim, detached; not his voice, but some bitter tone substituted for his customary inflections.

"I guess you ain't my boss," said Ada.

The phrase persisted in his memory while he waited at the Ship Bottom station for the train. He was troubled. The more he tried to put her from his thought the firmer she became fixed. Other things dropped irrelevantly into the turmoil. The week-end she went to Toms River. Caster was away at the same time. Panini's leering suggestion. The bangle of cheap jewelry. . . . He blinked angrily into the sun-hazed distance. Double-cross me? That limey? The train arrived and he climbed aboard. His rage increased, and at the first stop on the mainland he got off. He wandered about the little town struggling with the fury. At dusk he started to walk the seven miles back to Shoal Beach. The night caught him at the end of the long bridge across the Bay. Dark as hell. He was glad of the darkness. The road wound in a series of slight reverse curves between the absolute black edges of scrub. It was after ten when he entered the kitchen of the hotel where the cook was setting the batter for the morning biscuit.

"Where's Ada?"

"Gone out, mister."

"Where to?"

"I dunno."

Bob ran up to his room, fumbled in a suitcase, dragged out a triangular-shaped object swathed in oiled cloth, and unwinding the greasy wrappings disclosed an army automatic. He stared at it gloomily and examined the clip before he shoved it into the pocket of his sheepskin coat.

He went down the stairs and out the back door. The darkness seemed to have increased; it was an actual weight and he felt helpless, momentarily blinded. The wind poured over the dune crests and spat the sand into his face. It was neither hot nor cold; merely a smothering pressure edged with the keen particles. He could see the lighted window of the store hung in the black distance and cut across the field where the sea-grass lay knee-deep, drying. The thick, rank mass tired him as though he were wading some semifluid stream. The window was above his head and he wasted time finding

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a box to stand on and enable him to peer through the soiled panes. Joe Panini sat behind the counter reading a magazine. Bob hurried to the beach and paused undecided. South or north? He stood, swinging the heavy gun, working the safety with an aching finger. North or south? He could see scarcely a dozen yards in any direction. It would be easy to miss them. He seemed to be staring into a great, empty black hole. Everything was strange. The jetty pilings leaped suddenly out of the gloom and he choked a scream. A German patrol had appeared that way one night in the Argonne. He paused, trembling, remembering the thin fire spurting from the unseen rifles. "Redneck" Cotton got his. . . . Down the beach? He could not endure the indecision. He started north at a trot on the firmer sand near the curdled foam of the sea-edge. It was heavy going. He began to gasp for breath. The beach extended limitless. Distance was no longer definite. The two thick timbers holding the ropes used in warping the pound-boats up the shore loomed beside him. He stopped in amazement. Only to the pound? He thought he was near the coast-guard station. He continued running, but slower. Time existed no more. The dark had destroyed time also. The dark was absorbing the world, like an immense sponge sucking the earth bare. He was giddy and sick of the affair. Some one laughed in the obscurity ahead and he dropped to the beach. He heard the brittle slide of feet in the dry sand, and a moment later saw two figures pressed close together and could distinguish Ada's slow, broad speech and Caster's voice. They passed unnoticing; vanishing instantly, mysteriously, so quickly the boy would have thought his eyes tricked except for the stir of their feet and the blurred sound of their talk. He followed them cautiously. The dry dark dusting everything. . . . Flares burst in his head, each illuminating for an instant a scene, past or present, ghosts of actions, shapes of fury. He became confused and forgot at intervals the object of his pursuit. He shuddered, expecting the night to be split by the brilliance of a rocket. The muscles in his legs, remembering the gaping shell-hole, flexed instinctively at every depression. There was a rushing in his head. He believed he was walking into the sea, and turned abruptly up the beach until the dunes, pale and magnified by the night, upflung like waves of ice. He had no idea where Ada and Caster might be. Fatigued, he started at a limp run and unexpectedly their voices wandered back from the gloom. He wanted to get it over and, leaping forward, tripped in a heap of cordage, fell and lay stunned, the automatic knocked from his hand. He sprawled motionless in a tangle, his face in a reek of tar and salt and brine-soaked oak-woven baskets. He remained inert, gasping. Presently he sobbed. The paroxysm ended quickly. The rushing passed from his mind and became the sea, familiar, compassionate. A gull cried sharply, close to him in the blackness. The flares eased in his head, the quick flashes dwindling. Rope and wood and the wet, strong beach smell. There was the cabin to be started tomorrow and all the joints to be worked, cunningly, deftly; patient, kindly labor in the sun-filled shed, the double doors open to the west, where, by raising his head, he could see the Shoal Beach cove, the blue crisp path of the channel, Sandy Island and the three miles of silver bay water. . . . A squarehead Swede girl. . . . He rolled out of the débris, glanced about and saw the twin masts of the fish-pound. They were like the squat spars of a fishing-schooner with the topmasts sent down and the gear unrove. Draak had promised to let him sail the boat; in the spring, after it was put over. He lit a cigarette, searched for his gun, found it, and shoved on the safety. By now he'd be making tracks for—somewhere. He wanted to stay at Shoal Beach, to serve an apprenticeship in building. . . . A squarehead, damn Swede chambermaid. . . . All the boats to build from the long, slim, sweet-smelling cedar planks and the pliable oak damp from the steam-box. Boats! Some day he would build big fellows, yawls and schooners, keel-boats for the deep-water New England sailing. And have one for himself. There would be photographs of them in the yachting magazines with spinnakers set and the foam heaped crazy over the sheer strakes; below the pictures a line: *Designed and*

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built by Robert Gibson. The automatic rested heavily on his knee. He fingered the steel, warm from his hand. Done in an instant. Crack, flash—dark! Everything lost. . . . A flat-faced, slop-carrying Swede slut. . . . Perhaps a schooner; about forty foot. *Schooner 'Ariel' Taking a Stiff Knockdown in the Third Day's Racing at Marblehead. Owned and built by Robert Gibson.* Boats! On the hidden sea muttering along the shore, on the bay, on lake and sound and river—boats at anchor in tranquil harbors, the old harbors where innumerable boats for many years had come to rest—Salem, Gloucester, New Bedford, Boston: an endless fleet in the twilit evenings, the owners' flags limp at their mastheads; boats fluttering in coveys across the uncertain dawn-wind; heeled to the salt brisk morning breeze. From Key West to Lubec. . . . All the boats to build. . . .

When Falstaff Met the Wife of Bath

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

The oak-beamed inn, whichever one
They honored—Tabard, Triple Tun
Or Mermaid—bustled low and high;
The landlord watched with careful eye
As capons, puddings white and black,
Huge tankardfuls of sherris-sack
With eggs new-culled from plover nests
Were brought to cheer the welcome guests
By eager potboys lithe as lath,
When Falstaff met the Wife of Bath.

And while they dined, the buxom pair,
What splendid zest for life was there!
The zest that makes Despair a crime,
The zest that mocks at baffled Time;
What store of shrewd and world-wise truth
That kindly Age bequeaths to Youth!
What talk was had, what songs were trolled,
What brave, robustious tales were told
With rousing mirth for aftermath
Where Falstaff pledged the Wife of Bath!

They drank and feasted, laughed and played;
And if their merry hearts were made
Of gold not free of base alloy,
Small harm they did who gave much joy.
So Chaucer, he of gentle charm,
With Shakespeare walking arm-in-arm,
Looked down from Heaven's pure domain
Upon that unregenerate twain
And blessed them—tell it not in Gath!—
When Falstaff met the Wife of Bath.

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The Birth of Two Ideas

WHAT THEY DO FOR US TO-DAY

BY R. A. MILLIKAN
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THE first of these ideas has already grown to maturity, indeed it is more than three hundred years old, old enough, I think, to have justified the very extravagant assertion that it has probably exerted a larger influence on the destinies of the race than has any other idea which has ever entered the human mind. The second idea is very young, so young that I myself am twenty-five or thirty years its senior. But young as it is, it has already demonstrated its fecundity, and justified, I think, the expectation that it will ultimately not yield to the first in the importance of its consequences.

Imagine a world in which civilizations, and some of them of an extraordinarily high order, have been in existence for five or six thousand years at least, possibly much longer—a world in which men have thought about all human relationships much as we think now, having pondered just as deeply and just as penetratingly as any one has ever pondered over the meaning and nature of existence, over the questions, "What is truth?" "What is reality?"

Imagine a world in which billions of people have already lived and died, people of just as high intelligence as those now living, people who have exercised their intelligence as most of us do now, mainly upon earning a living, but people among whom there have yet developed in many places, notably in Greece, outstanding thinkers who have set themselves the colossal task of trying to understand "The Whole." Occasionally, too, one has arisen who was willing, now and then, to turn aside as Aristotle did, from the contemplation of the problem of the ultimate reality to set himself a simpler question, and to ask whether we understand thoroughly just some little part of how nature works, for example, a question like this: What is the natural state of bodies on the earth with respect to motion?

Imagine a world which had always answered that particular little question whenever and wherever it had been raised, as follows: The natural state of bodies with respect to motion is, of course, a state of rest. Every body, living or dead, comes to rest when it ceases to exert itself or to have effort spent upon it, and the force or effort that must be exerted upon a body to get it out of that state is, of course, proportional to the amount by which it is made to depart from its natural state; that is, it is proportional to the velocity imparted to it. So long as we are thinking about kicking a stone, or throwing a discus, or hurling a javelin, or pushing a cart, or drawing a chariot, or about almost any of the common phenomena involved in the production of motion, the foregoing answer is a natural, and an almost inevitable, one. Indeed, it is strictly correct for all sufficiently slow motions through resisting media. The foregoing answer had been given for at least fifteen hundred years, and everybody who had thought about it at all had been altogether content with it. You and I, had we lived then, would doubtless have given it our approval.

But about 1560 a man was born who began to form the habit of concentrating his attention upon less colossal and more detailed problems than had occupied the thought of most of his predecessors. He first sets himself this old problem, as to what is the natural state of bodies with respect to motion, and he begins to think all around it to see if all of the motions of which he can think are fitted by the old formula, and he finds one that does not seem to fit. He reflects that one body that

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is twice as heavy as another does not seem to fall from the table to the floor in half the time. To obtain more precise quantitative evidence he goes to the top of the Leaning Tower of Pisa and drops his two bodies, one of wood and one of metal. They strike the earth practically simultaneously, and the rule that thousands of men had accepted for thousands of years on qualitative or hearsay evidence is gone forever.

But this is not the birth, nor even the conception, of the idea of which I am speaking. Thales of Miletus, 600 B. C., had done experimenting on amber; Archimedes of Syracuse, by a flash of intuition which we moderns call "a hunch," had discovered about 225 B. C. a great hydrostatic law; Aristotle, of Athens, had lauded the experimental method. But now, Galileo, unlike any of his predecessors so far as I can discover, began to apply the scientific method with an intensity and in a way that was altogether new. He set about devoting his life to the task of devising a long series of experiments for obtaining quantitative evidence which might enable him to replace the old, wrong idea by the correct one—experiments involving the introduction of new and accurate methods of measuring both times and velocities. His mode of attacking his problem was entirely new, and as a result of his long series of careful experiments he proved conclusively that the natural state of a body is not one of rest, but that it is rather a state of rest or of motion in a straight line; and that force or effort is proportional, not to motion, but to the rate of change of motion. In other words, he got the idea that is expressed in the famous equation of motion of Newton's, $f = m a$.

The idea that was then born, however, was not so much that embodied in the result $f = m a$ as in the method. True, the equation itself is of well-nigh infinite importance. Not a single dynamical machine in existence to-day can be designed without its aid, not a steam-engine, not an automobile, not a dynamo, not a motor, not an aeroplane—not a machine or device of any sort for the transformation of work or for the utilization of power. Subtract merely the result, $f = m a$, from modern civilization and that civilization collapses like a house of cards, and mankind reverts at once to the mode of life existing in ancient times, a life well equipped with statics, such as are involved in building processes, but wholly wanting in dynamics. But it is not that fact that gives the idea its highest credentials.

It is true, too, that this equation changed man's whole conception of the universe, though it took at least two centuries to accomplish that result. For this was the indispensable idea that made possible, first, the discovery of the law of gravitation and, second, the ultimate triumph of celestial mechanics—a triumph which robbed the planets of their age-long dominance over the lives of man, of their proud position as arbiters of his destiny. Other ideas contributed to that end, but this was the corner-stone. It was two centuries before the new idea found any practical application to the affairs of earth, but during all that period it reshaped philosophy and it reshaped religion, for through it mankind began to know a God, not of caprice and whim, such as were all the gods of the ancient world, but a God who works through law. It also changed conceptions of duty, the second element in religion, because it began to reveal a nature of orderliness and a nature capable of being known; a nature, too, whose functioning might, to some extent, be predicted, a nature which could be relied upon, a nature also of possibly unlimited forces, capable of being discovered, and then of being harnessed for the benefit of mankind.

To get the meaning and the effect of this new idea, compare the monasteries of the Middle Ages filled with serious souls who, finding a bad world, saw nothing to do about it except to escape from it and cultivate their souls, compare all this with the incessant activity in the service of mankind of a Kelvin or a Pasteur. These new conceptions, first of the creation, or of the creator, by whatever name you may wish to call him, and second of human responsibility, of man's place in the scheme of things—the two elements of all religion—came into human thinking and began seriously to influence human conduct about Galileo's time. There are glimpses of them in the adumbrations of the Greeks, but they first began to spread

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and to influence in a large way human life about Galileo's time, and as a result of his work and that of his contemporaries and followers. But it is not even in these services that the idea of which I speak finds its chief credentials.

It was rather the method used by Galileo and followed by Newton and Franklin and Faraday and Maxwell and Pasteur and Darwin, and a host of others who caught its significance, which has brought into the ken of mankind the conception of an evolving, developing, progressing world. Through it we have learned to read the story of the *geological* evolution of the earth, of the evolution of *life* on the earth, of human *history* and *civilization*, of the *stars* themselves, and even of the *elements* of which the stars are made.

Is it not the most sublime, the most stimulating conception that has ever entered human thought, this conception of *progress*, this new idea, absolutely unknown in ancient times, a progress of which we are a part, and in which we are ourselves consciously playing a rôle of supreme importance? A progress which, whatever doubts Dean Inge and Professor Bury may give voice to, the man on the streets now partially understands, and certainly believes in; for has he not, in his own lifetime, seen the most capricious, the most terrible of the phenomena of nature, the thunderbolts of Jove, become the willing slaves of all mankind so that six million workers in America alone are to-day supported, directly or indirectly, by the electrical industry? If we define progress as the increasing control over environment, then it is something which the average man thinks has been definitely revealed to him through the study of the history of organic life on the earth, and which has certainly been revealed to him through the study of human history, particularly nineteenth-century history. You may call it an illusion if you wish. You may admit that there is no proof that it will go on forever. But if the average man finds that it has already been going on for millions upon millions of years he is not much concerned about a mere dialectic discussion of the term *forever*. A few more millions of years is enough eternity for his purposes.

Certainly, through the method of Galileo, and the success that its pursuit has already brought, mankind has just recently begun to glimpse limitless possibilities ahead of it in the understanding of nature, and in the turning of her hidden forces and potentialities to the enrichment of life. Nobody knows to what limits we shall be able to go with the aid of this method, but if the past three hundred years is an index of what the next three hundred years may be, then the supreme question for all mankind is how it can best stimulate and accelerate the application of the scientific method to all departments of human life.

What now is the second idea, the one that is just being born? Galilean and Newtonian mechanics, with all their incomparable consequences for the material, the intellectual, and the spiritual life of the race developed with ever-increasing effectiveness through three centuries, until toward the end of the nineteenth century we began to look upon them as final verities, practically incapable of extension or expansion. All the great foundation principles underlying the physical world were said to have been discovered. New applications, of course, would be found, but matter, defined by the property of inertia—the m appearing in the equation $f = m a$—would everywhere be found to be conserved. Further, it had been found to be put up in seventy odd fundamental packages, called the chemical elements, all of which were unchangeable and eternal. So we all believed, even those of us who realized that we had no proof of it, and were following blind dogma in no essential particulars different from theological dogma.

And outside the physics of matter there was the physics of the ether, completely described and governed by the equations of Maxwell, also thought, by most physicists, to be finalities, the four watch-dogs that kept the whole works in order, being the principles of (1)conservation of matter, (2) conservation of momentum (Newton's second law), (3) conservation of energy, and (4) Maxwell's equations. This was the situation at the time when I myself and others of my age began the intensive study of physics.

And then, through the continuous use

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of the method of Galileo, during the last five years of the nineteenth century, the new idea began to be born, an idea which has created what we call modern physics. And this, in its turn, has already made this particular generation in which you and I are living, this last thirty years, from the standpoint of the importance of the discoveries that have been made, and of the fundamental character of the changes in our conceptions that have taken place, more significant than any of the generations of the past, or than all of them put together, with the possible exception of the generation of which I have just been speaking.

With the precise character of these changes and how they have been brought about I shall not now deal, but I wish here to christen this new idea. I shall call it "the idea of the electrical constitution of matter," and I wish here, too, to point out but one or two of the most important aspects of the advance that is just now being made in so far as one can yet gauge it.

In the first place, the dogma of the immutable elements is gone, forever gone. It went with the discovery of radioactivity, one aspect of the idea of the electrical constitution of matter. In that discovery old-fashioned matter was found to be behaving in theretofore altogether undreamed-of ways, first because two elements, uranium and thorium, were found to be shooting out continuously from their inmost parts, their nuclei, chunks of themselves, so-called alpha and beta particles, with speeds approaching the speed of light, speeds with which nobody had before dreamed that matter could ever become endowed; and second because in this process they were definitely found to be spontaneously transforming themselves into new elements.

In that discovery even the physical world changed in our thinking overnight in its fundamental elements from a fixed, changeless, static, dead thing to a changing, evolving, dynamic, living organism, and to-day we can measure the life period of a considerable number of the elements and tell with definiteness into what they transform themselves for the next stage of their existence. This discovery changed completely, and at once, our whole time scale. Less than a hundred years ago it could be a matter of serious debate whether the world were not in fact about six thousand years old, as Archbishop Usher's chronology made it. Within the past few months there has been completed by Mr. C. W. Davis, of the U. S. Bureau of Mines, the analysis of a sample of uranium oxide from the Black Hills, which has been existing in its present state long enough to transform 16.42 per cent of itself into lead. The details may be found in the March number of the *American Journal of Science*, 11, 206–217, 1926. That this lead has actually all grown out of the disintegration of the uranium is sharply indicated by the fact that its atomic weight, instead of being that of ordinary lead, viz., 207.2, has been found by L. P. Hall to be 206.07, exceedingly close to the theoretical value, 206.02, for lead of uranium origin. Since the time required for the formation of the observed percentage of lead to uranium is 1,667,000,000 years, the evidence is excellent that the strata of rock from which this uraninite came have been lying there in substantially their present condition for the foregoing enormous period of time. This reading of geological time, not as in the past in periods of purely conjectural duration, but in millions and billions of years, with all the possibilities that it suggests of an extensive mapping of the earth's time scale, furnishes us with a new conception of the majesty of creation, and new wonder that a human mind has ever appeared capable in some small measure of beginning to comprehend some of its elements.

In the second place, the two fundamental principles, conservation of mass and conservation of energy, are now gone, clean gone, *as distinct and separate verities*, as each in itself a universally applicable proposition, and Maxwell's electromagnetic equations have suffered a like fate. We have actually seen the mass of an electron increase as it was given a higher and higher speed, we have actually found instances in which mass seems to be transforming itself into energy as well as energy into mass; in other words, we have seen the conceptions of the conservation of energy and the conservation of mass become completely scrambled. Also we

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have found in quantum mechanics situations in which both the principle of conservation of momentum and the validity of the Maxwell equations have had to be given up.

But perhaps some one says, what of it? Of what practical use were these abstract conceptions anyway?

Then let me give just one more illustration of the results which have already sprung from the birth of the new idea. For about fifteen years instead of two centuries, as in the case of Galileo's discovery, the knowledge of the electrical constitution of matter was worked out by the methods of pure science in the laboratories mainly of college professors, who were intent only upon increasing our understanding of electronic phenomena, confident that their job was worth while, but not interrupting their quest to try to take out patents, or to seek industrial applications. In this way a large body of knowledge about the characteristics of electronic discharges in exhausted tubes was developed. About 1911 the demand was keenly felt for the development of a telephone relay or repeater, in order that long-distance wire-telephoning might not be too costly for commercial realization, and the inertialess characteristics of these electronic discharges made them peculiarly fitted for this purpose. It was 1914 before the first electron-tube repeaters or amplifiers were installed on commercial lines. The enormous strides made within the past dozen years in the field of communications, the whole art of broadcasting, the whole increase of the efficiency of telephone lines because of the use on them of carrier wave-frequencies, nine-tenths of the immense development in the whole field of speech transmission, a series of developments which make a business in the United States alone running into a billion dollars annually, all this is due to the utilization in the vacuum-tube repeater, or amplifier, of the knowledge of electronic phenomena first worked out in the pure science laboratory. And the mere dollar values of these developments are as nothing compared with the values some of them already have, springing from the amelioration of the conditions of country life, and the educational possibilities for the whole community, which are here foreshadowed.

Is it any wonder the physicist feels that the birth of the second idea is likely to be of quite as stupendous moment for the destinies of the race as the birth of the first has already proved itself to be? Is it surprising that he has such confidence in the altogether limitless possibilities ahead for the enrichment of life, and for the future development of a better civilization provided only we can divert a small part, a very small part, of the energies and resources of mankind from gum-chewing and movies, and joy-riding and cosmetics, and indulgences of all sorts to the furtherance of the immense task of ferreting out nature's secrets and applying them to human needs?

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The Country Graveyard

BY FRANCES R. ANGUS

THE funeral drags its way
Heavily, silently,
Up the steep hill.
The sand is deep, the horses old,
Slowly they climb.
The mourners in the buggies
Are cold with wind and rain;
Slowly the horses climb.
They reach at last the high plateau
And hasten slowly on,
For at the end of all things
The country graveyard lies.
Walled round with spruce and cedar,
Shut off from noise and life,
From view of lake and mountain,
The dead sleep sound and quiet.
We read on moss-grown tombstones
The virtues of the dead,
All gentle, kind, and patient
The Thirzahs, Huldahs, Sarahs,
The Hirams, Virgils, Penns.
Through many generations,
All "glad to leave this world
Of trouble, pain, and sin,"
All "mourned by those remaining,
Who yet accept God's ways,
Knowing that what He does is right
And that in Heaven they'll meet again
To live together eternally."

And among these, to-day,
We lay our little Betty down.
What shall we say of her? The truth?
"Sixteen, and of her time,
Heedless and hard and able,
A biting tongue, a will of iron,
Intent on getting from this world
Just what she wanted.
Too young to value, yet,
Tenderness, or calm, or patience,
But honest and forthright—our Betty,
Our Betty whom we love."

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AS I LIKE IT

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

IN writing about the month of November, Browning said:

"How well I know what I mean to do
When the long dark autumn-evenings come!"

It is well that Children's Books Week should be assigned to this autumnal month, because darkness closes in early; it is a long while to the children's bedtime, and yet too dark to play out-of-doors. Now or never is the season to read and to acquire the love of it. Every year brings its harvest of children's books, prepared by expert hands. I have previously stated in this corner of culture my belief that the best books for children are those that never were intended for children, to wit, the Bible, "Pilgrim's Progress," "Gulliver's Travels," "Robinson Crusoe," "Arabian Nights," and the plays of William Shakespeare. But in these padded times I am quite aware that such advice is too stiff for the average parent; hence it may be well to see what the caterers can provide. And first, do not forget that the immortal works I have just mentioned may be procured in a form specially adapted for children and appropriately illustrated. I have on my desk an attractive copy of "Gulliver's Travels"—only the first two books, of course—printed in huge type, and embellished with copious full-page illustrations by R. G. Mossa. It is exactly what it ought to be. In the same series I find "Alice in Wonderland," with sixteen illustrations in color. Kent's Children's Bible is excellent, so is William Canton's "The Bible Story." There is also an admirable edition of "Pilgrim's Progress," illustrated by H. J. Ford, and skilfully edited by Jean Marian Matthew, who without changing Bunyan's language, has omitted the long conversations on doctrine. Fresh books for children that I especially recommend have been written directly at and for them by Carl Sandburg, Padraic Colum, Walter de la Mare, A. A. Milne, and J. M. Barrie. Children are more fortunate to-day than were the children of fifty years ago; because now they have Stevenson. In addition to the classics I mentioned at the beginning of this paragraph, I read scores of books by Oliver Optic, Horatio Alger, Jr., Harry Castlemon, and the whole series of the adventures of the redoubtable Jack Harkaway; I am not sorry that I read that trash, because I got out of it an insatiable love of reading, the knowledge that books were the gateway to a kingdom of delight; but R. L. S. furnishes all that excitement and, in addition, literary art. It is even better to be brought up on Stevenson than on Cooper and Scott.

And now, in an age when so much attention is paid to children's needs, and even more to their wants, it may be well to remember that there are a few books left which not only were never intended for children but have not been and cannot be read by them. One is Boswell's "Life of Johnson." I seem to detect a shade of exasperation in Augustine Birrell's prefatory remarks:

> There is a pestilent notion abroad, at least so it seems to me, that all our best books, our classics, were written either for children or for learned or half-learned editors and teachers, or it may be even for lecturers; . . . Children are all very well, and the sooner they are introduced to Shakespeare and Scott the better; but it is men and women who bear the burden of life and the heat of the day, and it was for them that literature was intended.

Another is "The Physiology of Taste," by Jean Anthelme Brillat-Savarin, who died a hundred years ago. This is translated from the French, and has a preface by my friend, Frank Crowninshield. It deals with the art of eating and drinking, and would have pleased Oscar Wilde, who said: "I hate people who are not serious about their meals." In his foreword, Mr.

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Crowninshield thus describes American meals:

The barbarians are at our very gates. Not content with having made us a nation of fried food addicts, ice-cream-soda drinkers, gum-chewers and ketchup eaters, they now menace us with the automat, the sandwich spa, and the unspeakable quick lunch.

Consider the present debasement of a smart dinner-party in New York! No flowers on the table. Most of the guests thirty minutes late. Two cocktails for everybody. And how can one truly appraise the flavour of good food after two cocktails (particularly the cocktails we meet with today)? Then a soup, plenty of champagne, a meat that has been kept on the edge of the stove for thirty minutes, two vegetables, and a bottle of Scotch—a carafe would border more nearly on the realm of æsthetics. The host wholly unaware of what dishes are to be put before him. Cigarettes, of course, smoked with the meat. No man in a long tail-coat. Everybody bolting his food. The women eating a little too little, the men drinking a little too much. Forty-five minutes for the entire dinner; no port, no cheese. Then the scramble for the theatre or the bridge-tables.

Such is high life in 1926. Compare it with some of Brillat-Savarin's aphorisms cited by Mr. Crowninshield:

An animal swallows its food; a man eats it, but only a man of intellect knows how *to dine*.

The man who gives a dinner for a group of his friends and takes no trouble over what they are to eat is not fit to have any friends.

A man who keeps a good dinner waiting for a tardy friend commits an outrage upon all the other guests.

A true *gourmand* could not be late to dinner.

One of the most interesting portions of the book is an account of the French author's visit to Hartford, Conn., in 1794, where he went out on a farm, and shot a wild turkey. The gentleman-farmer in Connecticut lived with his wife and family in a state of patriarchal and almost ideal happiness, enjoying a personal liberty unknown anywhere in 1926.

On September 14, 1890, I cycled up and into Llandudno, in North Wales; at an open window in a hotel sat a woman with a sweet and gracious expression; it was Carmen Sylva, the Queen of Rumania. Last week I was reading a new book, "Impressions and Memories," by the Baroness Deichmann, who was an intimate friend of the poet-queen, and on page 273 I was pleasantly surprised to find a letter to the Baroness from Carmen Sylva, dated Llandudno, *September 14, 1890*. So perhaps she was writing that very letter when I saw her in the window thirty-six years ago.

Anyhow, I agree with what she says about Llandudno:

Here is Paradise!—I can only compare it to Lago Maggiore and the Corniche, climate, vegetation and all, and I believe it is the very thing for me!

She was not the only famous person I saw that day. On that morning I had wheeled to Hawarden church, and among the worshippers was the Right Honorable William E. Gladstone. After service, I perched by the door, and as he came out I reverently took off my cap. He bowed, smiled, and walked away toward his castle with the ease and spring of a man of thirty, though he was then in his eighty-first year. His face had an incredible number of wrinkles and in repose was stern; but as he smiled, his countenance was illuminated by sincere benevolence. It was like a scarred cliff receiving the sunrise.

As I gazed at his departing figure with awe and wonder—for I have always been a hero-worshipper—an English voice spoke in my ear: "You are looking at the greatest man England has ever produced." Nonsense; but I think I was looking at the foremost statesman then living.

There are many more or less clever persons whose love of truth is so uncompromising that they cannot accept any religious creed, or annex themselves to any religious society; but the same love of truth that keeps them thus aloof does not always prevent them from misrepresenting tenets they cannot accept. One who knew little about human nature would suppose that those who are too scrupulous to believe in a certain form of religion would also be sufficiently scrupu-

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lous to abstain from misrepresentation. But I have observed the phenomenon so frequently that it has ceased to astonish. I am led to these meditations by reading an essay called "How to Choose a Religion" in Rose Macaulay's "A Casual Commentary." I cannot say it is the worst essay in the book, for some of them I was unable to read through. The entire work is meant to be funny, and the author tries very hard indeed.

Warwick Deeping's novel "Sorrell and Son" is having a large circulation, but although it is a well-wrought piece of work and interesting autobiographically, I prefer his earlier book, "The House of Adventure," which appeared in 1921, and of which I am apparently the only surviving reader. In all the reviews of "Sorrell" that I have read, and I confess I have not read many, "The House of Adventure" is not mentioned and I have not succeeded in finding any one who knows it. Readers of "Sorrell" will be interested to see how much of the author's life is contained in its pages. George Warwick Deeping was born in 1877, went to Trinity College, Cambridge, took B.A., M.A., and M.B., studied at Middlesex Hospital and practised as a doctor, but gave it up for literature. He was a major on active service in the Gallipoli campaign, in Egypt, and in the front line in France. He is author of a long series of novels but I never heard of him until "The House of Adventure," and in America he has not had any vogue until this year, with "Sorrell and Son." His philosophy of life will please those who are successful, and he is absolutely up-to-date with a surgeon-hero.

If any apology were needed for recommending anæsthetic thrillers among more important books, I could find it in the words of Augustine Birrell:

> Literature was meant to give pleasure, to excite interest, to banish solitude, to make the fireside more attractive than the tavern, to give joy to those who are still capable of joy, and—why should we not admit it?—to drug sorrow and divert thought.

Do not be afraid then to enjoy "Beau Sabreur." Do not be afraid of anything. Surrender yourself to this impossible and wildly exciting romance, and have a thoroughly good time. It is full of surprises, and the most surprising thing to me is that any one who has read either this or "Beau Geste" should be willing to enlist in the French Foreign Legion. . . . "The Black Glove," by Sarasin, is a historical romance of the seventeenth century in London, during the Annus Mirabilis; it is worthy to stand beside "A Gentleman of France" and "Under the Red Robe"; I read it leaning forward. "The Little White Hag," by Beeding, is an unusually stirring detective story, and resembles "The Black Glove" in this respect—in each the hero has the traditional cat left far behind; these men have not nine, but ninety-and-nine lives. In countless instances where you and I would be out of luck, these brave fellows bring it off so neatly that I am almost convinced that truth may not be so strange as fiction.

Yet I am not so sure. "Microbe Hunters," by Paul de Kruif, is, I am informed, scientifically accurate from cover to cover; not only is it as thrilling as any detective story, it is full of cases where the thing that couldn't has occurred. This is a work of extraordinary interest and value, sadly marred by a jazz style. It is well enough, even necessary, to have science popularized; but is it really necessary to have it written in slang? Can the man in the street understand nothing but jargon? "Microbe Hunters" is the noisiest book I have read in a long time. I suppose it may be a case of nerves. Everybody seems excited these days; people write letters in italics; voices sweet and low have become obsolete; nothing any longer is either good or bad, everything is damn good or damn bad. And the less vocabulary people have to use, the more they use it.

The two thick volumes containing the "Letters of the late Professor Sir Walter Raleigh" make decidedly interesting reading. He was seventy-eight inches tall and every inch a man. Those who imagine that all college professors are spineless and bloodless ought to read these outspoken and often profane denunciations; although it must be admitted that Raleigh disliked his profession, disliked most of his colleagues, and disliked academic

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atmosphere; but then he disliked so many things. He hated Gladstone, Morley, Browning, God, clergymen (as such), Augustine Birrell, George Borrow, Carlyle, Ibsen, Macaulay, Bernard Shaw; his black list is almost a roll of honor. But he was sincere, and his judgments on many authors are surprisingly shrewd. I heard Raleigh lecture at Oxford and at Yale; both his lectures were rather perfunctory and quite decorous, so that I was unprepared to find these letters so downright, so black and white, and so full of humor.

Occasionally he makes a remark of extraordinary ineptitude. Of a book by Barrett Wendell he writes, "a work that might have been begotten by a German Doctoral Thesis on a Young Men's Christian Association." Of the whole universe of thought and matter, the two things most alien to Wendell, the two things he hated most were German Doctoral Theses and the Y. M. C. A.

Raleigh was a man of genuine scholarship, sound culture, and honesty; hence his attitude respectively to the religion of Christianity and to the religion of nationalism is significant. To me it is evidence that the world will go on having wars for centuries yet to come. Raleigh was an absolute sceptic, so far as religion in the ordinary sense was concerned; he frequently ridicules it and those who believe in it; he hated gush, cant, sentimentality, and emotional excess; he loved the English indifference and aloofness; yet during the war, he writes: "I saw a military funeral to-day, and it made me envious. I stood while it passed; it was solemn but not sad, and I felt that I would die to-morrow to get the right to have the Union Jack spread over me." My point is, that if a man with Raleigh's talents and culture, with his abounding humor, with his hatred of every kind of gush, with his hard, sceptical mind, could be so solemn about nationalism, and so eager to die for his faith, peace is far, very far off. Remember, too, that Raleigh, who was not easily shocked, was more shocked by pacifism than a nun is by atheism. Pacifism to him was the final sacrilege. And his feeling for nationalism is duplicated in Germany and France, and everywhere.

He was a better prophet in things literary than in affairs political. On the last day of 1914 he wrote: "It is going to be a great world for those who are now ten or twelve." Well?

I have been celebrating the two hundredth anniversary of "Gulliver's Travels" in the best possible way, by rereading it. And I would that I could utter the thoughts that arise in me! Here are two of them, which I shall expand later into an essay. Among English creative writers the leading pessimists are Jonathan Swift and Thomas Hardy. It is interesting and instructive to compare their pessimism and to contrast its philosophical foundations. With one the villain is man, with the other the villain is God, which is natural enough, for while both were of exceeding nobleness of mind and integrity of character, one was a clergyman and the other an atheist. Swift hated and despised that animal called man, and in "Gulliver's Travels" he showed him up not only as he was, but as he might have been and ought to be. "I cannot but conclude the Bulk of your Natives to be the most pernicious Race of little odious Vermin that Nature ever suffered to crawl upon the Surface of the Earth." With Hardy, the average man or woman is morally superior to God; speaking of the second commandment, he said that it might be good enough for divinity, but was scorned by average human nature.

The reason that Swift's satires are so much more terrible and destructive than those of to-day—apart from Swift's supreme literary skill—is that nearly all modern satires are directed against virtue, whereas Swift attacked vice. Our contemporary satirists love to ridicule clergymen (Protestant always), reformers, missionaries, social workers, philanthropists, and in the abstract earnestness, chastity, morality, religion; no wonder they are more amusing than effective. But Swift attacked with a mordant pen gluttony, trickery, deceit, lying, pimping, treachery, ingratitude; no wonder his victims wriggled. I can think of only one humorous satirist to-day who resembles Swift—his name is Ring W. Lardner. Instead of attacking public-spirited citi-

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zens, ministers of the gospel, and the race of helpers, he lampoons sneaks, cowards, domestic tyrants, and profligates.

Edna Ferber's "Show Boat" is not so fine a novel as "So Big," though it is difficult to compare the two. In both there is a capable woman undefeated by life; in her earlier book a heroine and in the later almost a villain. "Show Boat" is an anomaly—an historical romance of modern times; modern times move with such celerity that thousands of living men and women can remember an age that is as obsolete as that of chivalry. As I am a worshipper of rivers, and particularly of the Mississippi, "Show Boat" has for me an especial appeal; and the descriptions are almost, though not quite, worthy of Mark Twain. I think it was an error to bring the last part of the story so completely into our environment, with the Hotel McAlpin, living dramatic critics, etc. It hurts the book as an organism, making it invertebrate, less effective as a work of art. Still, it is emphatically worth reading and difficult to forget.

It is not always that I can (to men and boys only) recommend a book so wholeheartedly as I here and now recommend "Seventy Years a Showman," by "Lord" George Sanger. To all who love either the circus or the memory of it, and I love both, this book will make a powerful appeal. Sanger's account of how he rose from a peep-show boy to the management of a circus trust, and how he kept his own enthusiasm to the very last, makes a story as romantic as romance and as true as fact. There is a fitting introduction, called "Sanger and His Times," by the accomplished Kenneth Grahame. One sentence touched me nearly:

> The first fair of importance that I ever attended—I was ten years old at the time—was that of St. Giles's, at Oxford, and I seem to recollect that giants, dwarfs, fat ladies, tattooed ladies, mermaids, six-legged calves and distorted nature of every variety formed the backbone of the show. These have now passed away, and the public taste no longer demands to be disgusted.

Well, St. Giles's Fair at Oxford was the first fair I ever attended; I was twenty-five years old, and there I met a college mate, who is now the Reverend Professor Doctor William Adams Brown, of the Union Theological Seminary and member of the Yale corporation. Brown and I strolled together through the crowds and the freaks, even as Christian and Faithful walked through Vanity Fair. In a few moments some damosels, to whom we had not been introduced, saluted our faces with large feather dusters. The future divine and I armed ourselves with similar implements, and felt that the evening was a success.

Fano, which used to be one hundred per cent Italian, has, thanks to the establishment of the Fano Club, become overrun with Americans. This summer Professor Armstrong of Waco, Texas, who is, like me, a thorough-going Browningite, took a shipload of pilgrims to Europe, and on July 21 they entered Fano, saw the guardian angel of Guercino, while John C. Munger (Yale, '26) read the poem aloud. In addition to Mr. Munger and Professor Armstrong, here are the immortals: Mrs. Arthur Pitney, Miss Azalete Pidcocke, of Waco; Miss Tommie Wooten, of Austin, Texas; Miss Katherine Blount, Miss Dorothy Bailey, and Miss Ann Foster, of Sweet Briar College; Miss Cora Lee Johnson, of Vernon, Fla.; Miss Victoria Ellis, of Los Angeles; Miss Elisabeth L. Lathrop and Mrs. W. A. Barnum, of New York; Mrs. Sarah Hickman, Mrs. J. N. Johnson, Mrs. Charles R. Nisbet, Mrs. W. A. Bott, Mrs. L. Deane Taylor, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Nisbet, Jr., all of Kansas City; and Miss Marie Ada Molineux, Corresponding Secretary of the Boston Browning Society, who had previously gone to Fano independent and alone in the year 1898, fourteen years before I founded the club!

In addition to these pilgrims, on July 9 the club was joined by Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Thompson and Miss Maude C. Thompson, of Minneapolis, and Miss Rebecca Sherman Ashley, of Evanston, Ill.; while on July 14 there entered Rudolph Altrocchi and Julia Cooley Altrocchi; and on August 4 Mr. and Mrs. Morton J. Stone, of Cleveland, on their honeymoon.

As a matter of course, these devout Fanians will proceed to Asolo, where on

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July 14 the club was enriched by Professor and Mrs. Percy Smith, of Yale, who found it "a pleasant change from bead-infested Venice." On July 23 the following postcard was written to me from Pentridge, England:

We have just made a solemn pilgrimage to the little church here to see the tablet to the footman ancestor (d. 1741) of Robert Browning, inscribed "All service ranks the same with God."

Wish you were here with us on this glorious day in Dorset. On to Fano!

John E. Ellsworth, '26
Robert E. Darling, '26
Olin S. Ellsworth, '29

The distinguished Greek scholar and man of letters, Professor George Meason Whicher, writes:

Miss Katherine A. Jones, Mrs. Whicher and I beg to propose ourselves as members of the Bemerton Club. In the summer of 1912 (a deplorably rainy season it was,—though that would not identify an English summer!) we walked from the lovely close of Salisbury Cathedral to the equally charming estate of Pembroke at Wilton; and on the way we spent a happy hour at Bemerton. A nice young curate, who might have stepped out of the pages of Anthony Trollope or Archibald Marshall, showed us the tiny church and escorted us through the garden of the rectory, to which we completely lost our hearts.

Has any one made a recent report on the condition of the medlar-tree which the poet is said to have planted? It seemed to be on its last limbs, so to speak, when we saw it, and perhaps by this time it has disappeared entirely,—renewing its growth only in certain sentimental memories, like Shakespeare's mulberry-tree and the fortunate plum-tree under which Keats wrote the Ode to a Nightingale.

The Honorable Hiram Bingham, United States Senator from Connecticut, tantalizes me with the following letter:

Let me recommend that some day you take a trip to the Virgin Islands. On Saint Croix you will find a rare example, well preserved, of the planter life which was so characteristic of the West Indies in the 18th and 19th centuries. A few families, interrelated, are living on quaintly named estates (Anna's Hope, Hannah's Rest, Envy, Jealousy, Upper Love, Lower Love, etc.). There are two small towns but the landed families live on their estates which are all within easy motor rides of each other. The strains are Scotch, English, Irish, Dutch, and Danish, with a dash of Connecticut Yankee acquired about fifty years ago. Old-fashioned hospitality, old-fashioned ideas, and an old attitude toward labor make a very interesting combination. Some day I would like to tell you all about it, although my recommendation would be that you spend part of a vacation there.

The Faerie Queene Club welcomes Mrs. Ray Miller of Sharon, Mass., and Gustavus S. Paine, who read the entire poem in Reno. "I wonder if I am the only citizen of Nevada who is eligible."

Reinforcement of my plea for a classical foundation for any kind of an education or profession comes strangely enough from a geologist. Professor Charles Schuchert, the distinguished palæontologist, calls my attention to an article in *Science* for May 7, 1926, "Antæus, or the Future of Geology," by Professor Edward W. Berry, of Johns Hopkins, from which I extract the following:

It may seem strange for a scientist to venture to offer a defense of the study of the classics in these days of uneducated scientific experts, and yet I cannot help but feel that the older and now largely discredited training prepared one somewhat better for life, even the life of a well-rounded scientist, than the present technological preparation for a profession. I am not denying that the quintessence of culture can be gotten out of any science, but we are not all Huxleys, and one must ruefully admit that among us mediocre men who necessarily make up the bulk of the present-day enlarged army of scientists, the full life is exceptional, and the cultural level is exceedingly low.

One never ceases to wonder at the important truths tucked away in Greek mythology, and among these there is none so full of meaning for every one as the legend of Antæus, and it contains also a most serious and timely warning for geologists. To the man in the street its moral has been unconsciously voiced in the compelling phrase "Getting down to brass tacks."

Frankfurt is by no means one of the most important of German cities, though hallowed by the birth of Goethe and the residence of Schopenhauer; but its theatre programme in the Municipal Playhouse for 1926–1927 makes Cleveland, St. Louis,

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Buffalo, or Chicago look elementary. In addition to "classic" plays by Euripides, Calderon, Shakespeare, Goethe, Schiller, Hebbel, they will give Ibsen, Hauptmann, Shaw, Wedekind, Hofmannsthal, Gogol, and of contemporary pieces a long list is announced among which it is interesting to see "Hans Sonnenstösser's Höllenfahrt," by Paul Apel, from which the American play "Beggar on Horseback," was taken; Noel Coward's "Week-end," translated as "Über Sonntag," and many others.

Since the centenary of Shelley's death in 1922, there has been a world-wide increase of interest in his poems, career, and personality. It is good news that we are to have a scholarly and complete edition of his works, in ten volumes. This will be called The Julian Edition of the Complete Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley, newly edited with introduction and critical and bibliographical notes by Roger Ingpen and Walter E. Peck. The edition will be strictly limited.

Nominations for the Ignoble Prize. Mrs. D. V. Garstin, B. F. A., of New Haven:

The irritating and wholly redundant apostrophe that a low species of sign-painter likes to stick in after an L. As L' A T I N. As if one of the chief beauties of Roman lettering were not in the irregular spacing. This phenomenon has worried me ever since I could read, but it is only after reading "As I Like It" that I have realized that this is the proper first step to take toward abolishing it.

Francis Lynde, of Chattanooga:

Page 226 of the Third Series. I am the fortunate, or unfortunate, author of some thirty-two novels—most of them under the Scribner imprint—and, to the best of my knowledge and belief, never—no, never—has one of my heroines "wailed."

And I crave to nominate for the Ignoble Prize, not only "she wailed," but also the countless other "talk-markers" with which the pages of reported dialogue in novels and short stories are besprent, taking leave to do so because, of all the sinners in that gallery, I, myself, am perhaps not the least. It is pure shiftlessness, of course. If the characters in a story are not sufficiently individualised to let the reader know by what is said which one of them is speaking—why, somebody has loafed on the job.

Miss Mary High Gladding of West Hartford, Conn.:

Allow me to nominate for your forever-being-awarded Ignoble Prize the custom, so increasingly prevalent among American authors, of inserting a word or phrase from any handy foreign language, with which they are conversant, into an otherwise English article. Such blatant confessions of ignorance of their own mother tongue are extremely annoying. Nor is this plea for "English begun, English done" an echo from one unable to translate their neatly inserted phrasings. I am fairly conversant with several languages, living and dead, and usually experience no difficulty when meeting with idioms and axioms from afield—I simply deplore the fact that Americans and Englishmen seem unable to "coin their own." Some versatile Frenchman picked the amusing phrase out of the cosmos, some pre-historic Greek or Roman was equal to the verbal difficulty—must Americans forever detour at the first hurdle? I always feel that authors guilty of such performances are "showing off"—little children who wish the public to know that they still retain a smattering of their college educations. Otherwise, why do they never, almost never, give us an entire French essay or Greek dissertation? There are still many of us left who can reason in German and enjoy reading our Virgil and Horace. Must we forever call "clever" those writers who, scorning to add a brick to the paving under construction along the English Highway, dangle a borrowed witticism before the eyes of the reading public? If such a procedure is to be allowed to develop into a chronic situation, English will come to be known as the language without thrills. And how desperately un-American that would be! So—open up another brain-cell and hit the mark!

Edmund K. Alden, of Randolph, N. H.

Please add to your list of forbidden and abhorrent words, *the eats, when do we eat, the dope, to dope, hike, machine* (*for automobile*).

I regret that I cannot qualify for membership in the Spenser Club. But I claim something "equally good." I believe that I am the only living person who has had the patience—or the folly—to read through Southey's "Thalaba" and "Curse of Kehama."

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Well, Southey still has great fame, but no friends—not even an enemy.

Anon, from New Jersey, nominates *as a matter of fact* instead of *as a fact.*

A professor of geology:

The word *bug* when used not for one class of insects (a legitimate use) but for all insects, or worse yet for germs; also the derivative, *bugology.* Also the phrases *that much, that far, that hot,* etc.

Marcy B. Darnall, editor of the Florence *Herald*, Florence, Ala.:

Some of our writers might find acceptable substitutes for *challenge* and *adventure,* at least occasionally. These inoffensive words are cruelly overworked by a no less skilful craftsman than Dr. Glenn Frank. As for the garden variety of writers, they are prone to characterize anything from taking a bath to getting hanged as an *adventure.*

From the distinguished American novelist, Basil King:

I am going to do a most treacherous, dastardly, and perhaps altogether mistaken thing, but I am doing it in the spirit of that kind of friendly litigation which is meant to decide some knotty point. I am going to nominate for the Ignoble Prize the usage which confounds *to speak* and *to talk.* In one of your episodes—I am sorry not to have the book here and so to look it up—you use the expression "talking German" a number of times. I have always understood that *to talk* is an intransitive verb, and that you cannot *talk* anything. We do say talking sense or talking nonsense, but that is only colloquial and incorrect. We *speak* a language. We *talk* well, or badly, or fluently, or foolishly, or anything else which can be modified by an adverb. We can also talk *to,* or talk *of,* or talk *on,* or give the word a number of dative and ablative twists, but not directly an accusative.

Here it has occurred to me to look the word up in a dictionary—the only one I have at hand being an abbreviated Webster—which I don't remember ever to have done before in my ruminations on the subject, and I find that it condemns me utterly. It classifies *to talk* as a transitive verb, giving explicitly such illustrations as talking shop, which I consider as colloquial, and talking French, which I repudiate. I have never accepted a dictionary as an authority in the matter of good usage, so that my Webster leaves me unconvinced. Moreover, it gives *to speak* as a synonym of *to talk,* and I have always supposed that the English language did not tolerate an exact synonym. If it is correct to say "I speak French," then it is unnecessary to have the phrase, "I talk French," and vice versa. One or the other ought to go, as *commence* has gone from good usage in favor of *begin.*

How about it? You know, and I don't. If you decide against me clap on your Ignoble Prize, and I shall take it home and study it.

What do old men mean by saying, "I feel just as young as I ever did" and why should they wish to deceive themselves when they can deceive no one else? I am now sixty-one; if you ask me how I feel, I answer that I feel exactly like a man of sixty-one, neither younger nor older. I remember how I felt when I was twenty-five, and it was not at all the way I feel now, nor could I possibly mistake one sensation for the other. I am happier now than when I was twenty-five, but I feel like sixty-one.

One of the neatest quips and one of the most agreeable was improvised years ago by a youth who is now the Reverend Father Lawrason Riggs, Catholic Chaplain at Yale. We were talking of some one, and Riggs expressed dislike. "He always has a grouch." "Well, Riggs, I always thought *you* had a grouch until I knew you." "Probably I did until I knew you."

Admitted to *The Salon.* My friend, the late Charles E. Gross, of Hartford, one of the best lawyers in Connecticut and one of the best travelling companions in the world, was conversing with an acquaintance in Europe about the eternal veal on the bill of fare, and their conversation took this form. "Every hotel in Europe ought to be called Hotel de Ville." "You ought to publish that joke and have it bound in calf."

For current announcements of the leading publishers see the front advertising section.

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THE FIELD OF ART

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

GILBERT STUART lies in an unmarked grave in the old Central Burying Ground on Boston Common. When, in 1897, the Paint and Clay Club wished to pay tribute to his shade, the members could do nothing more than affix a commemorative tablet to the railing of the cemetery, the exact location of the grave being lost beyond all possibility of identification. But now, as the centenary of his death in 1828 approaches, he has his monument in the shape of "Gilbert Stuart: An Illustrated Descriptive List of His Works," a book prepared by the late Lawrence Park. It is a truly imposing work in four stately volumes, published in typographical perfection by that sterling printer, William Edwin Rudge. The first volume opens with a brief biography of Park, accompanied by a portrait.

Gilbert Stuart.
From the sketch by himself in the Metropolitan Museum.

Then comes a sketch of the life of Stuart by John Hill Morgan, to which a concise chronology is appended, and this is followed by a critical estimate of the painter by myself, a detail which I hope does not debar me from discussion of the book in this place. The catalogue fills the rest of the first volume and all of the second, enumerating nine hundred and forty-eight paintings, exclusive of

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the one hundred and eleven entries given to Washington, and those, filling eight pages, which refer to attributions. Useful lists are added of past and present owners of Stuart portraits. The third and fourth volumes contain the plates, reproducing by a good process more than six hundred of the paintings. Four frontispieces are in photogravure.

Dona Matilde Stoughton de Jaudenes.
From the portrait by Gilbert Stuart in the Metropolitan Museum.

The machinery for the student and historian is thus put before the world in extraordinary completeness. Indeed, Park's book does for Stuart what Bode has done for Rembrandt's paintings and Rovinski for the prints, what Kennedy has done for Whistler's etchings, what Armstrong and others have done for the eighteenth-century British masters. In one respect, to which I shall have occasion to return—annotation of the subjects of the paintings—it performs a peculiar service. There is only one reason for regret as I turn the pages of this compendium. It is that Park could not himself see the magnificent form given to the catalogue. There is pathos in the inscription that he left for it: "The author gratefully dedicates these volumes to all those who helped him in his work." At least he was spared long enough to execute practically all of his labor of love.

♣ ♣ ♣

LAWRENCE PARK was born in 1873 and died in 1924. Some time after his graduation from Harvard he entered the art school of the Boston Museum, and later served as a draftsman in an office in that city. In 1901 he began architectural practice on his own account. Mr. Sawitsky, in the memoir I have noted, ascribes the origin of Park's interest in old family portraits to researches that he made in the genealogical field. This interest presently assumed the character of an "all-absorbing passion." He plunged into the study of our pioneer portrait-painters, skilfully sketching in pencil the examples that he saw, and in 1917 he came forward as the celebrant of Joseph Badger, an artist in the first half of the eighteenth century. In the Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society he took from Blackburn, Smibert, and Copley paintings previously attributed to them, and assigned to Badger all told a collection of seventy-six portraits. In 1922 he rendered a similar service to Blackburn. From these and other kindred activities, including expeditions into Virginia and South Carolina in search of early American portraits, under the auspices of the Frick Art Reference Library, he passed naturally to the composition of his *magnum opus*. He had, happily, a

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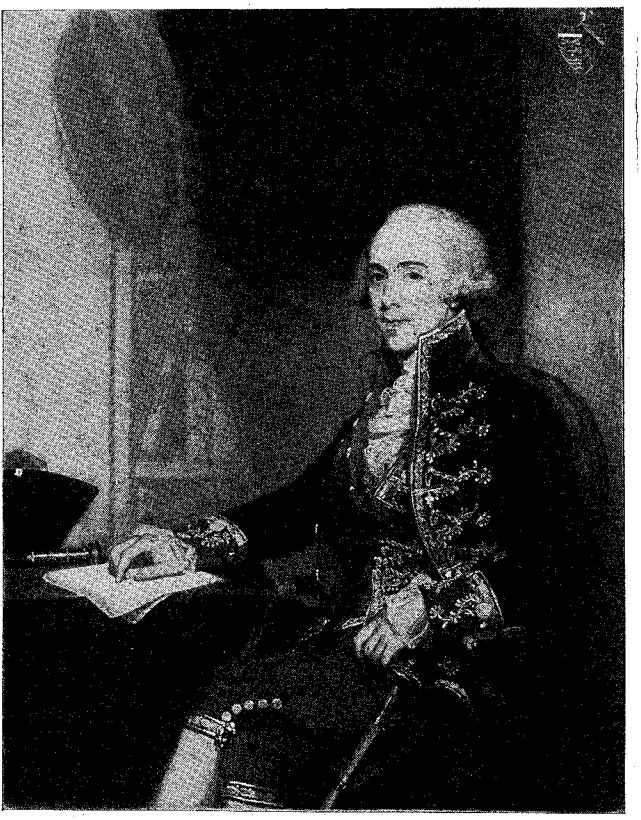
dual equipment for his task. On the one hand he had artistic *flair*, a kind of clairvoyance for the traits of Stuart. On the other he was gifted with a sense of human values, with the sympathy for little things that is one of the prime resources of the social historian. He had an unquenchable interest in our past, and would take any pains to embody in his text not only the usual facts and accurate description of a given portrait but such touches as might enlarge our acquaintance with the personality involved. This is the aspect of the catalogue in which, as I have already indicated, he has left us a record of peculiar significance.



Don Josef de Jaudenes y Nebot.
From the portrait by Gilbert Stuart in the Metropolitan Museum.

I have never encountered a compilation of the sort in which dead-and-gone worthies were so deftly revitalized, their thumb-nail biographies so effectively detached from the dry-as-dust atmosphere of the usual "work of reference." Park had an almost uncanny faculty for rescuing from oblivion the slight, fugitive traits which nevertheless help us to visualize not merely the "sitter" but the human being. I dip at random into this little cosmos of bygone Americans. The first name I happen to turn up is that of Theodosia Burr. Well, it is easy enough to be interesting about her, so I try again. This time I come upon Doctor Thomas Bartlett, who modestly began life as an apothecary, keeping a shop on Washington Street, in Boston. But he must have flourished mightily because he soon retired from business, and in due time Park discovers him making the grand tour abroad. He sketches him for us, "a man of commanding presence, six feet in height, and a benevolent, upright, and greatly respected citizen." That, you say, is merely an extension of the portrait, but there is more to make us realize the excellent son of John and Tabitha Bartlett. "When he was in Paris he attended a review of the French troops, and Napoleon, noticing him among the crowd of spectators, asked who he was, and was much impressed when told that he was an American." The beauty of Mrs. William Bingham is obvious from her portrait, but the allusions that recall the admiration in which she was held by Washington, Jay, and Jefferson add to the beguiling spirit of the page. The former Anne Willing, a famous Philadelphia belle, lives before us again. We know all about Jerome Bonaparte and his American wife, and Park can add nothing to our knowledge, but only the rambler in the byways of American history would recognize John Bullus as an eye-witness of and participant in the memorable encounter between the *Chesapeake* and the

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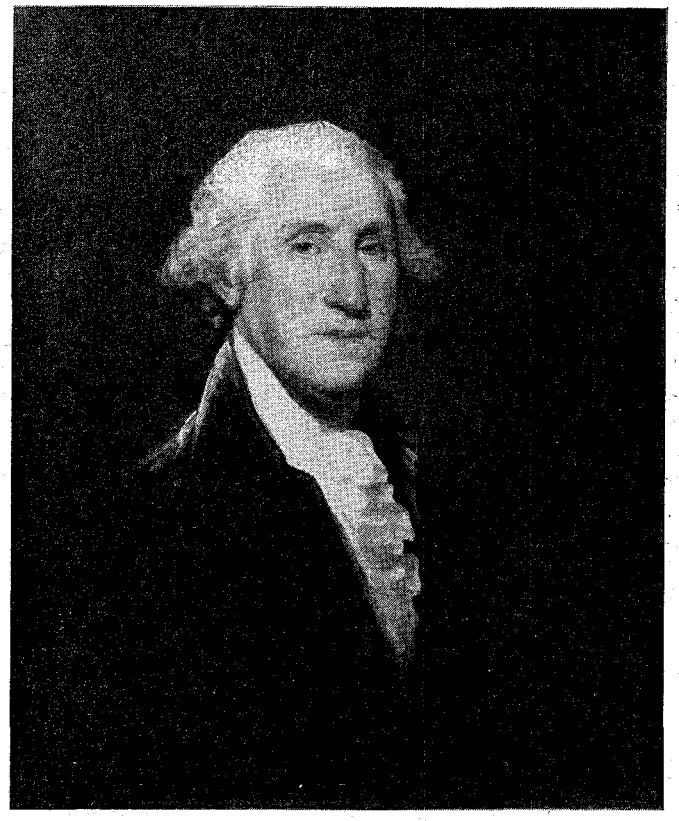
Leopard. And who save Park would have unearthed the circumstance that the Boston architect and builder, Thomas Clement, was "one of the twenty gentlemen who voted in favor of changing the liturgy for use in King's Chapel"? That remote gesture—it dates from 1785—may seem, to-day, nothing to make a song about, but Park knew his business. In his endeavor to recreate the world in which Stuart moved, by awakening to some sort of anecdotic animation the personages he painted, he drove at the crux of an essential factor in the artist's career. One reason why the portraits are to be treasured is that they illustrate the color and movement of the life of an epoch.



George Washington.
From the portrait by Gilbert Stuart.

It is difficult, indeed, to withdraw attention from Park's personalia, so intertwined with Stuart the painter is Stuart the historian. But this book is, after all, the memorial of an artist, and I must testify to the exhaustive nature of the catalogue as such. Moving with a sure critical step amongst his examples, so that his record may be regarded as setting a kind of imprint in the matter of authentication upon the canvases listed, the compiler is also meticulous in respect to dates, dimensions, and so on. His equivalents in words for Stuart's composition and color are as carefully framed as they are vivid, and the manner in which he fixes, whenever possible, the chronological fortunes of a portrait shows that great industry supported his luck in determining places, names, this or that phase of ownership, and all the other details beloved by the collector. Whenever he can do so he notes the public exhibition of a portrait, and he duly records such reproductions as are traceable. Here, in a word, are probably the definitive items of information covering Stuart's career as it is mirrored in his works. Time must inevitably supply emendations and a certain amount of new data, but in essentials the field has been decisively explored.

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THE catalogue is introduced, appropriately, by a memoir which traverses all earlier documentation and clarifies the subject with persuasive corrections. The first and still indispensable pages on Stuart's life are those embedded by William Dunlap in his "Arts of Design," published in 1834, only six years after the painter's death. They were not satisfactory to his daughter Jane, who contrib-

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uted three articles about him to *Scribner's Monthly* in the seventies. The substance of these was employed by George C. Mason in the formal biography which he brought out with the sanction of the family in 1879. Mr. Morgan has used these sources but has also made independent investigations. In broad outline he recites facts already known, sketching a familiar development in the story of Stuart's birth in Rhode Island, his artistic precocity, his contact with the British painter Cosmo Alexander, his youthful voyage to Scotland (via the Southern colonies), his return to these shores, his subsequent period of privation and success in Great Britain, and his long life of steadily growing prosperity and prestige in the United States as the painter of Washington and the notabilities of a period extending well into the nineteenth century. This biographer makes no pretense to interpretation of the works but deals instead, and very searchingly, with the man, his corrections bearing exclusively upon personal matters. Regarding the painter's ancestry, Mr. Morgan joins with the late Charles Henry Hart in throwing cold water upon the legend that the elder Stuart ever served under the Young Pretender, and leaves the old snuff manufacturer without any romantic habiliments whatever. In general he allows to Gilbert Stuart, in his earlier years, a more modest social status than he has hitherto enjoyed. He also indicates a scantier education than is conventionally credited to Stuart. On the much-discussed questions of Stuart's formative period in London and his indebtedness to West, Mr. Morgan admirably organizes all the information available. He prints a recently discovered letter from Stuart to West which luminously exposes his plight at the time he approached the kind old man. I am glad to see his protest against a belittlement of what West did for the newcomer. Critically speaking, the patron was hardly qualified to tie the shoe-strings of Stuart, but there can be no question of what the atter gained through the discipline and talk in West's studio and through the associations he there enjoyed. Without the encouragement given him by his master, Stuart's progress would have been perceptibly retarded. All of the pages in this book on the crucial years in London and Ireland are interesting and instructive, giving us a lively sense of the genius which lifted Stuart to a position of something like equality with Sir Joshua and the mas-

Sir Joshua Reynolds.
From the portrait by Gilbert Stuart.

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ters of his circle. Mr. Morgan paints him as a man carving out a career with some extraneous aid, but at bottom relying upon his own gifts and efforts. He heightens our respect for Stuart.

It is only in that part of his narrative which deals with Stuart's later life that he makes us wince. He will have none of the "pious" tradition that Stuart came back from "love of his own country" and a deep "admiration for George Washington." He plumps, instead, for the hypothesis that the painter returned to America simply to better his material affairs, and a letter of Stuart's, written while he was still abroad, patly confirms this judgment. "Then I expect to make a fortune by Washington alone," wrote Stuart. "I calculate upon making a plurality of his portraits, whole lengths, that will enable me to realize; and if I should be fortunate, I will repay my English and Irish creditors." We wince, as I have said, but not for long. A moment's reflection is enough to remind us that an eye to the main chance was in nowise incompatible with a high-minded purpose in the return, and that even without this there is nothing derogatory in the painter's pursuit of a living where it looked most promising. We can be grateful to Mr. Morgan for exploding the sentimentality of previous biographers without losing anything of our confidence in Stuart's character. It is well to remember, too, that if it was fortunate for him to come home just then, in 1793, it was also very fortunate for us.

Mrs. Richard Yates.
From the portrait by Gilbert Stuart.

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HE had gone abroad young, untrained, and unknown. He returned in his prime, a painter of recognized repute and with a personality engagingly supplementing his technical equipment. He stepped at once into a commanding position. Without an illustration to enforce the drift of his comments, Mr. Park would nevertheless give the reader of this book much serious food for thought. Stuart was universally accepted as the pictorial laureate of his time. He painted the Presidents and members of their cabinets, he painted the merchants, bankers, and other men of affairs, he painted the social leaders, and if there are "nobodies" in that crowded world of his, even they are "characteristic," types of the epoch in which the foundations of the republic were being laid. But I must not deviate again into this historical and merely human aspect of Stuart's work, fascinating as it is. The basis of his historical authority in a superb control over his instruments provides an even more compelling theme. As I see him under West's tutelage, he is not occupied in playing "the sedulous ape" at all. Down in his heart he must have known who was master. But in that studio he got opportunity, experience, criticism, and I figure him as developing under all that stimulus the

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capacities of a born craftsman. There is talk of his derivation from the English school. It is justified, in a measure. He used an idiom perfected by the English school, one exploited in common by the painters of a generation. All the members of that school cultivated much the same pattern. Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, and the others were obviously "brothers under the skin." But does that make any one of them "derivative"? All that we know, all that we need to know, is that Stuart was a powerful master of his craft, a master in his own right.

William Constable.
From the portrait by Gilbert Stuart.

It is possible, in these days of the rediscovery of early American portraiture, to overrate him—but only when you dislocate the perspective in which he belongs. No one ever knew his own limitations better than Stuart knew his. He was perfectly willing to leave the classical "ten-acre" canvas to West. Though he liked to say that "no man ever painted history if he could obtain employment in portraits," it is tolerably certain that he was aware of having no proficiency for the category at which he thus loftily glanced. And in portraiture itself the boundaries set for him by his nature were very clearly marked. When he contemplated the profit on that "plurality" of portraits to be drawn from Washington, he was possessed of very little knowledge as to how to draw them, unless he kept well within his preordained scope. For the familiar full length of the President that is known as "the Lansdowne type" he borrowed the organization of Rigaud's Bossuet, lock, stock, and barrel. Stuart was a wise, thoughtful painter, honest with himself, knowing what he could do and rarely challenging comparisons with workers in different formulas from his own. In his own sphere he functioned superlatively

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well. The ceremonial portrait might baffle him, so that he left it a little stilted, but even with that he was not precisely maladroit.

In his chosen field, in his natural, life-like convention, there is a wonderfully spontaneous and intimate quality. I think it sprang, in part, from his insight into character, his sympathy, his unforced alliance with the spirit of his contemporaries. He had intuitions which helped him to divine the inevitable pose for a sitter. But the uniform rightness of the compositions which are brought before us in such profusion in Mr. Park's pages, the æsthetic unity which marks this great mass of work, must be attributed in the long run to nothing more than the simple, priceless fact of Stuart's knowing his trade. He could draw—accurately, suavely but firmly, beautifully, and with the distinctive accent that denotes creative power. He had a notably judicious and refined, if not particularly original, sense of color. He placed the figure in the rectangle effectively, always with dignity, and sometimes with felicity. And enveloping all these traits was the authority of the true brushman, the true painter. I have seen Stuarts which in sheer brilliance of surface, in sheer force and fineness of technique, disclosed the very soul of "painter's painting." He painted the truth, and he painted it beautifully. It is not the collector alone who should be grateful to Mr. Park. American artists should rejoice in the honor done in these volumes to one of their greatest leaders.

Mrs. John Thomson Mason.
From the portrait by Gilbert Stuart in the Cleveland Museum.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found in the Fifth Avenue Section.

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VOL. LXXX CHRISTMAS NUMBER No. 6

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

ILLUSTRATED

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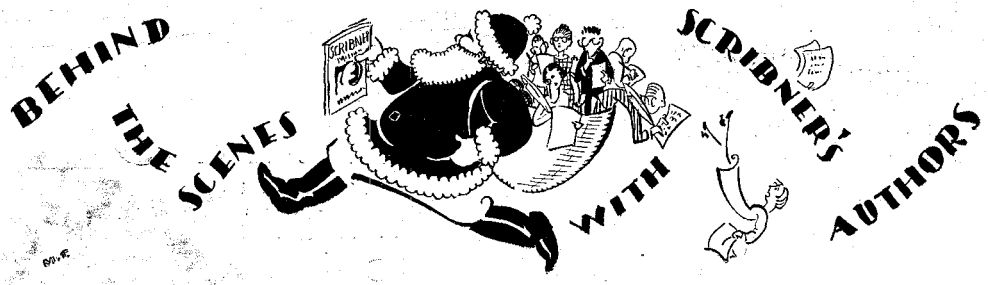

SOAMES FORSYTE lost in deep thought before the Saint Gaudens statue in Rock Creek Cemetery, the oak leaves drifting down unnoticed about him, is a figure to awaken the interest at once. It is like meeting a person unexpectedly in a familiar spot.

John Galsworthy in "Passing By," a short-story sequel to "The Silver Spoon" which ran as a serial in this magazine and has gone into many editions as a book, has captured the illusion of reality and preserved it perfectly. Peculiarly interesting is the Washington setting of the story, for Mr. Galsworthy himself was in this country last year, and some of his own impressions of America may be conveyed through Soames.

Thousands who know the Forsytes better than many of the people they see every day will be delighted to find them in familiar places. Many have been waiting for the time when Soames sees Irene again. This is the time. And Mr. Galsworthy has handled the situation as the master that he is. The story is dramatic without resort to heroics. It throbs with emotion without a sob. It inspired in us—even on the third reading—that inexplicable tightening of the throat which assails us in the presence of a masterpiece.

This Christmas Number in presenting Sherwood Anderson for the first time to SCRIBNER'S readers is thereby gaining another distinguished story, "Another Wife." Mr. Anderson has fought his way to the front rank of American writers. One might almost say he has fumbled his way there, as those can see who have read "A Story-Teller's Story" and his "Notebook." This writer, too, has a way of touching familiar scenes in such a way that they glow with life. He has a remarkable eye for the detail which makes a story live.

Five other stories add to the richness of this holiday array. You all have been reading in the papers how Vice-Admiral Welles and his wife, Harriet Welles, have been honored by many nations as his flag-ship the U. S. S. *Memphis* has visited their ports. From the experiences of her journeyings Mrs. Welles has written "The Stranger Woman."

McCready Huston presents one of his best stories in "The Lamp." Mr. Huston's second novel, "The Big Show," will soon be published. He contributes bits of humor to many publications, and writes editorials for the South Bend *Tribune*. It i always a pleasure to relate that SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE published his first story. We shall have other from his pen soon.

Many of our readers remember with glee the "Letters of a Bourgeois Father to His Bolshevik Son." John Weathers has, true to his tradition, become a bourgeois grandfather, and his letters concerning the raising of his grandchild are as rich in humor as were his epistles to his radical son Edwin Dial Torgerson is a native of Mississippi. When last we wrote him up he was in Birmingham, Ala. Since then, his services have been acquired by a well-known feature syndicate. Mrs. Torgerson also works for the same organization. In professional parlance, her job is to put the gags in the balloons. No, we didn't know what it meant either. Translated it means that she writes the conversation for the comic strip characters.

Margharite Fisher McLean writes stories about "home folks." "The Lonesome Christmas-Tree" brings in the same people who made "West of Romance" such a delightful tale. Mrs. McLean was born in Minneapolis and lived there until her marriage. Since then Montana has been her home.

Kenneth Griggs Miller is a newcomer to our ranks and an interesting addition he is. He writes us on a letterhead which tells of such seemingly unromantic things as "pipe repair clamps and saddles —valve reseating tools—pipe-benders." "At thirty-five," says he: "I find myself tempering my absorption in the engineering business with a deep love of music and a passion for getting my inconsequential thoughts on paper. The incident contained in 'The Cross' happened during some twenty-two years of choir-singing and organ-playing in Episcopal churches. The episode has glowed in my mind for about eight years, for it seems to me that while faithfulness to a clear-cut ideal is always commendable, consecration to an uncomprehended inner urge is sublime."

It would not do to pass on to other things without calling attention to the fine group of illustrators who appear in this number. Captain John W. Thomason, Jr., author of "Fix Bayonets!" illustrates Mrs. Welles's story. Captain Thomason at last reports was in Nicaragua watching a revolution. George van Werveke illustrates Anderson's

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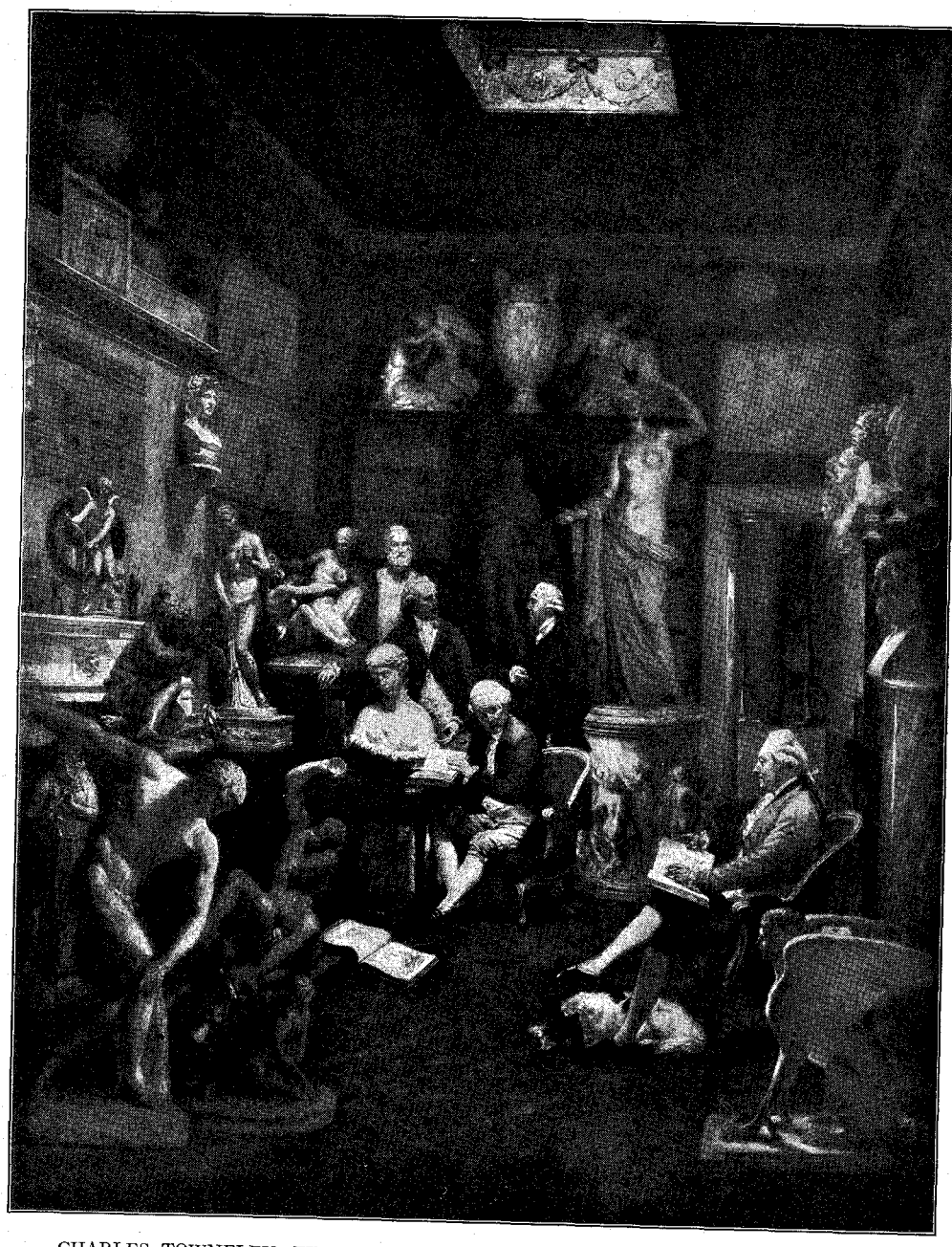

CHARLES TOWNELEY, THE COLLECTOR, IN HIS LIBRARY, WITH HIS MARBLES.
From the painting by Zeffany in the collection of Lord O'Hagan.

—See "The Field of Art," page 696.

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